MASTERPIECES OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA

# THOMAS MIDDLETON

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Herbert H. Lombach

## MASTERPIECES OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA

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Vera Effigies
Tho: Midleton, Gent:

Masterpieces of the English Drama

# THOMAS MIDDLETON

d. 1627

EDITED BY

MARTIN W. SAMPSON

CORNELL UNIVERSITY

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MIDDLETON.

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# THOMAS MIDDLETON[1]

THOMAS MIDDLETON fairly and indubitably belongs to the great line of Elizabethan dramatists. His work, to be sure, does not start a new fashion, nor to any established fashion does it furnish a final climax. But the two strains that ran almost parallel in his mind work out into admirable comedy and still more admirable romance, each of a type and excellence memorable even for the glorious period to which he belonged. As in the case of other natures who get their colour largely from their age, he is personally elusive. It is easier to indicate what Middleton is not, than what at bottom he is. While independent in the ordinary literary sense, he is not so dominant of personality as to create such satires as Jonson's, such playful comedy as Dekker's, such fluent drama as Beaumont and Fletcher's, such inevitable tragedy as Webster's, such absolute dramatic conceptions as Shakespeare's. Rather he is

[1] The first collected edition of Middleton was that of Alexander Dyce, 5 vols., 1840; the present standard edition is that of A. H. Bullen, 8 vols., 1885–6. Ten plays of Middleton, edited by Havelock Ellis, with an introduction by A. C. Swinburne, appear in the *Mermaid Series*, 2 vols., 1887. For further discussion of Middleton see C. H. Herford's article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, 1894; Pauline Wiggin's *Authorship of the Middleton-Rowley Plays*, 1897; A. W. Ward's *English Dramatic Literature* (revised edition), 1899; F. E. Schelling's *Elizabethan Drama*, 1908; E. C. Morris's introduction to *The Spanish Gipsy* and *All's Lost by Lust*, *Belles-Lettres Series*, 1908; C. W. Stork's *William Rowley*, 1910; and Arthur Symons's essay in the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, Vol. VI, 1910. Cf. also Thomas Seccombe's article on Rowley in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

the ready maker of vivid dialogue, of lively scenes, of well-constructed plots, of very human stories. His readiness very often runs into carelessness, but it is not the carelessness of touch-and-go emotions: his spontaneity is based on naturally upright feeling, on a sound and normal habit of thought. Not really a philosopher, not essentially a poet, even, he is truly a presenter of life in good cheer and of life in its deeply moving moments, truly a playwright of distinction.

The two strains in which his genius ran do not readily mingle. At least, the vein of realistic comedy is practically untouched by the mood of romance, and in the adventurous or tragic dramas of romantic quality, the scenes of actual fun lie apart from the scenes of the prevailing mood and do not merge easily into the whole. Nothing like the grave-diggers' scene or that of the drunken porter adds a sharp significance to the pathos or terror of the surrounding action. Practically in the serious plays the comedy is isolated coarse relief, and in the comedies proper only an occasional serious implication affects the cheerful movement of ridicule or of farce. A few semi-romantic comedies like *Blurt*, *Master-Constable* should be excluded from this generalization, but broadly speaking, so different are the two strains that if the serious plays had been unsigned and the comedies had appeared under Middleton's name, modern criticism would have been fairly hard put to it to prove a single authorship. There is in this segregation of varying moods something so business-like, something so normal, a habit of laughing when one laughs and of being definitely serious when the thoughtful occasion demands, that we are

inclined to praise the detachment highly until we remember that a still superior literary instinct would have enforced a fusion of the two elements. But the present result is too good to object to. Middleton may not possess the almost precious quality of smiling through his tears, but the sum of jest and earnest he gives us is not to be found in every dramatist even of a great age.

Middleton's vein of comedy is, in fault of a better word, realistic: that is, it deals vividly with closely observed life. It impels one at first to say that the writer holds up to nature an almost flawless mirror, — not as if his vision were endued with the mordant temper of the author of *The Alchemist*, or of *The White Devil*, but as if a sheerly receptive mind reflected perfectly the whole scene it was trained upon. It is only when Middleton's extraordinary selective power is apprehended that the word "realistic" fails, and yet does not fail wholly. The objects seen then appear to be given back, yet not rendered precisely; a ray-filter, if the image be allowed, has interposed and equalized the too strident natural lights.

So much, and little more, represents that part of Middleton's personality easily discernible in his comedy. It then becomes evident that the wonderful literalness of recent naturalism is unlike that of Middleton. The Elizabethan with utter frankness reveals passions and prejudices, foolish, ignominious, or debasing, but he is free of bitterness and superiority. He amply presents the faults of humanity, but has not obliged himself to grovel for his data or to stand aloof from his creatures. His comedies are life-like because they are buoyant; there is no

dead weight of modern portentousness to bring them nearer fact than truth. This comedy, then, for all its refusal to mince matters, for all its open portrayal of frailty and coarseness, is healthy and fresh. Depravity is not its object, — even depraved people stand in a sort of sunshine of good-humoured tolerance. Thereby Middleton is an almost unrivalled interpreter of the manners and customs of Jacobean London.

The other vein, the romantic, is not that of literary feeling applied to drama; it is dramatic feeling employing literature. Such poetry as it reveals (and some of Middleton's poetry is eloquent) is usually not descriptive phrasing, lyric emotion, or rhetorical excellence, but is the natural utterance of strongly moved people in moving situations.

I never shall have use of valour more

represents its splendid limit. It finds its material mainly in story, but in strong part also in situation. Middleton as a rule sees his opportunity in an interest distributed over a sequence of incidents, but like every other born dramatist he occasionally isolates a situation to concentrate his force upon it.

The word "romantic," then, like the word "realistic," when applied to Middleton needs some interpretation. The purely adventurous, the melodramatic, the ingrained tragic, are none of them his chosen field. That lies in the broadly human concern which arises in stories — wholly away from the commonplace of life — built up from striking premises and rising through doubts and trials to such climax, pleasant or sad, as the characters themselves would necessitate. In other words, it is a drama of hopes

and fears and trying moments, to which there may or may not be a happy solution, but in which there is no abiding determination to regard life as fatalistically sombre or cheerful. There must, of course, be granted exceptions to this manner; but it is wholly safe to say that in Middleton's plays the reader (and still more the spectator of the day) is made to feel that actual life would provide no markedly different outcomes from those offered on the scene.

This normality of conception, both in comedy and in tragedy, accounts too for something one would not attribute offhand to Middleton, — his definitely moral quality. Obviously, he is leagues away from didacticism, artistic or inartistic, but his plays primarily express such moral reasoning as the average intelligent listener can accept. Not, mark, such a handling of issues and distribution of rewards and punishments as the average man would at first suggest; but with that refinement of thinking which is at once above the normal and yet utterly in accord with it, with well-tempered sensitiveness to the responsibilities of conduct, Middleton disposes of the significant deeds and their doers in a way that is full of the logical experience of life. "You are the deed's creature," cries out De Flores to Beatrice, and even this utterance, the prelude to a second abhorrent sin, is as wholly true to human feeling as the delicate and terrible scruples of Captain Ager. It is normal morality, intensified, that gives Middleton's work, not always, but in general, its sense of rightness.

Such details as we know of the playwright's life are of little consequence in interpreting his plays. He was born somewhere near 1570 and died in 1627.

He was the son of a London gentleman; probably enrolled in Gray's Inn in 1593; began his career as playwright toward the end of the century; wrote alone and in collaboration without gaining any marked testimony[1] of preëminence; made in 1613 the masque for the notorious marriage of Somerset and the Countess of Essex; collaborated with Rowley in the ingenious and pleasant masque, *The World Tost at Tennis*, 1620; in the same year was appointed City Chronologer, "to collect and set down all memorable acts of this City and occurrences thereof"; and in 1624, through his *Game at Chess*,[2] became a figure of temporary international importance by setting forth the downright English hostility to the Spanish marriage, a position of distinction fortunately less dangerous than it bade fair to be.

Other work than dramatic Middleton wrote but sparingly. Two prose tracts of 1604, *Father Hubburd's Tales* and *The Black Book*, more or less in the vein of Nashe, afford interesting side-lights on contemporary life, and have no little bearing on the later, dramatized incidents of swindling, particularly in *Michaelmas Term*. The two attributed documents in verse, *The Wisdom of Solomon Paraphrased* (1597), and *Micro-cynicon* (1599), partic-

[1] The most notable comments, indeed, are the disparaging ones of Ben Jonson: of the man, "a base fellow," and of *A Game at Chess*, "a poor English play."

[2] *A Game at Chess* is a brilliant and dramatic allegory. It is, of course, vehemently partisan, but possesses the very rare virtue in satire of attempting to do justice to the cleverness and resourcefulness of the side inveighed against. Gondomar in the play is no puppet, and must have given the spectators a fair notion of the ambassador's power and ingenuity. It is no wonder that Spanish protest was lodged against the work, and no wonder that the response to the protest was nominal severity and practically all but condonation. Cf. E. C. Morris, *Englische Studien*, Bd. 38, p. 39.

ularly the former on account of its extraordinary dullness, I hesitate to think Middleton's. Thomas Middleton, the name on the title-page of the paraphrase, was not an uncommon name, and Mr. Bullen's reason for his reluctant ascription of the dreariness to our author because "we know of no other writer of the same name," might as easily be inverted for ascription to another Thomas Middleton. The assignment of *Micro-cynicon* rests on the initials, "T. M.," evidence *à fortiori* too scanty. The two works are like the dramatist's only in that they show great ease of expression; in all other respects they are beneath Middleton's intellectual level. It may be remarked, however, that this sort of proof is inadequate. No one, on internal evidence, would have credited the author of *Paradise Lost* with his metrical paraphrase of psalms. The present difficulty may be left unsolved at no real loss to literary history. The pamphlet called *The Peace-Maker* (1618) and sometimes attributed to King James is ascribed to Middleton on contemporary evidence. For our present purpose, it has the sole interest, usually overlooked, of objecting to duelling with reasons similar to those advanced by Captain Ager when he was endeavouring to justify his inaction. It is barely possible that the writing was done at the king's suggestion after the royal pedant had acquainted himself with some of the eloquent sentences against duelling in *A Fair Quarrel*.

Middleton's fairly copious contribution to drama includes some masques and triumphs, in the main of no very notable literary quality; doubtless they served their non-literary purpose admirably. The list of plays proper is diversified and impressive.

The score or so of dramas may be separated into two natural groups by taking the year 1615 as an arbitrary line of division. With our extant data exact delimitation is impossible, but roughly speaking, and excluding the lost *Chester Tragedy* and the lost collaborated plays,[1] in which Middleton's share was probably not great, the plays before the date named are essentially comic and the later plays are prevailingly serious. Chronological order, however, is but tentative, and in most cases the date of publication affords our only real, though unsatisfying, certainty.

Middleton did not at once begin to write the comedies whose revelations of London life make them so valuable and fascinating. *The Old Law* (in which Rowley shared), *Blurt*, *The Mayor of Queenborough*, and *The Phœnix*,[2] are neither contemporary nor local, save that with the Elizabethan playwright's delightful and fortunate disregard of time and place the author alludes continually to things within the daily experience of his spectators. The sense of story is usually strongly marked and the cheerful fun goes on without long intermissions. There are many touches of poetic fancy and passages of sympathetic interpretation of situation and character. But it is the work of a master finding his way to something more definite than amiable narration in action. Charm and spontaneity are present, mastery is not.

Here it may be remarked, once for all, that there

[1] *Cæsar's Fall*, with Munday, Drayton, and Webster; and *Two Shapes* (Mr. Greg's query) or *Two Harpies*, with Dekker, Munday, Drayton, and Webster.

[2] Middleton's share in Dekker's *The Honest Whore* was not great and certainly not constructive.

is another side to the shield, not of silver, but apparently of base metal. It is possible to read Middleton with much distaste. Parts of his plots, some of his characters, and a large part of his dialogue appear gross, — a commonplace of Elizabethan criticism, applicable, of course, to many besides our author. In the plays just mentioned and in those to be spoken of, the real healthiness of Middleton may not be obvious to those who are disconcerted or repelled by the coarse vitality that is his also. The matter will bear a brief comment. In annotating our plays it would have been manifestly unseemly to point out the double meanings or to explain expressions in which there is but one meaning and that a vulgar one. Yet these things are a mark of the age. Save in the serious passages Middleton keeps up a cross-fire of frankly animal allusion, to a degree incredible to one who has not learned how such licence permeates Elizabethan speech. The general reader of the dramatists of the period, including Shakespeare, misses by far the greater number of the undermeanings unless he knows the slang of that outspoken era. But he who would understand the immense vivacity of Elizabethan drama must come to perceive that our forbears saw the funny side of many things which to us are beneath or above contempt. The Elizabethan saw the ludicrousness of madness where we see its horror; he was tickled by cuckoldry, where we are disgusted; where we should see indecency, he saw a frank jest, and not least when it appeared in the egregious statements of innocents who did not realize that their simple expression covered a licentious idea. And yet so long as our theatres resound with delighted laughter at the funny

side of drunkenness or of marital infelicity, we may wisely feel that we have advanced beyond the Elizabethans, but not that we have left them hopelessly behind.

With so much explanation, then, we come to the group of London comedies, of which the first two plays in this volume are admirable representatives. For the moment we may pass these over in order to see them against the usually bright foil of their like.

In *The Family of Love* some coarse and rather aimless satire against a curious, short-lived sect forms but a plotless subplot to a mildly exciting love-episode and a few misadventures of a pair of gallants and two reasonably ill-assorted married couples: a play of no great consequence, — "harmless mirth," as the epilogue calls it.

*Your Five Gallants* is mainly a mass of elaborate local colour as the background for a young gentleman's complete outwitting of five rascally gallants whose machinations involve the stealing and re-stealing of the love-tokens of the young gentleman and his betrothed. Here it may be noted that Middleton is not a dramatist of love. His characters who are in love are generally presented for the sake of the predicament into which love has brought them, and not for the sake of the passion or of the personages. His lovers rarely gain our sympathies for themselves; they are not of the race of Orlando and Rosalind, still less of Romeo and Juliet.

*A Mad World, my Masters* moves briskly with the double plot of a young gallant who in disguise thrice robs his grandfather and is tricked into marrying a courtesan, and of another gallant who after winning the love of a merchant's wife is frightened

by a succubus into repentance. The title is warranted by the incessant masquerading and reckless adventuring, but from time to time a touch of unexpected naturalness shows us that the inhabitants of this mad world are very human people. The triumph of the piece is its splendid portrayal of Sir Bounteous Progress, a charming old reprobate whose hospitality is as lavish and unworldly as his libertinism is comically outrageous. Characters that genuinely "disarm criticism" are none too many; Sir Bounteous, superannuated profligate and ever-youthful host, is one of them.

*The Roaring Girl* (in collaboration with Dekker) is built up of three intrigues, — two of them, of gallants against citizens' wives, meeting with unsuccess, and the third, a young gentleman's winning his lady-love against his father's will by means of feigning a passion for a still less eligible person, Moll Frith, the notorious young woman who dressed as a man. Further indication of Middleton's generally wholesome tendencies is to be found not merely in the gallants' discomfiture but also in the portrayal of this roaring girl, who in actual life bore a far worse character than Middleton bestows upon her. In the play she is a hale, boisterous young swaggerer, who does the right and witty thing in every emergency and disconcerts all who pretend to familiarity. The author's words in his preface deserve quoting: "Worse things, I must needs confess, the world has taxed her for than has been written of her; but 'tis the excellency of a writer to leave things better than he finds 'em; . . . we rather wish in such discoveries, where reputation lies bleeding, a slackness of truth than fulness of

slander." For a further reason the play seems to me notable: it contains in the first scene a vivid description, hitherto overlooked, of an Elizabethan audience in the Fortune Theatre. Sir Alexander is pointing out the attractiveness of his parlour, and turning to the audience, describes what he sees, as if it were the painted arras of a fourth wall of the room: —

> Nay, when you look into my galleries,
> How bravely they're trimm'd up, you all shall swear
> You're highly pleas'd to see what's set down there:
> Stories of men and women, mix'd together,
> Fair ones with foul, like sunshine in wet weather;
> Within one square[1] a thousand heads are laid,
> So close that all of heads the room seems made;
> As many faces there, fill'd with blithe looks,
> Show like the promising titles of new books
> Writ merrily, the readers being their own eyes,
> Which seem to move and to give plaudities;
> And here and there, whilst with obsequious ears
> Throng'd heaps do listen, a cut-purse thrusts and leers
> With hawk's eyes for his prey; I need not show him;
> By a hanging, villainous look yourselves may know him,
> The face is drawn so rarely: then, sir, below,
> The very floor, as 'twere, waves to and fro,
> And, like a floating island, seems to move
> Upon a sea bound in with shores above.

*A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* presents a complicated, lucid, and deftly interwoven quadruple plot: the rivalry of a knight and a young gentleman for the goldsmith's daughter; the knight's dealings with a complaisant husband and his yielding wife; the diverting recriminations and forgivings of a childless

[1] Unlike the other public play-houses, the Fortune was square.

couple; and the slighter story of a too-prolific pair. The action moves with alternation of good and bad fortune for all the personages, with just enough romance to blunt the edge of satire otherwise too keen. This is one of the author's best plots. It should be remarked that here, as frequently with Middleton, whose brilliancy is so often praised at the expense of his feeling, there is a quick and hearty repentance on the part of evil-doers, — not the Greene-like sudden conversion of the wicked for the purposes of the plot, but, after the manner of life, a recognition of sin as soon as it is brought home. This quality reappears in the serious dramas and is worth mentioning in a discussion of Middleton's uncollaborated plays because later it is too easily ascribed to Rowley's influence.

In *No Wit, No Help like a Woman's* an unusually complicated and clever plot justifies the title, not merely where that justification often lies — in the comic underplot, but also in the serious part of the play, which is derived from Latin comedy. In the subplot four suitors vainly court the rich widow of a usurer, but the lady is won by the disguised wife of one of the usurer's victims; this vivacious and resourceful little baggage, without disclosing her sex, makes the widow sick of her bargain and eager to purchase a release before passing to a sixth and last aspirant. The serious love-story of the main plot is more considerable than is customary in plays of this group, and denotes a growing interest in romantic drama. It involves plots and counter-plots, an unyielding father, a shipwrecked mother and daughter, children substituted in the cradle, a hidden marriage, and concealed identities, with the

mother at a crucial moment granting forgiveness and concealment of an unfilial sin. The general censure laid upon Philip Twilight, for his callous squandering of the money meant for his mother's ransom, needs much qualification: that which is abominable in the young man does not appear in anything he does in the play; it is a postulate of the initial situation, and within the play he is by no means a bad fellow. Middleton deserves some credit for redeeming so heavily handicapped a character.

*Anything for a Quiet Life* seems to me to belong chronologically, and in spirit, essentially to this group, although it is commonly dated much later. The prose parts are of a piece with the other London comedies; and the romantic comedy, more fully developed indeed, than in the play just under discussion, is not so far away from the prose as in the later plays. The portrayal of London life is in Middleton's most assured and graphic manner; and the underlying deceit that brings the play to a happy issue, taking in the spectators as well as the personages, is not, I think, the device of a writer certain of himself in serious vein. The play may have undergone revision, but I regard it in substance as nearer 1610 than 1620.

To return now to the two comedies selected for this volume, which sum up in themselves all the realistic qualities of the group. *Michaelmas Term* must have been a very taking title. The period was that lively season after the long summer vacation, when London filled up with visitors "from all the remotest shires of our land," as Coryat said, and the citizens, good and bad, replenished their purses with rural savings. In this "booted Michaelmas-

term," the town throbbed with life; the sessions of court, which were the real occasion of the gathering of people, were but a small element in the innumerable incidents of the day and night. The gossip of the inns and ordinaries, the plays, the puppet-shows or "motions" (as well liked as our own "movies"), the exhibitions of odd freaks of man and nature, the fortune-tellers, conjurers, ballad-singers, jugglers, the processions and triumphs, the gamblers, swindlers, usurers, the bouts of drinking and dicing, the villainies of "such speckled lumps of poison as panders, harlots, and ruffians," the quarrels and combats, the microcosm of Paul's middle aisle, all that went to arouse or to appease curiosity, — these were a part of the extraordinary period so faithfully shown in our play.

The main plot deals with the perennial story of a well-to-do young gentleman, Master Easy, who has come up to London only to lose his money in gaming and to be caught in the grasp of a commodity usurer, who fleeces him of all his estate. Success is disastrous to the usurer, however, and in endeavouring by feigned death to realize the gratitude of his heirs, he manages to sign away his recent profits. Worse still, the usurer's wife has promptly married young Easy. An appeal to law restores the wife, but Easy retains his recovered property. A brief subplot of an upstart gallant tricked into a marriage with a courtesan (a stock Middletonian incident and usually in keeping with the circumstances), an undeveloped episode of a young girl's fancy, and the unaffected speeches of the country wench's father, fill up the never-flagging action. Every incident of the play is rendered with electric liveliness: the

steady murmur of the London shops and streets seems to pass into the scene; the remorseless leading of the victim onward to his fate is accomplished by the usurer's agents with machine-like precision; and the fortunate ending lets every one draw a free breath, even the final victims perceiving that their lot might well have been worse.

Technical errors are not hard to point out: the author's regular habit of throwing too much plot into the soliloquies and asides, the failure to utilize the pleasant little story of Susan and Rearage, and the too hasty unravelling of the legal issue at the end. This conclusion does not exhibit the legal acumen one expects from a writer of Middleton's mind and training. The future relations of Thomasine and Easy are left so much in doubt that even commentators on the play have supposed (doubtless by some "stage law") that the marriage held. But these are flaws that do not retard the action, and if rectified would not make the play essentially more amusing.

*A Trick to Catch the Old One* — the title seems to be an old saying — is an equally effective piece of work, although our sympathies are less called upon than they were by Easy's struggles. It is an excellent contrast to *Michaelmas Term*, which is primarily a trick to catch the young one. The present play is again a comedy without a love-story: a penniless scapegrace comes into affluence and a prosperous marriage by playing off one old money-hunter against another. His schemes are as ingenious as they are shady, but as they are directed against those whose own ingenuity does not court the light, no spectator feels compunctions and no personage

suffers greatly in the end. The main intrigue is carried by the young gallant's mistress, who, palmed off as a rich widow betrothed to the gallant, not only helps her friend to success, but makes a rich marriage for herself.

Throughout, the play is animated by that peculiar zest which arises when, out of overreaching cunning, self-sufficient dupes volunteer to do the deeds that will be their undoing. The mere report, cleverly made, of a widow of four hundred a year is enough to start the play, carry it through its course, and bring it to a capital conclusion. Without creating any suspicion of thinness, this single idea, which in the hands of a tyro would hardly run through a scene, forms the material of the whole play, and incident after incident is created from it with real fertility of constructive imagination. On the other hand, a curious element in the play lies in the totally irrelevant characters of Lady Foxtone, Gulf, and Sir Launcelot (all slightly treated), and of the usuring lawyer, Dampit (elaborately handled). It indicates either well-known actual persons as models or else a padded action, — probably the former. The circumstantial details of the play, one may add, are copious; they corroborate, without repeating, the details of *Michaelmas Term*, and exhibit the same brilliant, descriptive quality.

A general point regarding these various comedies may be mentioned: Middleton, like others whose vein inclines to the satiric, — notably Jonson, — has the habit of naming many of his characters so as to indicate their traits or callings. Such label-names — to adopt Mr. Archer's term — are Lucre, Hoard, Falselight, Dustbox, Witgood, Lipsalve,

Frippery, Follywit, besides a number not calling for the emphasis of quotation. It is apparent that the habit may tend to the creation of types, a pitfall Middleton escaped while Jonson did not. No other comedies fall definitely into the period under discussion, and we come now to a consideration of the second kind of Middletonian play, the romantic drama of either sad or happy ending.

*The Widow* (attributed to Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton) is an amusing comedy in Middleton's maturer mood: Jonson's touch seems missing, and Fletcher's share not demonstrable; there is nothing in it beyond Middleton's easy reach. The movement of the play quickens greatly toward the end, and the best part of it, unlike most plays, is in the last act, in which the widow tests her suitors by signing away her property, finding the suitor who loves her for herself, and then regaining her estate. The other excellent part of this act is practically a clever little one-act play in which an old man's wife, disappointed in her recreant lover, successfully palms off on him a boy disguised as a girl; but this boy, unknown to the revengeful woman, is really a girl in disguise, so the vengeance wholly misses fire. Incidentally, the recreant lover reveals a characteristically Middletonian trait in showing deep thankfulness at not having fallen victim to the sin that had tempted him. Middleton's coarseness has been emphasized so often that it is well to recall these contrite characters who are honestly grateful when the weight of desire drops away from them.

*The Witch* has two interests: one real, for itself; the other artificial, for its much-discussed relation to *Macbeth*. The latter point may be dismissed

curtly. In *Macbeth* two witches' songs are indicated by catch-lines only, and the colourless part of Hecate is irrelevant and apparently un-Shakespearean; in Middleton's later play these songs appear at length, and Hecate is a character of some individuality and consequence in the action. Shakespeare had nothing to do with *The Witch*, and Middleton doubtless touched up *Macbeth* for some later performance, by contributing the songs in question and (less probably) by introducing the character of Hecate. Further, it is more likely that the interpolated songs passed over from *Macbeth* to *The Witch* than from *The Witch* to *Macbeth*. The two Hecates have little in common but the name, and conclusions regarding a single authorship are uncertain. The play itself is less happy in its use of supernaturalism than are the other plays in which Middleton scantly uses apparitions. In its actual main story, it deals with a striking theme and does not do it justice. The full treatment of the horrible subject remained for Swinburne, who set himself to rival Middleton and surpassed him in the superb *Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards*. In the other stories of the play — to call any one the main plot is difficult — resting-places rather than endings are reached through a superfluity of tragic incident. It is worthy of note that in the most thorough-going of his London comedies Middleton uses comparatively simple situations and builds up his play from the wealth of his incidental material; whereas in these earlier essays in the romantic field he needs much more plotting to furnish forth his entertainment. Later, especially in *A Fair Quarrel* and *The Changeling*, he learns to use a fine situation at full length.

*More Dissemblers besides Women* is a comedy of highly artificial plot, — deceits and disguises playing a great part. All the principal characters dissemble and none gains his end except Andrugio. The first act is rather inept, and the padded last act shows what straits an Elizabethan was sometimes put to in order to produce five full acts. In the second act the curious re-enactment of an incident prior to the opening of the play seems to point either to a discarded scene of the original scenario, or to a scene from an earlier play now used in part. In the general, irreproachable tameness of the Cardinal's rôle, in the superfluous first disguising of Aurelia as a page, and in the sudden conversion of the Duchess from a high-minded widow, constant to her husband's memory, to a love-sick, intriguing lady, — in these things one feels rather an author experimenting in romanticism than a practised craftsman in the type. Whatever its date, the general crudeness of technique places it on a lower level than most of the plays of Middleton's second group.

*The Spanish Gipsy* (in collaboration with Rowley) is an admirable drama, as befits one woven from two such good stories as Cervantes' *La Fuerza de la Sangre* (*The Force of Blood*) and *La Gitanilla* (*The Little Gipsy*). A swift and effective beginning, a well-knit plot, and deep interest in all the situations characterize the play. The stories from the *Exemplary Novels* are thoroughly romantic, and the personages fit the plot. A mark of Middleton, however, is that, interesting as his personages may be, they tend to be interesting from the situation; they are more interesting as figures than as individuals. Thus the

old banished nobleman, Alvarez, is a striking figure, but after he is restored to prosperity he makes no further appeal to us. This point is nothing against a dramatist of this particular type of play, of course; a greater power of creating character would have led its possessor to other types of the drama. A reference in the first scene of the second act to playing the changeling may possibly indicate that *The Changeling* preceded this play.

*Women Beware Women* has not, it seems to me, the marks of an early play. The use of the masque in resolution counts little as evidence for an early date, for Middleton was addicted to the device of a masque or entertainment within the play, and in any event this conclusion may have been written earlier than the rest. On the other hand, the character of the workmanship indicates Middleton's maturity, and the nature of the theme of the subplot, incest, even suggests an exhaustion of the normal tragic impulse. The play itself, using fewer characters than is customary with Middleton, possesses unpleasant power. Its distinguishing feature is the presence of a high-born procuress who has no reason of love or of ambition, no motives of a Lady Macbeth or a Vittoria Corombona, to spur her to crime. Livia's baleful nature is in itself almost enough to create tragedy, and the readiness with which circumstance plays into her hands ensures the tragic outcome. Middleton may have intended to create one of the great Italian heroines of horror, but he produced nothing stronger than a woman of the world, who uses bluff geniality in the service of prostitution. Middleton's forte is not in the creation of personality; and where the situation fails

to please, to charm, to excite, or to thrill with suspense and terror, the characters fail too. Lamb, whose instinct was almost unerring, was surely here at fault when he called this "damn'd bawd," as one of her victims terms her, "such another jolly housewife as the Wife of Bath," — granted though it be that the scene which drew Lamb's praise would be in itself delightful if it could possibly be regarded out of context.

The painful story of the downfall of Livia's victim, Bianca Capello, — a story of almost contemporaneous Italian life, — is told in a way that, though not repelling, does not wholly satisfy. The young Venetian lady has eloped with a Florentine factor who can offer her little beyond his devotion, which at first is all-sufficient. Later, Livia draws her within the toils of the Duke, who makes her his mistress, to the utter ruin of her own nature and that of her husband. The first state, of newly-married happiness, is shown with more gentleness than is customary with Middleton, and the disillusioned after-state is revealed with psychologic acuteness; what lacks is an adequate presentation of the temptation. Innocence turns guilt with ease too great to be dramatic or life-like; the Bianca of the first act passes into the Bianca of the third as if nothing could have helped. The drama ends in an orgy of poisoning, the whole fifth act coming as a sort of afterpiece of revenge when the fourth act, instead of ending in suspense, had reached a period of more or less stable rest. The impression made by the conclusion is that of writing of an earlier type (say of Cyril Tourneur's workmanship), — an ending already in existence to which the preceding part of

the play was none too well joined. It is hard to agree with those who regard this, in any sense, as Middleton's unaided masterpiece. Alone, as well as in collaboration, he did better work.

Before we approach the two masterpieces of Middleton and Rowley which form the second half of this volume, we must consider the question of the authors' collaboration, bearing in mind that this is no place to sound the minute, technical questions of authorship. The determination of the respective share of co-workers in collaborated plays three centuries old has been a pursuit of modern scholarship, carried on with both acumen and blindness. The methods of assigning line by line according to metrical or verbal peculiarities, and of scene by scene according to authors' temperament, have produced some undeniable results. But certainty is not thus easily to be gained if one wishes to know what actual part each collaborator played when the two men were endeavouring to make a drama representative of their united efforts. For when joint workers discuss together the import of situation and story, of character and of movement, the question of which man holds the pen in elaborating the worked-out scenario is of small moment and doubtful significance. Of course, where a manager divided a complete outline among several playwrights, each of whom wrote his independent part, the case is altered; but broadly speaking, in real collaboration, a perfectly accurate distributing of the intellectual contribution of each man is utterly impossible. Two men, working together, reacting to each other's impulses, developing ideas that occur spontaneously to both, affected by the contagion

of each other's style, are likely to create something that is in every part a product of each man's brain. Even when the men are of different mood, say comic and tragic, the original thought of each writer may be modified by the constructive criticism of the other.

This, as implied before, leaves us free to regard the subplots and parts of the beginning and ending in our two plays as essentially Rowley's, and the scenes of main importance in the chief plots as essentially Middleton's; but having declared so much, it does not seem to me worth while to try to indicate at what lines Rowley passed over his quill to Middleton and at what lines he recovered it. The difficult task can probably be done, but after all, when two men have tried to put together a work in harmony, the thing of most significance is to understand the harmony they produced.

That this harmony of result should have been created as it so wonderfully was by Middleton and Rowley is in itself a sort of marvel. The usual estimate of Middleton as a rather hard nature, an excellent craftsman, and of Rowley as a quick, sympathetic nature and an erratic workman, provides an explanation of their complemental success by showing them able to correct each other's weaknesses. But there was more than a correction of faults; somehow there must have been a mutual stimulus which pushed each man beyond his previous limit, making their united force greater than the sum of their former best powers. For example, neither Rowley nor Middleton, in non-comic work, has a full sense of all that a situation may be made to yield, yet as colleagues they reveal this exhaustive

power. The usual estimate, moreover, differentiates the men somewhat too widely. Middleton is far from impervious to moral impulse; his sympathies are prompt and anything but narrow: and Rowley, though unequal in execution, has a sure sense of dramatic moments and does not let them pass undramatized as Middleton sometimes does. Middleton's humanity and Rowley's grasp of action should then, I think, be rated higher than they commonly are. It is largely speculation and yet it is reasonable to think that with Middleton's critical knowledge of human nature as a check to exaggeration, Rowley's inventiveness became more effective; and similarly, with Rowley able to dictate the conduct of scenes perhaps beyond his power to execute, Middleton was lifted to heights loftier than he had known before.

A word about William Rowley. He was an actor-playwright, born about 1585, whose four extant unaided plays, *A Match at Midnight*, *A Shoemaker a Gentleman*, *A Woman Never Vext* (at least three acts are Rowley's), and *All's Lost by Lust*, represent the smaller part of his dramatic activity; for the rest he collaborated with men of the first rank. Like many another rough and ready man, he had in addition to his undoubted force a fine strain of sentiment, — a pathos and a charm rare in Middleton. He possesses genuine likeableness, to say the least, — not enough to create a cult, but enough to ensure his kindly and respectful naming in any consideration of Elizabethan drama.

Now to the two great plays, which, like the comedies, have been left to the end of their group for the sake of better perspective. The full significance of the title of *A Fair Quarrel* has not been commented

on by editors of the play. James I made great efforts to put down duelling, and the courts of the day in passing sentence upon duellers found occasion to combat popular opinion. A remark of Chief Justice Hobart in 1616 regarding the interesting trial of Gervase Markham for sending a challenge will illustrate the point: "And I in my sentence said that the law did not allow any man to strike in private revenge of ill words. . . . With a mild word to qualifie the detestation of this kind of murder, they have made it a familiar phrase that he was killed fairely. . . . This impious distinction of fair and foul killing." [1] . . . And Sir Francis Bacon, then Attorney General, likewise condemns "the killing of a man upon fair terms, as they call it." [2] The sentence of a heavy fine in this latter case of challenging was ordered to be "made known in all the shires of this kingdom." At the time *A Fair Quarrel* was written it is obvious that the word "fair" in the title not only had a well-known semi-technical meaning but also raised the issue of the morality of duelling. Add to this the fact that the old notion was still current of the interposition of Providence in behalf of the righteous cause in ordeal and combat, and the precise state of Captain Ager's sensitive conscience becomes clear.

The play contains two admirable actions: Rowley being responsible for part of the main plot and for all of the secondary plot of Jane's marriage contract with Fitzallen, the Physician's concealment of her pregnancy and his consequent solicitation of her love; and Middleton caring for the chief story of

[1] Hobart's *Reports*, 1650, p. 120.
[2] *State Trials*, 26 Jan. 1615.

the duel. Nothing in the play is technically more admirable than the prompt and lucid statement in the first scene of the main issue of each story. From the outset the two plots are simply related, and their immediate development creates an interest which never flags. The problem of the play lies in Captain Ager's righteous impulse to defend his mother's fame and his conscientious resolve to gain, before fighting, unassailable proof that his loving belief will stand before God and man. It is in this scruple that the conflict arises, for the mother calumniates herself as her only means of preventing the duel. Ager's consequent abject grief over the terrible double humiliation — as son and as soldier — is portrayed with a mingled tenderness and intensity almost unique. To the spectator as well as to the character, Captain Ager's fierce and joyful response when a new personal insult gives him the warrant to fight comes as a solvent to suspense and makes one of the most vivid moments on the Elizabethan stage. Now in a plainer sense it is a fair quarrel, fairly fought, and leading finally to the generous reconciliation of two strong men. After Charles Lamb's whole-souled eloquence, however, it is superfluous to praise the portrayal of Ager and the Colonel.

The fortunes of Jane and Fitzallen provide an accompanying story, distinguished, as are few subplots, by its beautifully accorded relation to its principal. There is no question of parallel, direct or indirect, but a story of different fibre and colour finds its place in the fabric of the play, relieving one pattern by supplying another in harmonious contrast. The play does not need its third element

of boisterous farce, contributed by the humours of the preposterous Chough and the roaring school; but the appeal to the groundlings is made with extraordinary vigour.

It is doubtless a flaw that the first scene of the third act begins with a sheer repetition of the mood and situation with which the first scene of the second act ends, but the emphasis is probably deserved. A missed theatrical opportunity, but not a dramatic error, is evident in the naturalness of the mother's prompt disclosure of the truth after the son's return from the duel, where a modern playwright would gladly have spun out the suspense. These are small matters. Not so slight a matter, yet one of irreducible brevity, is the beautifully conceived contriteness of the Physician as he stands defeated and disgraced before Jane. A speech of three words, "I am asham'd," ends his part in the play.

As a whole, *The Changeling* is not as finely made a play as *A Fair Quarrel*, but its one great scene lifts the entire drama into the first Elizabethan rank. Rowley's subplot of the changeling himself is but moderately entertaining farce, and usurps far too much of the conduct of the play. To the main story it furnishes only relief, not balance, still less a harmonizing of moods. The main plot, which, by the way, places too great a burden on the asides and pantomimic action, deals with the story of Beatrice, who after betrothal to one gentleman, Piracquo, finds herself possessed by a sudden unhappy passion for another, Alsemero. Her wedding day draws near, and no escape from the dreaded alliance appears. In desperation, she thinks of a detested parasite in her father's house, De Flores, who has

incessantly pressed his attendance upon her, and resolves to make use of him for once. Ominously joyful at seeing her smile upon him at last, he vows to rid her of her trouble, and at her instigation promptly murders Piracquo. The way now seems clear to ultimate union with Alsemero, but when Beatrice in loathing gratitude attempts with gold and jewels to reward De Flores for his secret deed, he refuses all payment, and demands her love as the price of silence; she is in the grasp of the devil she has evoked. This is the marvellous scene of the play. Beatrice's vain and terrible struggle to free herself goes step by step with De Flores' ardent mastering of her while his hopes draw to fruition. The scene moves breathlessly and relentlessly as two souls are laid utterly bare; and the ensuing tragedy, wherein Beatrice loses her lover, her reputation, her very nature, and her life, comes as the consequence of a situation almost too intense for action. Here at last Middleton had learned how to draw out of the conflict of human hearts all that their antagonism could involve; here at last he is a dramatist of the first order.

In sum, then, Middleton is a man whose art grew, whose powers moved from analysis of foibles and weaknesses to portrayal of struggle and passion. Far more than a brilliant recorder of imperfection, he was a sympathetic interpreter of repentance as well as of the desires that bring repentance in their train. Accepting the inevitable, he was yet notably free from the fatalism of his day. If his inherent moral quality has not yet gained full recognition, it is because of the unreserved manner of his age. His frankness set itself no limits as his eye ranged the

humanity he knew. If he had been a Victorian, his outspoken licence would have been prurient; if in his own day he had written with Victorian reticence, he would have been a precisian: writing frankly in his own frank day, he was one of the most normal minds in Elizabethan drama, and his elusiveness turns out to be naturalness itself.

Martin W Sampson

# MICHAELMAS TERM

## MICHAELMAS TERM

THE date of performance is unknown, but is certainly later than *Father Hubburd's Tales* (entered 22 March 1603–4), and precedes by a year or two the publication of the first quarto, licensed for printing 15 May 1607, and published in the same year. A second quarto appeared in 1630. For the source of the plot it is unnecessary to go farther back than Middleton's ample knowledge of London life. Doubtless his success in prose caricature of vice and folly in *The Black Book* and *Father Hubburd's Tales* gave Middleton a stimulus to make dramatic use of his observations. The text of Dyce, reenforced by a number of quarto readings, is followed in all the plays in this volume.

## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ*

EASY,
REARAGE,
SALEWOOD,
COCKSTONE, } Gentlemen.

QUOMODO, a Woollen-draper.

SHORTYARD,
FALSELIGHT, } his Attendants.

SIM, Son to QUOMODO.

ANDREW LETHE, an Adventurer, Son to MOTHER GRUEL.

HELLGILL, a Pander.

Father to the Country Wench.

Judge.

DUSTBOX, a Scrivener.

Tailor.

Drawer.

Boy.

Beadle.

Liverymen, Officers, etc.

THOMASINE, Wife to QUOMODO, afterwards married to EASY.

SUSAN, her Daughter.

THOMASINE'S Mother.

MOTHER GRUEL.

Country Wench, seduced by LETHE.

MISTRESS COMINGS, a Tirewoman.

WINEFRED, Maid to THOMASINE.

INDUCTION

Michaelmas Term.

The other Three Terms.

Boy, etc.

SCENE—LONDON

# MICHAELMAS TERM

## INDUCTION[n]

*Enter* MICHAELMAS TERM[n] *in a whitish*[n] *cloak, new come up out of the country,*[n] *a* Boy *bringing his gown after him*

*Mich. T.* Boy!
*Boy.* Here, sir.
*Mich. T.* Lay by my conscience;
Give me my gown; that weed[g] is for the country:
We must be civil now, and match our evil:
Who first made civil black,[n] he pleas'd the devil.
So:
Now know I where I am: methinks already
I grasp best part of the autumnian blessing
In my contentious fathom;[g] my hand's free:
From wronger and from wronged I have fee;
And what by sweat from the rough earth they draw
Is to enrich this silver harvest, law;
And so through wealthy variance and fat brawl,
The barn is made but steward to the hall.
Come they up thick enough?
*Boy.* O, like hops and harlots, sir.
*Mich. T.* Why dost thou couple them?
*Boy.* O very aptly; for as the hop well boiled will make a man not stand upon his legs, so the harlot in time will leave a man no legs to stand upon.
*Mich. T.* Such another, and be my heir! I have no child,

[n] A superior n in the text indicates a note at the end of the volume; a superior g an explanation in the Glossary.

Yet have I wealth would redeem beggary.
I think it be a curse both here and foreign,
Where bags are fruitful'st there the womb's most barren:
The poor has all our children, we their wealth.
Shall I be prodigal when my life cools,
Make those my heirs whom I have beggar'd, fools?
It would be wondrous; rather beggar more;
Thou[n] shalt have heirs enow,[g] thou keep'st a whore:
And here comes kindred too with no mean purses,
Yet strive to be still blest with client's curses.

*Music playing,*[n] *enter the other three* Terms, *the first bringing in a fellow poor, which the other two advanceth, giving him rich apparel, a page, and a pander; he then goes out*

*Mich. T.* What subtilty have we here? a fellow
Shrugging for life's kind benefits, shift[g] and heat,
Crept up in three terms, wrapt in silk and silver,
So well appointed too with page and pander!
It was a happy gale that blew him hither.
*First T.* Thou father[n] of the Terms, hail to thee!
*Sec. T.* May much contention still keep with thee!
*Third T.* Many new fools come up and fee thee!
*Sec. T.* Let 'em pay dear enough that see thee!
*First T.* And like asses use such men;
When their load's off, turn 'em to graze again.
*Sec. T.* And may our wish have full effect,
Many a suit, and much neglect!
*Third T.* And as it hath been often found,
Let the clients' cups come round!
*Sec. T.* Help your poor kinsmen, when you ha' got 'em;
You may drink deep, leave us the bottom.
*Third T.* Or when there is a lamb fall'n in,
Take you the lamb, leave us the skin.[n]
*Mich. T.* Your duty and regard hath mov'd us;
Never till now we thought you lov'd us.

Take comfort from our words, and make no doubt
You shall have suits come sixteen times about.

*All Three.* We humbly thank the patron of our hopes.

[*Exeunt.*

*Mich. T.* With what a vassal-appetite they gnaw
On our reversions,[g] and are proud
Coldly to taste our meats, which eight returns[n]
Serve in to us as courses!
One day our writs, like wild-fowl, fly abroad,
And then return o'er cities, towns, and hills,
With clients, like dried straws, between their bills;
And 'tis no few birds pick to build their nests,
Nor no small money that keeps drabs and feasts!
But, gentlemen, to spread myself open unto you, in cheaper terms I salute you; for ours[n] have but six-penny fees[n] all the year long; yet we despatch you in two hours,[n] without demur; your suits hang not long here after candles be lighted. Why we call this play by such a dear and chargeable title, *Michaelmas Term*, know it consents happily to our purpose, though perhaps faintly to the interpretation of many; for he that expects any great quarrels in law to be handled here will be fondly[g] deceived; this only presents those familiar accidents which happened in town in the circumference of those six weeks whereof Michaelmas Term is lord.
*Sat sapienti:* I hope there's no fools i' th' house.

[*Exit with* Boy.

## ACT THE FIRST

### Scene I

*The Middle Aisle*[n] *of St. Paul's*

*Enter* Rearage *meeting* Salewood

*Sale.* What, master Rearage?

*Rear.* Master Salewood? exceedingly well met in town. Comes your father up this term?

*Sale.* Why, he was here three days before the Exchequer[g] gaped.

*Rear.* Fie, such an early termer?

*Sale.* He's not to be spoke withal; I dare not ask him blessing till the last of November.

*Rear.* And how looks thy little venturing cousin?[g]

*Sale.* Faith, like a lute that has all the strings broke; nobody will meddle with her.

*Rear.* Fie, there are doctors enow[g] in town will string her again, and make her sound as sweet as e'er she did. Is she not married yet?

*Sale.* Sh'as no luck; some may better steal a horse[n] than others look on: I have known a virgin of five bastards wedded. Faith, when all's done, we must be fain to marry her into the north, I'm afraid.

*Rear.* But will she pass so, think you?

*Sale.* Pooh, any thing that is warm enough is good enough for them: so it comes in the likeness, though the devil be in't, they'll venture the firing.[n]

*Rear.* They're worthy spirits, i'faith. Heard you the news?

*Sale.* Not yet.

*Rear.* Mistress Difficult is newly fallen a widow.

*Sale.* Say true; is master Difficult, the lawyer, dead?

*Rear.* Easily dead, sir.

*Sale.* Pray, when died he?

*Rear.* What a question's that! when should a lawyer die but in the vacation? he has no leisure to die in the term-time; beside, the noise there would fetch him again.

*Sale.* Knew you the nature of his disease?

*Rear.* Faith, some say he died of an old grief he had, that the vacation[n] was fourteen weeks long.

*Sale.* And very likely: I knew 'twould kill him at last; 't'as troubled him a long time. He was one of those that would fain have brought in the heresy of a fifth term;[n] often crying, with a loud voice, O why should we lose Bartholomew week?[n]

*Rear.* He savours; stop your nose; no more of him.

*Enter* COCKSTONE *meeting* EASY

*Cock.* Young master Easy, let me salute you, sir. When came you?

*Easy.* I have but inn'd my horse since, master Cockstone.

*Cock.* You seldom visit London, master Easy;
But now your father's dead, 'tis your only course:
Here's gallants of all sizes, of all lasts;
Here you may fit your foot, make choice of those
Whom your affection may rejoice in.

*Easy.* You've easily possess'd[g] me, I am free:
Let those live hinds that know not liberty!

*Cock.* Master Rearage?

*Easy.* Good master Salewood, I am proud of your society.

*Rear.* What gentleman might that be?

*Cock.* One master Easy; has good land in Essex;
A fair free-breasted gentleman, somewhat

Too open — bad in man, worse in woman,
The gentry-fault at first: — he is yet fresh,
And wants the city powdering. But what news?
Is't yet a match 'twixt master Quomodo's
The rich draper's daughter and yourself?
*Rear.* Faith, sir, I am vildly[g] rivall'd.
*Cock.* Vildly? by whom?
*Rear.* One Andrew Lethe, crept to a little warmth,
And now so proud that he forgets all storms;
One that ne'er wore apparel, but, like ditches,
'Twas cast[n] before he had it; now shines bright
In rich embroideries. Him master Quomodo affects,
The daughter him, the mother only me:
I rest most doubtful, my side being weakest.
*Cock.* Yet the mother's side
Being surer[n] than the father's, it may prove,
Men plead for money best, women for love.
*Rear.* 'Slid,[g] master Quomodo!
*Cock.* How then? afraid of a woollen-draper!
*Rear.* He warned me his house, and I hate he should see me abroad. [*They all retire.*

*Enter* QUOMODO, *with his two spirits*,[n] SHORTYARD *and* FALSELIGHT

*Quo.* O my two spirits, Shortyard and Falselight, you that have so enriched me! I have industry[g] for you both.
*Sho.* Then do you please us best, sir.
*Quo.* Wealthy employment.
*Sho.* You make me itch, sir.
*Quo.* You, Falselight, as I have directed you —
*Fal.* I am nimble.
*Quo.* Go, make my coarse commodities look sleek;
With subtle art beguile the honest eye:
Be near to my trap-window,[n] cunning Falselight.
*Fal.* I never fail'd it yet.
*Quo.* I know thou didst not. — [*Exit* FALSELIGHT.

But now to thee, my true and secret Shortyard,
Whom I dare trust e'en with my wife;
Thou ne'er didst mistress harm, but master good:
There are too few of thy name gentlemen,
And that we feel, but citizens in abundance:
I have a task for thee, my pregnant spirit,
To exercise thy pointed wits upon.
*Sho.* Give it me, for I thirst.
*Quo.* Thine ear shall drink it.
Know, then, I have not spent this long vacation
Only for pleasure's sake: — give me the man
Who out of recreation culls advantage,
Dives into seasons, never walks but thinks,
Ne[g] rides but plots: — my journey was toward Essex —
*Sho.* Most true.
*Quo.* Where I have seen what I desire.
*Sho.* A woman?
*Quo.* Pooh, a woman! yet beneath her,
That which she often treads on, yet commands her;
Land, fair neat[g] land.
*Sho.* What is the mark you shoot at?
*Quo.* Why, the fairest, to cleave the heir in twain,
I mean his title; to murder his estate,
Stifle his right in some detested prison:
There are means and ways enow to hook in gentry,
Besides our deadly enmity, which thus stands,
They're busy 'bout our wives, we 'bout their lands.
*Sho.* Your revenge is more glorious.
To be a cuckold is but for one life;
When land remains to you, your heir, or wife.
*Quo.* Ah, sirrah, do we sting 'em? This fresh gallant
Rode newly up before me.
*Sho.* I beseech his name.
*Quo.* Young master Easy.
*Sho.* Easy? it may fall right.
*Quo.* I have inquired his haunt — stay, — hah! ay,
that 'tis, that's he, that's he!

*Sho.* Happily!

*Quo.* Observe, take surely note of him; he's fresh and free: shift thyself speedily into the shape of gallantry: I'll swell thy purse with angels.[g] Keep foot by foot with him, outdare his expenses, flatter, dice, and brothel to him; give him a sweet taste of sensuality; train him to every wasteful sin, that he may quickly need health, but especially money; ravish him with a dame or two, — be his bawd for once, I'll be thine for ever; — drink drunk with him, creep into bed to him,[n] kiss him, and undo him, my sweet spirit.

*Sho.* Let your care dwell in me; soon shall it shine:
What subtilty's in man that is not mine?

*Quo.* O my most cheerful spirit! go, despatch.

[*Exit* SHORTYARD.

Gentry is the chief fish we tradesmen catch. [*Exit.*

*Easy.* What's here?

*Sale.* O, they are bills[g] for chambers.

*Easy.* [*Reads.*] "Against St. Andrew's,[n] at a painter's house, there's a fair chamber ready furnished to be let; the house not only endued with a new fashion forepart,[n] but, which is more convenient for a gentleman, with a very provident back door."[n]

*Sale.* Why, here's virtue still: I like that thing that's necessary as well as pleasant.

*Cock.* What news in yonder paper?

*Rear.* Hah! seek you for news? there's for you!

*Enter* LETHE, *who remains behind, reading the bills*

*Sale.* Who's this?
In the name of the black angels,[n] Andrew Gruel!

*Rear.* No, Andrew Lethe.

*Sale.* Lethe?

*Rear.* Has forgot his father's name,
Poor Walter Gruel, that begot him, fed him,
And brought him up.

*Sale.* Not hither.
*Rear.* No;
'Twas from his thoughts; he brought him up below.[g]
*Sale.* But does he pass for Lethe?
*Rear.* 'Mongst strange eyes,
That no more know him than he knows himself,
That's nothing now; for master Andrew Lethe,
A gentleman of most received[g] parts,
Forgetfulness, lust, impudence, and falsehood,
And one especial courtly quality,
To wit, no wit at all. I am his rival
For Quomodo's daughter; but he knows it not.
*Sale.* Has spied us o'er his paper.
*Rear.* O, that's a warning
To make our duties ready.
*Cock.* Salute him? hang him!
*Rear.* Pooh, wish his health awhile; he'll be laid[g] shortly:
Let him gorge venison for a time, our doctors
Will bring him to dry mutton.[n] Seem respective,[g]
To make his pride swell like a toad with dew.
[LETHE *comes forward.*
*Sale.* Master Lethe.
*Rear.* Sweet master Lethe.
*Let.* Gentlemen, your pardon; I remember you not.
*Sale.* Why, we supped with you last night, sir.
*Let.* O, cry you mercy! 'tis so long ago,
I'd quite forgot you; I must be forgiven.
Acquaintance, dear society, suits, and things,
Do so flow to me,
That had I not the better memory,
'Twould be a wonder I should know myself.
Esteem is made of such a dizzy metal;[n]
I have receiv'd of many, gifts o'er night,
Whom I've forgot ere morning: meeting the men,
I wish'd 'em to remember me again:
They do so; then if I forget again,

I know what help'd before, that will help then:
This is my course; for memory I've been told
Twenty preserves;[g] the best I find is gold;
Ay, truly! Are you not knights yet,[n] gentlemen?

*Sale.* Not yet.

*Let.* No? that must be looked into; 'tis your own fault. I have some store of venison: where shall we devour it, gentlemen?

*Sale.* The Horn[n] were a fit place.

*Let.* For venison fit:
The horn having chas'd it,
At the Horn we'll —
Rhyme to that?

*Cock.* Taste it.

*Sale.* Waste it.

*Rear.* Cast it.

*Let.* That's the true rhyme indeed! we hunt our venison twice, I tell you; first out a' th' park, next out a' th' belly.

*Cock.* First dogs take pains to make it fit for men,
Then men take pains to make it fit for dogs.

*Let.* Right.

*Cock.* Why, this is kindness; a kind gallant you,
And love to give the dogs more than their due:
We shall attend you, sir.

*Let.* I pray do so.

*Sale.* The Horn.

*Let.* Easily remember'd that, you know.

[*Exeunt all except* LETHE.

But now unto my present business. The daughter yields, and Quomodo consents; only my mistress Quomodo, her mother, without regard runs full against me, and sticks hard. Is there no law for a woman that will run upon a man at her own apperil?[g] Why should not she consent, knowing my state, my sudden fortunes? I can command a custard,[n] and other bake-meats, death of sturgeon:[n] I could keep house with nothing. What

friends have I! how well am I beloved! e'en quite throughout the scullery. Not consent? 'tis e'en as I have writ: I'll be hanged, and she love me not herself, and would rather preserve me, as a private friend, to her own pleasures, than any way advance her daughter upon me to beguile herself. Then how have I relieved her in that point? let me peruse this letter. [*Reads.*] — "Good mistress Quomodo, or rather, as I hope ere the term end, mother Quomodo, since only your consent keeps aloof off, and hinders the copulation of your daughter, what may I think, but that it is a mere[g] affection in you, doting upon some small inferior virtue of mine, to draw me in upon yourself? If the case stand so, I have comfort for you; for this you may well assure yourself, that by the marriage of your daughter I have the better means and opportunity to yourself, and without the least suspicion." — This is moving stuff, and that works best with a citizen's wife: but who shall I get to convey this now? My page I ha' lent forth; my pander I have employed about the country to look out some third sister, or entice some discontented gentlewoman from her husband, whom the laying out[n] of my appetite shall maintain. Nay, I'll deal like an honourable gentleman, I'll be kind to women; that which I gather i' th' day, I'll put into their purses at night. You shall have no cause to rail at me; no, faith: I'll keep you in good fashion, ladies; no meaner men than knights shall ransom home your gowns and recover your smocks:[n] I'll not dally with you. — Some poor widow woman would come as a necessary bawd now! and see where fitly comes — 253

*Enter* MOTHER GRUEL

my mother! Curse of poverty! does she come up to shame me, to betray my birth, and cast soil upon my new suit? Let her pass me; I'll take no notice of her, — scurvy murrey[g] kersey!

*Moth. G.* By your leave, and[g] like your worship —

*Let.* [*Aside.*] Then I must proudly venture it. — To me, good woman?

*Moth. G.* I beseech one word with your worship.

*Let.* Prithee, be brief then.

*Moth. G.* Pray, can your worship tell me[n] any tidings of one Andrew Gruel, a poor son of mine own?

*Let.* I know a gallant gentleman of the name, one master Andrew Gruel, and well received amongst ladies.

*Moth. G.* That's not he, then: he is no gentleman that I mean.

*Let.* Good woman, if he be a Gruel, he's a gentleman i' th' mornings, that's a gentleman a' th' first; you cannot tell me.

*Moth. G.* No, truly; his father was an honest, upright tooth-drawer.

*Let.* O my teeth!

*Moth. G.* An't please your worship, I have made a sore journey out, all this vacant time,[n] to come up and see my son Andrew. Poor Walter Gruel, his father, has laid his life,[n] and left me a lone woman; I have not one husband in all the world: therefore my coming up is for relief, an't like your worship, hoping that my son Andrew is in some place about the kitchen.

*Let.* Kitchen! pooh, faugh!

*Moth. G.* Or a serving-man to some knight of worship.

*Let.* [*Aside.*] O, let me not endure her! — Know you not me, good woman?

*Moth. G.* Alas, an't please your worship, I never saw such a glorious suit since the hour I was kersened.[g]

*Let.* [*Aside.*] Good, she knows me not; my glory does disguise me;
Beside, my poorer name being drench'd in Lethe,
She'll hardly understand[n] me. What a fresh air can do!
I may employ her as a private drudge,
To pass my letters and secure my lust;
And ne'er be noted mine, to shame my blood,

And drop my staining birth upon my raiment. —
Faith, good woman, you will hardly get to the speech of master Andrew, I tell you.

*Moth. G.* No? marry, hang him! and like your worship, I have known the day when nobody cared to speak to him.

*Let.* You must take heed how you speak ill of him, I can tell you, now; he's so employed.

*Moth. G.* Employed? for what?

*Let.* For his 'haviour, wisdom, and other virtues.

*Moth. G.* He, virtues? no, 'tis well known his father was too poor a man to bring him up to any virtues; he can scarce write and read.

*Let.* He's the better regarded for that amongst courtiers, for that's but a needy quality.

*Moth. G.* If it be so, then he'll be great shortly, for he has no good parts about him.

*Let.* Well, good woman, or mother, or what you will —

*Moth. G.* Alack the day! I know your worship scorns to call me mother; 'tis not a thing fit for your worship indeed, such a simple old woman as I am.

*Let.* In pity of thy long journey, there's sixpence British:[n] tend upon me; I have business for you.

*Moth. G.* I'll wait upon your worship.

*Let.* Two pole off at least.

*Moth. G.* I am a clean old woman, an't like your worship.

*Let.* It goes not by cleanness here, good woman; if you were fouler, so you were braver, you might come nearer. [*Exit.*

*Moth. G.* Nay, and that be the fashion, I hope I shall get it shortly; there's no woman so old but she may learn: and as an old lady delights in a young page or monkey, so there are young courtiers will be hungry upon an old woman, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II

*A Street*

*Enter* HELLGILL *and* Country Wench

*Hell.* Come, leave your puling and sighing.

*Coun. W.* Beshrew you now, why did you entice me from my father?

*Hell.* Why? to thy better advancement. Wouldst thou, a pretty, beautiful, juicy squall,[g] live in a poor thrummed[g] house i' th' country, in such servile habiliments, and may well pass for a gentlewoman i' th' city? does not five hundred do so, thinkest thou, and with worse faces? O, now in these latter days, the devil reigning, 'tis an age for cloven creatures! But why sad now? yet indeed 'tis the fashion of any courtesan to be seasick i' th' first voyage; but at next she proclaims open wars, like a beaten soldier. Why, Northamptonshire lass, dost dream of virginity now? remember a loose-bodied gown,[n] wench, and let it go; wires[n] and tires, bents and bums, felts and falls, thou that shall deceive the world, that gentlewomen indeed shall not be known from others. I have a master, to whom I must prefer thee after the aforesaid deckening;[g] Lethe by name, a man of one most admired property; he can both love thee, and for thy better advancement, be thy pander himself; an excellent spark of humility. 22

*Coun. W.* Well, heaven forgive you! you train me up to't.

*Hell.* Why, I do acknowledge it, and I think I do you a pleasure in't.

*Coun. W.* And if I should prove a harlot now, I should be bound to curse you.

*Hell.* Bound? nay, and you prove a harlot, you'll be loose enough. 30

*Coun. W.* If I had not a desire to go like a gentlewoman, you should be hanged ere you should get me to't, I warrant you.

*Hell.* Nay, that's certain, nor a thousand more of you; I know you are all chaste enough till one thing or other tempt you: deny a satin gown and you dare now?

*Coun. W.* You know I have no power to do't, and that makes you so wilful; for what woman is there such a beast that will deny any thing that is good?

*Hell.* True; they will not, most dissembler.[n]

*Coun. W.* No; and she bear a brave mind, she will not, I warrant you.

*Hell.* Why, therefore take heart, faint not at all;
Women ne'er rise but when they fall:
Let a man break, he's gone, blown up;
A woman's breaking sets her up:
Virginity is no city trade,
You're out a' th' freedom when you're a maid:
Down with the lattice, 'tis but thin;
Let coarser beauties work within,
Whom the light mocks; thou art fair and fresh;
The gilded flies will light upon thy flesh.

*Coun. W.* Beshrew your sweet enchantments, you have won!

*Hell.* [*Aside.*] How easily soft women are undone!
So farewell wholesome weeds, where treasure pants;
And welcome silks, where lie disease and wants! —
Come, wench; now flow thy fortunes in to bless thee;
I'll bring thee where thou shalt be taught to dress thee.

*Coun. W.* O, as soon as may be! I am in a swoon till I be a gentlewoman; and you know what flesh is man's meat[n] till it be dressed?

*Hell.* Most certain, no more; a woman.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT THE SECOND

### SCENE I

*The Horn*

REARAGE, SALEWOOD, LETHE, EASY, *and* SHORTYARD *discovered at dice:* BOY *attending*

*Rear.* Gentlemen, I ha' sworn I'll change the room.[n] Dice? devils![n]

*Let.* You see I'm patient, gentlemen.

*Sale.* Ay, the fiend's in't! you're patient; you put up all.

*Rear.* Come, set[g] me, gentlemen!

*Sho.* An Essex gentleman, sir?

*Easy.* An unfortunate one, sir.

*Sho.* I'm bold to salute you, sir: you know not master Alsup there?

*Easy.* O, entirely well.

*Sho.* Indeed, sir?

*Easy.* He's second to my bosom.

*Sho.* I'll give you that comfort then, sir, you must not want money as long as you are in town, sir.

*Easy.* No, sir?

*Sho.* I am bound in my love to him to see you furnished; and in that comfort I recover my salute[n] again, sir.

*Easy.* Then I desire to be more dear unto you.

*Sho.* [*Aside.*] I rather study to be dear unto you. — Boy, fill some wine. — I knew not what fair impres-

sure[g] I received at first, but I began to affect your society very speedily.

*Easy.* I count myself the happier.

*Sho.* To master Alsup, sir; to whose remembrance I could love to drink till I were past remembrance.

[*Drinks.*

*Easy.* I shall keep Christmas with him, sir, where your health shall likewise undoubtedly be remembered; and thereupon I pledge you. [*Drinks.*] I would sue for your name, sir.

*Sho.* Your suit shall end in one term, sir; my name is Blastfield.

*Easy.* Kind master Blastfield, your dearer acquaintance. [*Drinks.*

*Rear.* Nay, come, will ye draw[g] in, gentlemen? set me.

*Easy.* Faith, I'm scattered.[g]

*Sho.* Sir, you shall not give out so meanly of yourself in my company for a million: make such[n] privy to your disgrace! you're a gentleman of fair fortunes; keep me your reputation: set 'em all; there's crowns[g] for you.

[*Giving him money.*

*Easy.* Sir, you bind me infinitely in these courtesies.

*Sho.* You must always have a care of your reputation here in town, master Easy: although you ride down with nothing, it skills not.

*Easy.* I'm glad you tell me that yet, then I'm indifferent. — Well, come; who throws? I set all these.

*Sho.* Why, well said.

*Sale.* This same master Lethe here begins to undo us again.

*Let.* Ah, sir, I came not hither but to win!

*Sho.* And then you'll leave us; that's your fashion.

*Let.* He's base that visits not his friends.

*Sho.* But he's more base that carries out his winnings; None will do so but those have base beginnings.

*Let.* It is a thing in use, and ever was.

I pass this time.

*Sho.* I wonder you should pass,
And that you're suffer'd.

*Let.* Tut, the dice are ours;
Then wonder not at those that have most powers.

*Rear.* The devil and his angels!

*Let.* Are these they?
Welcome, dear angels! where you're curs'd ne'er stay.
[*Retires.*

*Sale.* Here's luck!

*Easy.* Let's search him, gentlemen; I think he wears a smock.[n]

*Sho.* I knew the time he wore not half a shirt. Just like a pea.

*Easy.* No? how did he for the rest?

*Sho.* Faith, he compounded with a couple of napkins at Barnet, and so trussed up the lower parts.

*Easy.* 'Twas a pretty shift, i'faith!

*Sho.* But master Lethe has forgot that too.

*Easy.* A mischief on't, to lose all! I could —

*Sho.* Nay, but, good master Easy, do not do yourself that tyranny, I beseech you; I must not ha' you alter your body now for the purge of a little money: you undo me, and you do.

*Easy.* 'Twas all I brought up with me, I protest, master Blastfield; all my rent till next quarter.

*Sho.* Pox of money! talk not on't, I beseech you, — what said I to you? mass, I am out of cash myself too. — Boy!

*Boy.* Anon, sir.

*Sho.* Run presently to master Gum the mercer,[n] and will him to tell out two or three hundred pound for me, or more, according as he is furnished: I'll visit him i' th' morning, say.

*Boy.* It shall be said, sir. [*Going.*

*Sho.* Do you hear, boy?

*Boy.* Yes, sir.

*Sho.* If master Gum be not sufficiently ready, call upon master Profit the goldsmith.

*Boy.* It shall be done, sir. [*Going.*

*Sho.* Boy!

*Boy.* [*Aside.*] I knew I was not sent yet; now is the time.

*Sho.* Let them both rest till another occasion; you shall not need to run so far at this time; take one nigher hand; go to master Quomodo the draper, and will him to furnish me instantly.

*Boy.* Now I go, sir. [*Exit.*

*Easy.* It seems you're well known, master Blastfield, and your credit very spacious here i' th' city.

*Sho.* Master Easy, let a man bear himself portly, the whoresons will creep to him a' their bellies, and their wives a' their backs: there's a kind of bold grace expected throughout all the parts of a gentleman. Then for your observances, a man must not so much as spit but within line and fashion. I tell you what I ha' done: sometimes I carry my water all London over only to deliver it proudly at the Standard;[n] and do I pass altogether unnoted, think you? no, a man can no sooner peep out his head but there's a bow bent at him out of some watch-tower or other.

*Easy.* So readily, sir?

*Sho.* Push, you know a bow's quickly ready, though a gun be long a-charging, and will shoot five times to his once. Come, you shall bear yourself jovially: take heed of setting your looks to your losses, but rather smile upon your ill luck, and invite 'em tomorrow to another breakfast of bones.[g]

*Easy.* Nay, I'll forswear dicing.

*Sho.* What? peace, I am ashamed to hear you: will you cease in the first loss? show me one gentleman that e'er did it. Fie upon't, I must use you to company, I perceive; you'd be spoiled else. Forswear dice! I would your friends heard you, i'faith!

*Easy.* Nay, I was but in jest, sir.

*Sho.* I hope so, what would gentlemen say of you? there goes a gull that keeps his money! I would not have such a report go on you for the world, as long as you are in my company. Why, man, fortune alters in a minute; I ha' known those have recovered so much in an hour, their purses were never sick after.

*Rear.* O, worse than consumption of the liver! consumption of the patrimony!

*Sho.* How now? Mark their humours,[g] master Easy.

*Rear.* Forgive me, my posterity yet ungotten!

*Sho.* That's a penitent maudlin dicer.

*Rear.* Few know the sweets that the plain life allows: Vild[g] son that surfeits of his father's brows!

*Sho.* Laugh at him, master Easy.

*Easy.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sale.* I'll be damned, and these be not the bones of some quean[g] that cozened me in her life, and now consumes me after her death.

*Sho.* That's the true wicked, blasphemous, and soul-shuddering dicer, that will curse you all service-time, and attribute his ill luck always to one drab or other!

*Enter* HELLGILL

*Let.* Dick Hellgill? the happy news?

*Hell.* I have her for you, sir.

*Let.* Peace: what is she?

*Hell.* Young, beautiful, and plump; a delicate piece of sin.

*Let.* Of what parentage?

*Hell.* O, a gentlewoman of a great house.

*Let.* Fie, fie!

*Hell.* [*Aside.*] She newly came out of a barn — yet too good for a tooth-drawer's son.

*Let.* Is she wife or maid?

*Hell.* That which is daintiest, maid.

*Let.* I'd rather she'd been a wife.

*Hell.* A wife, sir? why?

*Let.* O, adultery is a great deal sweeter in my mind.

*Hell.* [*Aside.*] Diseases gnaw thy bones! —
I think she has deserv'd to be a wife, sir.

*Let.* That will move well.

*Hell.* Her firstlings shall be mine:
Swine look but for the husks; the meat be thine.

*Re-enter* Boy

*Sho.* How now, boy?

*Boy.* Master Quomodo takes your worship's greeting exceeding kindly, and in his commendations returns this answer, that your worship shall not be so apt to receive it as he willing to lend it.

*Sho.* Why, we thank him, i'faith.

*Easy.* Troth, and you ha' reason to thank him, sir; 'twas a very friendly answer.

*Sho.* Push, a gentleman that keeps his days even here i' th' city, as I myself watch[g] to do, shall have many of those answers in a twelvemonth, master Easy.

*Easy.* I promise you, sir, I admire your carriage, and begin to hold a more reverend respect of you.

*Sho.* Not so, I beseech you; I give my friends leave to be inward[g] with me. — Will you walk, gentlemen?

*Let.* We're for you. —
Present her with this jewel, my first token.

[*Giving jewel to* HELLGILL.

*Enter* Drawer

*Dra.* There are certain countrymen without, inquiring for master Rearage and master Salewood.

*Rear.* Tenants?

*Sale.* Thou revivest us, rascal.

*Rear.* When's our next meeting, gentlemen?

*Sho.* Tomorrow night;

This gentleman, by me, invites you all. —
Do you not, master Easy?
*Easy.* Freely, sir.
*Sale.* We do embrace your love. — [*Aside.*] A pure, fresh gull.
*Sho.* Thus make you men at parting dutiful,
And rest beholding[g] to you; 'tis the slight,[g]
To be remember'd when you're out of sight.
*Easy.* A pretty virtue! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

*A Street*

*Enter the* Country Wench's Father

*Fath.* Where shall I seek her now? O, if she knew
The dangers that attend on women's lives,
She'd rather lodge under a poor thatch'd roof
Than under carved ceilings! She was my joy,
And all content that I receiv'd from life,
My dear and only daughter.
What says the note she left? let me again
With staider grief peruse it.
[*Reads.*] "Father, wonder not at my so sudden departure, without your leave or knowledge. Thus, under pardon, I excuse it: had you had knowledge of it, I know you would have sought to restrain it, and hinder me from what I have long desired. Being now happily preferred to a gentleman's service in London about Holborn, if you please to send, you may hear well of me."
As false as she is disobedient!
I've made larger inquiry, left no place
Where gentry keeps[g] unsought, yet cannot hear;
Which drives me most into a shameful fear.
Woe[g] worth th' infected cause that makes me visit

This man-devouring city! where I spent
My unshapen youth, to be my age's curse,
And surfeited away my name and state
In swinish riots, that now, being sober,
I do awake a beggar: I may hate her:
Whose youth voids wine, his age is curs'd with water.
O heavens, I know the price of ill too well!
What the confusions are in whom they dwell,
And how soon maids are to their ruins won,
One minute, and eternally undone;
So in mine may it: may it not be thus!
Though she be poor, her honour's precious.
May be my present form, and her fond[g] fear,
May chase her from me, if her eye should get me;
And therefore, as my love and wants advise,
I'll serve, until I find her, in disguise.
Such is my care to fright her from base evils,
I leave calm state to live amongst you, devils.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE III

### QUOMODO'S *Shop*

*Enter* THOMASINE *and* MOTHER GRUEL

*Tho.* Were these fit words, think you, to be sent to any citizen's wife, — to enjoy the daughter, and love the mother too for a need? I would foully scorn that man that should love me only for a need, I tell you. And here the knave writes again, that by the marriage of my daughter, 'a has the better means and opportunity to myself: he lies in his throat, like a villain; he has no opportunity of me for all that; 'tis for his betters to have opportunity of me, and that he shall well know. A base, proud knave! 'a has forgot how he came up and brought two of his countrymen to give their words to my husband

for a suit of green kersey;[g] 'a has forgot all this: and how does he appear to me when his white satin suit's on, but like a maggot crept out of a nutshell — a fair body and a foul neck: those parts that are covered of him looks indifferent well, because we cannot see 'em; else, for all his cleansing, pruning, and paring, he's not worthy a broker's daughter; and so tell him. 18

*Moth. G.* I will indeed, forsooth.

*Tho.* And as for my child, I hope she'll be ruled in time, though she be foolish yet, and not be carried away with a cast[g] of manchets,[g] a bottle of wine, or a custard; and so, I pray, certify him.

*Moth. G.* I'll do your errand effectually.

*Tho.* Art thou his aunt,[g] or his —

*Moth. G.* Alas, I am a poor drudge of his!

*Tho.* Faith, and thou wert his mother, he would make thee his drudge, I warrant him.

*Moth. G.* Marry, out upon him! sir-reverence[g] of your mistress-ship. 30

*Tho.* Here's somewhat for thy pains: fare thee well. [*Giving money.*

*Moth. G.* 'Tis more than he gave me since I came to him. [*Exit.*

*Enter* QUOMODO *and* SUSAN

*Quo.* How now? what prating have we here? whispers? dumbshows? Why, Thomasine, go to: my shop is not altogether so dark as some of my neighbors', where a man may be made cuckold at one end, while he's measuring with his yard at tother. 39

*Tho.* Only commendations sent from master Lethe, your worshipful son-in-law that should be.

*Quo.* O, and that you like not! he that can make us rich in custom, strong in friends, happy in suits; bring us into all the rooms a' Sundays,[n] from the leads to the cellar; pop us in with venison till we crack again, and

send home the rest in an honourable napkin: this man you like not, forsooth.

*Sus.* But I like him, father.

*Quo.* My blessing go with thy liking!

*Sus.* A number of our citizens hold our credit by't, to come home drunk, and say, we ha' been at court: then how much more credit is't to be drunk there indeed!

*Quo.* Tut, thy mother's a fool. — Pray, what's master Rearage, whom you plead for so?

*Tho.* Why, first, he is a gentleman.

*Quo.* Ay, he's often first a gentleman that's last a beggar.

*Sus.* My father tells you true: what should I do with a gentleman? I know not which way to lie with him.

*Quo.* 'Tis true, too. Thou knowest, beside, we undo gentlemen daily.

*Tho.* That makes so few of 'em marry with our daughters, unless it be one green fool or other. Next, master Rearage has land and living; tother but his walk i' th' street, and his snatching diet: he's able to entertain you in a fair house of his own; tother in some nook or corner, or place us behind the cloth,[n] like a company of puppets: at his house you shall be served curiously, sit down and eat your meat with leisure; there we must be glad to take it standing, and without either salt, cloth, or trencher, and say we are befriended too.

*Quo.* O, that gives a citizen a better appetite than his garden.

*Sus.* So say I, father; methinks it does me most good when I take it standing: I know not how all women's minds are.

*Enter* FALSELIGHT

*Quo.* Faith, I think they are all of thy mind for that thing. — How now, Falselight?

*Fal.* I have descried my fellow Shortyard, alias Blastfield, at hand with the gentleman.

*Quo.* O my sweet Shortyard! — Daughter, get you up to your virginals.[g] [*Exit* SUSAN.] — By your leave, mistress Quomodo —

*Tho.* Why, I hope I may sit i' th' shop, may I not?

*Quo.* That you may, and welcome, sweet honey-thigh, but not at this season; there's a buck to be struck. 88

*Tho.* [*Aside.*] Well, since I'm so expressly forbidden, I'll watch above i' th' gallery, but I'll see your knavery. [*Exit.*

*Quo.* Be you prepared as I tell you.

*Fal.* You ne'er feared[g] me. [*Retires.*

*Quo.* O that sweet, neat, comely, proper, delicate, parcel of land! like a fine gentlewoman i' th' waist, not so great as pretty, pretty; the trees in summer whistling, the silver waters[n] by the banks harmoniously gliding. I should have been a scholar; an excellent place for a student; fit for my son that lately commenced[g] at Cambridge, whom now I have placed at inns of court.[n] Thus we that seldom get lands honestly, must leave our heirs to inherit our knavery: but, whist; one turn about my shop, and meet with 'em. 102

*Enter* EASY *and* SHORTYARD

*Easy.* Is this it, sir?

*Sho.* Ay; let me see; this is it; sign of Three Knaves;[n] 'tis it.

*Quo.* Do you hear, sir? what lack you,[n] gentlemen? see good kerseys or broadcloths here; I pray come near — master Blastfield!

*Sho.* I thought you would know me anon.

*Enter* THOMASINE *above*

*Quo.* You're exceeding welcome to town, sir: your worship must pardon me; 'tis always misty weather in

our shops here; we are a nation the sun ne'er shines upon. Came this gentleman with you?

*Sho.* O, salute him fairly; he's a kind gentleman, a very inward[g] of mine.

*Quo.* Then I cry you mercy, sir; you're especially welcome.

*Easy.* I return you thanks, sir.

*Quo.* But how shall I do for you now, master Blastfield?

*Sho.* Why, what's the matter?

*Quo.* It is my greatest affliction at this instant, I am not able to furnish you.

*Sho.* How, master Quomodo? pray, say not so; 'slud, you undo me then.

*Quo.* Upon my religion, master Blastfield, bonds lie forfeit in my hands; I expect the receipt of a thousand every hour, and cannot yet set eye of a penny.

*Sho.* That's strange, methinks.

*Quo.* 'Tis mine own pity that plots against me, master Blastfield; they know I have no conscience to take the forfeiture, and that makes 'em so bold with my mercy.

*Easy.* I am sorry for this.

*Quo.* Nevertheless, if I might entreat your delay but the age of three days, to express my sorrow now, I would double the sum, and supply you with four or five hundred.

*Sho.* Let me see; three days?

*Quo.* Ay, good sir, and it may be possible.

*Easy.* Do you hear, master Blastfield?

*Sho.* Hah?

*Easy.* You know I've already invited all the gallants to sup with me tonight.

*Sho.* That's true, i'faith.

*Easy.* 'Twill be my everlasting shame if I have no money to maintain my bounty.

*Sho.* I ne'er thought upon that. — [*Aside.*] I looked

still when that should come from him.[n] — We have strictly examined our expenses; it must not be three days, master Quomodo.

*Quo.* No? then I'm afraid 'twill be my grief, sir.

*Easy.* Master Blastfield, I'll tell you what you may do now.

*Sho.* What, good sweet bedfellow?

*Easy.* Send to master Gum, or master Profit, the mercer and goldsmith.

*Sho.* Mass, that was well remembered of thee. — [*Aside.*] I perceive the trout will be a little troublesome ere he be catched. — Boy!

*Enter* Boy

*Boy.* Here, sir.

*Sho.* Run to master Gum, or master Profit, and carry my present occasion of money to 'em.

*Boy.* I run, sir. [*Exit.*

*Quo.* Methinks, master Blastfield, you might easily attain to the satisfaction of three days: here's a gentleman, your friend, I dare say will see you sufficiently possessed till then.

*Easy.* Not I, sir, by no means: master Blastfield knows I'm further in want than himself: my hope rests all upon him; it stands upon the loss of my credit to-night, if I walk without money.

*Sho.* Why, master Quomodo, what a fruitless motion have you put forth! you might well assure yourself this gentleman had it not, if I wanted it: why, our purses are brothers; we desire but equal fortunes: in a word, we're man and wife; they can but lie together, and so do we.

*Easy.* As near as can be, i'faith.

*Sho.* And, to say truth, 'tis more for the continuing of this gentleman's credit in town, than any incitement from mine own want only, that I covet to be so immedi-

ately furnished: you shall hear him confess as much himself.

*Easy.* 'Tis most certain, master Quomodo.

*Re-enter* Boy

*Sho.* O, here comes the boy now. — How now, boy? what says master Gum or master Profit?

*Boy.* Sir, they're both walked forth this frosty morning to Brainford,[n] to see a nurse-child.[g]

*Sho.* A bastard be it! spite and shame!

*Easy.* Nay, never vex yourself, sweet master Blastfield.

*Sho.* Bewitched, I think.

*Quo.* Do you hear, sir? you can persuade with him?

*Easy.* A little, sir.

*Quo.* Rather than he should be altogether destitute, or be too much a vexation to himself, he shall take up a commodity[n] of cloth of me, tell him.

*Easy.* Why, la! by my troth, 'twas kindly spoken.

*Quo.* Two hundred pounds' worth, upon my religion, say.

*Sho.* So disastrously!

*Easy.* Nay, master Blastfield, you do not hear what master Quomodo said since, like an honest, true citizen, i'faith; rather than you should grow diseased[g] upon't, you shall take up a commodity of two hundred pounds' worth of cloth.

*Sho.* The mealy moth consume it! would he ha' me turn pedlar now? what should I do with cloth?

*Quo.* He's a very wilful gentleman at this time i'faith: he knows as well what to do with it as I myself, iwis.[g] There's no merchant in town but will be greedy upon't, and pay down money upo' th' nail; they'll despatch it over to Middleburgh[n] presently,[g] and raise double commodity by exchange: if not, you know 'tis term-time, and Michaelmas term too, the drapers' har-

vest for foot-cloths,[g] riding-suits, walking-suits, chamber-gowns, and hall-gowns.[n]

*Easy.* Nay, I'll say that, it comes in as fit a time as can be.

*Quo.* Nay, take me with you[n] again ere you go, sir: I offer him no trash, tell him, but present money, say: where I know some gentlemen in town ha' been glad, and are glad at this time, to take up commodities in hawks' hoods and brown paper.

*Easy.* O horrible! are there such fools in town?

*Quo.* I offer him no trash, tell him; upon my religion, you may say. — [*Aside.*] Now, my sweet Shortyard; now the hungry fish begins to nibble; one end of the worm is in his mouth, i'faith.

*Tho.* [*Aside.*] Why stand I here (as late our graceless dames,
That found no eyes), to see that gentleman[n]
Alive, in state and credit, executed,
Help to rip up himself does all he can?
Why am I wife to him that is no man?
I suffer in that gentleman's confusion.

*Easy.* Nay, be persuaded in that, master Blastfield; 'tis ready money at the merchant's: beside, the winter season and all falls in as pat as can be to help it.

*Sho.* Well, master Easy, none but you could have persuaded me to that. — Come, would you would despatch then, master Quomodo: where's this cloth?

*Quo.* Full and whole within, all of this piece, of my religion, master Blastfield. Feel't; nay, feel't, and spare not, gentlemen, your fingers and your judgement.

*Sho.* Cloth's good.

*Easy.* By my troth, exceeding good cloth; a good wale[g] 't 'as.

*Quo.* Falselight!

*Fal.* I'm ne'er out a' the shop, sir.

*Quo.* Go, call in a porter presently, to carry away the

cloth with the star-mark. — Whither will you please to have it carried, master Blastfield?

*Sho.* Faith, to master Beggarland, he's the only merchant now; or his brother, master Stilliard-down;[n] there's little difference.

*Quo.* You've happened upon the money-men, sir; they and some of their brethren, I can tell you, will not stick to offer thirty thousand pound to be cursed still: great monied men, their stocks lie in the poors' throats. But you'll see me sufficiently discharged, master Blastfield, ere you depart? 263

*Sho.* You have always found me righteous in that.

*Quo.* Falselight!

*Fal.* Sir?

*Quo.* You may bring a scrivener[g] along with you.

*Fal.* I'll remember that, sir. [*Exit.*

*Quo.* Have you sent for a citizen, master Blastfield? 270

*Sho.* No, faith, not yet. — Boy!

*Easy.* What must you do with a citizen, sir?

*Sho.* A custom they're bound to a' late by the default of evil debtors; no citizen must lend money without two be bound in the bond; the second man enters but for custom sake.

*Easy.* No? and must he needs be a citizen?

*Sho.* By th' mass, stay; I'll learn that. — Master Quomodo —

*Quo.* Sir? 280

*Sho.* Must the second party, that enters into bond only for fashion's sake, needs be a citizen? what say you to this gentleman for one?

*Quo.* Alas, sir! you know he's a mere stranger to me: I neither am sure of his going or abiding; he may inn here tonight, and ride away tomorrow: although I grant the chief burden lies upon you, yet we are bound to make choice of those we know, sir.

*Sho.* Why, he's a gentleman of a pretty living, sir.

*Quo.* It may be so; yet, under both your pardons, I'd rather have a citizen.

*Easy.* I hope you will not disparage me so: 'tis well known I have three hundred pound a year in Essex.

*Sho.* Well said; to him thyself, take him up roundly.

*Easy.* And how doubtfully soe'er you account of me, I do not think but I might make my bond pass for a hundred pound i' th' city.

*Quo.* What, alone, sir?

*Easy.* Alone, sir? who says so? perhaps I'd send down for a tenant or two.

*Quo.* Ay, that's another case, sir.

*Easy.* Another case let it be then.

*Quo.* Nay, grow not into anger, sir.

*Easy.* Not take me into a bond! as good as you shall, goodman goosecap.[g]

*Quo.* Well, master Blastfield, because I will not disgrace the gentleman, I'm content for once; but we must not make a practice on't.

*Easy.* No, sir, now you would, you shall not.

*Quo.* [*Aside.*] Cuds[g] me, I'm undone! he's gone again.

*Sho.* [*Aside.*] The net's broke.

*Tho.* [*Aside.*] Hold there, dear gentleman!

*Easy.* Deny me that small courtesy! 'S foot,[g] a very Jew will not deny it me.

*Sho.* [*Aside.*] Now must I catch him warily.

*Easy.* A jest indeed! not take me into a bond, quo' they.

*Sho.* Master Easy, mark my words: if it stood not upon the eternal loss of thy credit against supper —

*Easy.* Mass, that's true.

*Sho.* The pawning of thy horse for his own victuals —

*Easy.* Right, i'faith.

*Sho.* And thy utter dissolution amongst gentlemen, for ever —

*Easy.* Pox on't!

*Sho.* Quomodo should hang, rot, stink —

*Quo.* [*Aside.*] Sweet boy, i'faith!

*Sho.* Drop, damn.

*Quo.* [*Aside.*] Excellent Shortyard!

*Easy.* I forgot all this: what meant I to swagger before I had money in my purse? — How does master Quomodo? is the bond ready?

*Quo.* O sir!

*Enter* DUSTBOX[g]

*Easy.* Come, we must be friends; here's my hand.

*Quo.* Give it the scrivener: here he comes.

*Dust.* Good day, master Quomodo; good morrow, gentlemen.

*Quo.* We must require a little aid from your pen, good master Dustbox.

*Dust.* What be the gentlemen's names that are bound, sir?

*Quo.* [*While* DUSTBOX *writes.*] Master John Blastfield, esquire, i' th' wild[g] of Kent: and — what do they call your bedfellow's name?

*Sho.* Master Richard Easy; you may easily hit on't.

*Quo.* Master Richard Easy, of Essex, gentleman, both bound to Ephestian Quomodo, citizen and draper, of London; the sum, two hundred pound.[n] — What time do you take, master Blastfield, for the payment?

*Sho.* I never pass my month, you know.

*Quo.* I know it, sir: October sixteenth today; sixteenth of November, say.

*Easy.* Is it your custom to return so soon, sir?

*Sho.* I never miss you.

*Enter* FALSELIGHT, *disguised as a Porter, sweating*

*Fal.* I am come for the rest of the same piece, master Quomodo.

*Quo.* Star-mark; this is it: are all the rest gone?

*Fal.* They're all at master Stilliard-down's by this time.

*Easy.* How the poor rascal's all in a froth!

*Sho.* Push,[g] they're ordained to sweat for gentlemen: porters' backs and women's bellies bear up the world.

[*Exit* FALSELIGHT *with the remainder of the cloth.*

*Easy.* 'Tis true, i'faith; they bear men and money, and that's the world.

*Sho.* You've found it, sir.

*Dust.* I'm ready to your hands, gentlemen.

*Sho.* Come, master Easy.

*Easy.* I beseech you, sir.

*Sho.* It shall be yours, I say.

*Easy.* Nay, pray, master Blastfield.

*Sho.* I will not, i'faith.

*Easy.* What do you mean, sir?

*Sho.* I should show little bringing up, to take the way of a stranger.

*Easy.* By my troth, you do yourself wrong though, master Blastfield.

*Sho.* Not a whit, sir.

*Easy.* But to avoid strife, you shall have your will of me for once.

*Sho.* Let it be so, I pray.

*Quo.* [*While* EASY *signs the bond.*] Now I begin to set one foot upon the land: methinks I am felling of trees already: we shall have some Essex logs[n] yet to keep Christmas with, and that's a comfort.

*Tho.* [*Aside.*] Now is he quartering out;[n] the executioner
Strides over him: with his own blood he writes:
I am no dame that can endure such sights. [*Exit above.*

*Sho.* [*Aside.*] So, his right wing is cut; will not fly far
Past the two city hazards, Poultry and Wood Street.[n]

*Easy.* How like you my Roman hand,[n] i'faith?

*Dust.* Exceeding well, sir, but that you rest too much upon your R's, and make your ease too little.

*Easy.* I'll mend that presently.

*Dust.* Nay, 'tis done now, past mending. [SHORTYARD *signs the bond.*] — You both deliver this to master Quomodo as your deed?

*Sho. and Easy.* We do, sir.

*Quo.* I thank you, gentlemen.

*Sho.* Would the coin would come away now! we have deserved for't.

*Re-enter* FALSELIGHT *disguised as before*

*Fal.* By your leave a little, gentlemen.

*Sho.* How now? what's the matter? speak.

*Fal.* As fast as I can, sir: all the cloth's come back again.

*Quo.* How?

*Sho.* What's the news?

*Fal.* The passage to Middleburgh is stopped,[n] and therefore neither master Stilliard-down nor master Beggarland, nor any other merchant, will deliver present money upon't.

*Quo.* Why, what hard luck have you, gentlemen! [*Exit* FALSELIGHT.

*Easy.* Why, master Blastfield!

*Sho.* Pish!

*Easy.* You're so discontented too presently, a man cannot tell how to speak to you.

*Sho.* Why, what would you say?

*Easy.* We must make somewhat on't now, sir.

*Sho.* Ay, where? how? the best is, it lies all upon my neck. — Master Quomodo, can you help me to any money for't? speak.

*Quo.* Troth, master Blastfield, since myself is so unfurnished, I know not the means how: there's one i' th' street, a new setter up; if any lay out money upon't, 'twill be he.

*Sho.* His name?

*Quo.* Master Idem: but you know we cannot give but greatly to your loss, because we gain and live by't.

*Sho.* 'Sfoot, will he give anything?

*Easy.* Ay, stand upon that.

*Sho.* Will he give anything? the brokers will give nothing: to no purpose.

*Quo.* Falselight!

*Re-enter* FALSELIGHT *above*

*Fal.* Over your head, sir.

*Quo.* Desire master Idem to come presently, and look upo' th' cloth.

*Fal.* I will, sir. [*Exit above.*

*Sho.* What if he should offer but a hundred pound?

*Easy.* If he want twenty on't,[n] let's take it.

*Sho.* Say you so?

*Easy.* Master Quomodo, he will have four or five hundred pound for you of his own within three or four days.

*Enter* THOMASINE

*Sho.* 'Tis true, he said so indeed.

*Easy.* Is that your wife, master Quomodo?

*Quo.* That's she, little Thomasine.

*Easy.* Under your leave, sir, I'll show myself a gentleman.[n]

*Quo.* Do, and welcome, master Easy.

*Easy.* I have commission for what I do, lady, from your husband. [*Kisses her.*

*Tho.* You may have a stronger commission for the next, an't please you, that's from myself.

*Enter* SIM

*Easy.* You teach me the best law, lady.

*Tho.* [*Aside.*] Beshrew my blood, a proper springall[g] and a sweet gentleman. [*Exit.*

*Quo.* My son, Sim Quomodo: — here's more work for you, master Easy; you must salute him too, — [*Aside.*] for he's like to be heir of thy land, I can tell thee.

*Sim. Vim, vitam, spemque salutem.*

*Quo.* He shows you there he was a Cambridge man, sir; but now he's a Templar:[g] has he not good grace to make a lawyer?

*Easy.* A very good grace to make a lawyer.

*Sho.* [*Aside.*] For indeed he has no grace at all.

*Quo.* Some gave me counsel to make him a divine —

*Easy.* Fie, fie!

*Quo.* But some of our livery[n] think it an unfit thing, that our own sons should tell us of our vices: others to make him a physician; but then, being my heir, I'm afraid he would make me away: now, a lawyer, they're all willing to, because 'tis good for our trade, and increaseth the number of cloth gowns; and indeed 'tis the fittest for a citizen's son, for our word is, What do ye lack? and their word is, What do you give?

*Easy.* Exceeding proper.

*Re-enter* FALSELIGHT *disguised as* IDEM

*Quo.* Master Idem, welcome.

*Fal.* I have seen the cloth, sir.

*Quo.* Very well.

*Fal.* I am but a young setter up; the uttermost I dare venture upon't is threescore pound.

*Sho.* What?

*Fal.* If it be for me so, I am for it; if not, you have your cloth, and I have my money.

*Easy.* Nay, pray, master Blastfield, refuse not his kind offer.

*Sho.* A bargain then, master Idem, clap hands.[n] — [*Aside.*] He's finely cheated! — Come, let's all to the next tavern, and see the money paid.

*Easy* A match.

*Quo.* I follow you, gentlemen; take my son along with you. [*Exeunt all but* QUOMODO.] — Now to my keys: I'm master Idem, he must fetch the money. First have I caught him in a bond for two hundred pound; and my two hundred pounds' worth a' cloth again for threescore pound. Admire me, all you students at inns of cozenage.[g]

[*Exit.*

## ACT THE THIRD

### SCENE I

*The* COUNTRY WENCH'S *Lodging*

*The* Country Wench *discovered, dressed gentlewoman-like, in a new-fashioned gown: the* Tailor *points*[g] *it; while* Mistress COMINGS, *a tirewoman*,[g] *is busy about her head:* HELLGILL *looking on*

*Hell.* You talk of an alteration: here's the thing itself. What base birth does not raiment make glorious? and what glorious births do not rags make infamous? Why should not a woman confess what she is now, since the finest are but deluding shadows, begot between tirewomen and tailors? for instance, behold their parents!

*Mrs. C.* Say what you will, this wire[g] becomes you best. — How say you, tailor?

*Tai.* I promise you 'tis a wire would draw me from my work seven days a week.

*Coun. W.* Why, do you work a' Sundays, tailor?

*Tai.* Hardest of all a' Sundays, because we are most forbidden.

*Coun. W.* Troth, and so do most of us women; the better day the better deed, we think.

*Mrs. C.* Excellent, exceeding, i'faith! a narrow-eared wire sets out a cheek so fat and so full: and if you be ruled by me, you shall wear your hair still like a mock-face[n] behind: 'tis such an Italian world, many men know not before from behind.

*Tai.* How like you the sitting of this gown now, mistress Comings?

*Mrs. C.* It sits at marvellous good ease and comely discretion.

*Hell.* Who would think now this fine sophisticated squall[g] came out of the bosom of a barn, and the loins of a hay-tosser?

*Coun. W.* Out, you saucy, pestiferous pander! I scorn that, i'faith.

*Hell.* Excellent! already the true phrase and style of a strumpet. Stay; a little more of the red, and then I take my leave of your cheek for four and twenty hours. — Do you not think it impossible that her own father should know her now, if he saw her?

*Coun. W.* Why, I think no less: how can he know me, when I scarce know myself?

*Hell.* 'Tis right.

*Coun. W.* But so well you lay wait for a man for me!

*Hell.* I protest I have bestowed much labour about it; and in fit time, good news I hope.

*Enter a* Servant, *bringing in the* Country Wench's Father *disguised*

*Ser.* I've found one yet at last, in whose preferment I hope to reap credit.

*Coun. W.* Is that the fellow?

*Ser.* Lady, it is.

*Coun. W.* Art thou willing to serve[n] me, fellow?

*Fath.* So please you, he that has not the heart to serve such a mistress as your beautiful self, deserves to be honoured for a fool, or knighted for a coward.

*Coun. W.* There's too many of them already.

*Fath.* 'Twere sin then to raise the number.

*Coun. W.* Well, we'll try both our likings for a month, and then either proceed or let fall the suit.

*Fath.* Be it as you have spoke, but 'tis my hope a longer term.

*Coun. W.* No, truly; our term ends once a month: we should get more than the lawyers, for they have but four terms a year, and we have twelve, and that makes 'em run so fast to us in the vacation.

*Fath.* [*Aside.*] A mistress of a choice beauty! Amongst such imperfect creatures I ha' not seen a perfecter. I should have reckoned the fortunes of my daughter amongst the happiest, had she lighted into such a service; whereas now I rest doubtful whom or where she serves.

*Coun. W.* There's for your bodily advice, tailor; and there's for your head-counsel [*Giving money to the* Tailor *and to* Mistress COMINGS.]; and I discharge you both till tomorrow morning again.

*Tai.* At which time our neatest attendance.

*Mrs. C.* I pray, have an especial care, howsoever you stand or lie, that nothing fall upon your hair to batter your wire.

*Coun. W.* I warrant you for that. [*Exit* Mistress COMINGS, *with the* Tailor.] — Which gown becomes me best now, the purple satin or this?

*Hell.* If my opinion might rule over you —

*Enter* LETHE, REARAGE, *and* SALEWOOD

*Let.* Come, gallants, I'll bring you to a beauty shall strike your eyes into your hearts: what you see, you shall desire, yet never enjoy.

*Rear.* And that's a villainous torment.

*Sale.* And is she but your underput,[g] master Lethe?

*Let.* No more, of my credit; and a gentlewoman of a great house, noble parentage, unmatchable education, my plain pung.[g] I may grace her with the name of a courtesan, a backslider, a prostitution, or such a toy;

but when all comes to all, 'tis but a plain pung. Look you, gentlemen, that's she; behold her!

*Coun. W.* O my beloved strayer! I consume in thy absence.

*Let.* La, you now! You shall not say I'll be proud to you, gentlemen; I give you leave to salute her. — [*Aside.*] I'm afraid of nothing now, but that she'll utterly disgrace 'em, turn tail to 'em, and place their kisses behind her. No, by my faith, she deceives me; by my troth, sh'as kissed 'em both with her lips. I thank you for that music, masters. 'Slid, they both court her at once; and see, if she ha' not the wit to stand still and let 'em! I think if two men were brewed into one, there is that woman would drink 'em up both.

*Rear.* [*To* Wench.] A coxcomb! he a courtier?

*Coun. W.* He says he has a place there.[n]

*Sale.* So has the fool, a better place than he, and can come where he dare not show his head.

*Let.* Nay, hear you me, gentlemen —

*Sale.* I protest you were the last man we spoke on: we're a little busy yet; pray, stay there awhile; we'll come to you presently.

*Let.* [*Aside.*] This is good, i'faith: endure this, and be a slave for ever! Since you neither savour of good breeding nor bringing up, I'll slice your hamstrings, but I'll make you show mannerly. — Pox on you, leave courting: I ha' not the heart to hurt an Englishman, i'faith, or else —

*Sale.* What else?

*Let.* Prithee, let's be merry; nothing else. — Here, fetch some wine.

*Coun. W.* Let my servant go for't.

*Let.* Yours? which is he?

*Fath.* This, sir. — [*Aside.*] But I scarce like my mistress now: the loins can ne'er be safe where the flies be so busy.

Wit, by experience bought, foils wit at school:

Who proves a deeper knave than a spent fool? —
I am gone for your worship's wine, sir. [*Exit.*

*Hell.* Sir, you put up too much indignity; bring company to cut your own throat. The fire is not yet so hot, that you need two screens before it; 'tis but new kindled yet: if 'twere risen to a flame, I could not blame you then to put others before you; but, alas, all the heat yet is comfortable; a cherisher, not a defacer!

*Let.* Prithee, let 'em alone; they'll be ashamed on't anon, I trow, if they have any grace in 'em.

*Hell.* [*Aside.*] I'd fain have him quarrel, fight, and be assuredly killed, that I might beg his place, for there's ne'er a one void yet.

*Coun. W.* You'll make him mad anon.

*Sale.* 'Tis to that end.

*Enter* SHORTYARD *and* EASY

*Sho.* Yet at last master Quomodo is as firm as his promise.

*Easy.* Did I not tell you still he would?

*Sho.* Let me see; I am seven hundred pound in bond now to the rascal.

*Easy.* Nay, you're no less, master Blastfield; look to't. By my troth, I must needs confess, sir, you ha' been uncommonly kind to me since I ha' been to town: but master Alsup shall know on't.

*Sho.* That's my ambition, sir.

*Easy.* I beseech you, sir, — stay, this is Lethe's haunt; see, we have catched him.

*Let.* Master Blastfield and master Easy? you're kind gentlemen both.

*Sho.* Is that the beauty you famed so?

*Let.* The same.

*Sho.* Who be those so industrious about her?

*Let.* Rearage and Salewood: I'll tell you the unmannerliest trick of 'em that ever you heard in your life.

*Sho.* Prithee, what's that?

*Let.* I invited 'em hither to look upon her; brought 'em along with me; gave 'em leave to salute her in kindness: what do they but most saucily fall in love with her, very impudently court her for themselves, and, like two crafty attorneys, finding a hole in my lease, go about to defeat me of my right?

*Sho.* Ha' they so little conscience?

*Let.* The most uncivilest part[g] that you have seen! I know they'll be sorry for it when they have done; for there's no man but gives a sigh after his sin of women; I know it by myself.

*Sho.* You parcel of a rude, saucy, and unmannerly nation —

*Let.* [*Aside.*] One good thing in him, he'll tell 'em on't roundly.

*Sho.* Cannot a gentleman purchase a little fire to thaw his appetite by, but must you, that have been daily singed in the flame, be as greedy to beguile him on't? How can it appear in you but maliciously, and that you go about to engross hell to yourselves? heaven forbid that you should not suffer a stranger to come in! the devil himself is not so unmannerly. I do not think but some of them rather will be wise enough to beg offices there before you, and keep you out; marry, all the spite will be, they cannot sell 'em again.

*Easy.* Come, are you not to blame? not to give place, — to us, I mean.

*Let.* A worse and worse disgrace!

*Coun. W.* Nay, gentlemen, you wrong us both then: stand from me; I protest I'll draw my silver bodkin[g] upon you.

*Sho.* Clubs,[g] clubs! — Gentlemen, stand upon your guard.

*Coun. W.* A gentlewoman must swagger a little now and then, I perceive; there would be no civility in her chamber else. Though it be my hard fortune to have my

keeper there a coward, the thing that's kept is a gentlewoman born.

*Sho.* And, to conclude, a coward, infallible of your side:[n] why, do you think, i'faith, I took you to be a coward? do I think you'll turn your back to any man living? you'll be whipped first.

*Easy.* And then indeed she turns her back to some man living.

*Sho.* But that man shows himself a knave, for he dares not show his own face when he does it; for some of the common council in Henry the Eighth's days thought it modesty[g] at that time that one vizzard should look upon another.[n]

*Easy.* 'Twas honestly considered of 'em, i'faith.

*Enter* MOTHER GRUEL

*Sho.* How now? what piece[g] of stuff comes here?

*Let.* [*Aside.*] Now, some good news yet to recover my repute, and grace me in this company. — Gentlemen, are we friends among ourselves?

*Sho.* United.

*Re-enter* FATHER *with wine*

*Let.* Then here comes Rhenish[n] to confirm our amity. — Wagtail,[g] salute them all; they are friends.

*Coun. W.* Then, saving my quarrel, to you all.

*Sho.* To's all. [*They drink.*

*Coun. W.* Now beshrew your hearts, and you do not.

*Sho.* To sweet master Lethe.

*Let.* Let it flow this way, dear master Blastfield. — Gentlemen, to you all.

*Sho.* This Rhenish wine is like the scouring stick to a gun, it makes the barrel[g] clear; it has an excellent virtue, it keeps all the sinks in man and woman's body sweet in June and July; and, to say truth, if ditches were not

cast once a year, and drabs once a month, there would be no abiding i' th' city.

*Let.* Gentlemen, I'll make you privy to a letter I sent.

*Sho.* A letter comes well after privy; it makes amends.

*Let.* There's one Quomodo a draper's daughter in town, whom for her happy portion I wealthily affect.

*Rear.* And not for love? — This makes for me his rival:
Bear witness. [*To* SALEWOOD.

*Let.* The father does elect me for the man,
The daughter says the same.

*Sho.* Are you not well?

*Let.* Yes, all but for the mother; she's my sickness.

*Sho.* Byrlady,[g] and the mother[g] is a pestilent, wilful, troublesome sickness, I can tell you, if she light upon you handsomely.

*Let.* I find it so: she for a stranger pleads,
Whose name I ha' not learn'd.

*Rear.* [*Aside.*] And e'en now he called me by it.

*Let.* Now, as my letter told her, since only her consent kept aloof off, what might I think on't but that she merely[g] doted upon me herself?

*Sho.* Very assuredly.

*Sale.* This makes still for you.

*Sho.* Did you let it go so, i'faith?

*Let.* You may believe it, sir. — Now, what says her answer?

*Sho.* Ay, her answer.

*Moth. G.* She says you're a base, proud knave, and like your worship.

*Let.* How!

*Sho.* Nay, hear out her answer, or there's no goodness in you.

*Moth. G.* You ha' forgot, she says, in what pickle your worship came up, and brought two of your friends to give their words for a suit of green kersey.

*Let.* Drudge, peace, or —

*Sho.* Show yourself a gentleman: she had the patience to read your letter, which was as bad as this can be: what will she think on't? not hear her answer! — Speak, good his drudge.

*Moth. G.* And as for her daughter, she hopes she'll be ruled by her in time, and not be carried away with a cast of manchets, a bottle of wine, and a custard; which once made her daughter sick, because you came by it with a bad conscience.

*Let.* Gentlemen, I'm all in a sweat.

*Sho.* That's very wholesome for your body: nay, you must keep in your arms.

*Moth. G.* Then she demanded of me whether I was your worship's aunt[g] or no?

*Let.* Out, out, out!

*Moth. G.* Alas, said I, I am a poor drudge of his! Faith, and thou wert his mother, quoth she, he'd make thee his drudge, I warrant him. Marry, out upon him, quoth I, an't like your worship.

*Let.* Horror, horror! I'm smothered: let me go; torment me not. [*Exit.*

*Sho.* And you love me, let's follow him, gentlemen.

*Rear. and Sale.* Agreed. [*Exeunt.*

*Sho.* I count a hundred pound well spent to pursue a good jest, master Easy.

*Easy.* By my troth, I begin to bear that mind too.

*Sho.* Well said, i'faith: hang money! good jests are worth silver at all times.

*Easy.* They're worth gold, master Blastfield.

[*Exeunt all except* Country Wench *and her* Father.

*Coun. W.* Do you deceive me so? Are you toward marriage,[n] i'faith, master Lethe? it shall go hard but I'll forbid the banes:[g] I'll send a messenger into your bones, another into your purse, but I'll do't. [*Exit.*

*Fath.* Thou fair and wicked creature, steep'd in art!
Beauteous and fresh, the soul the foulest part.
A common filth is like a house possess'd,

Where, if not spoil'd, you'll come out 'fraid at least.
This service likes not me: though I rest poor,
I hate the basest use to screen a whore.
The human stroke ne'er made him; he that can
Be bawd to woman never leap'd from man;
Some monster won his mother.
I wish'd my poor child hither; doubled wrong!
A month and such a mistress were too long.
Yet here awhile in others' lives I'll see
How former follies did appear in me. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II

*A Street*

*Enter* EASY *and* Boy

*Easy.* Boy!

*Boy.* Anon, sir.

*Easy.* Where left you master Blastfield, your master, say you?

*Boy.* An hour since I left him in Paul's, sir: — [*Aside.*] but you'll not find him the same man again next time you meet him.

*Easy.* Methinks I have no being without his company; 'tis so full of kindness and delight: I hold him to be the only companion in earth.

*Boy.* [*Aside.*] Ay, as companions go now-a-days, that help to spend a man's money.

*Easy.* So full of nimble wit, various discourse, pregnant apprehension, and uncommon entertainment! he might keep company with any lord for his grace.

*Boy.* [*Aside.*] Ay, with any lord that were past it.

*Easy.* And such a good, free-hearted, honest, affable kind of gentleman. — Come, boy, a heaviness will possess me till I see him. [*Exit.*

*Boy.* But you'll find yourself heavier then, by a seven

hundred pound weight. Alas, poor birds that cannot keep the sweet country, where they fly at pleasure, but must needs come to London to have their wings clipped, and are fain to go hopping home again! [*Exit.*

## SCENE III

### *A Street near St. Paul's*

*Enter* SHORTYARD *and* FALSELIGHT *disguised as a Sergeant and a Yeoman*

*Sho.* So, no man is so impudent to deny that: spirits can change their shapes, and soonest of all into sergeants, because they are cousin-germans to spirits; for there's but two kind of arrests till doomsday, — the devil for the soul, the sergeant for the body; but afterward the devil arrests body and soul, sergeant and all, if they be knaves still and deserve it. Now, my yeoman Falselight.

*Fal.* I attend you, good sergeant Shortyard.

*Sho.* No more master Blastfield now. Poor Easy, hardly beset!

*Fal.* But how if he should go to prison? we're in a mad state[n] then, being not sergeants.

*Sho.* Never let it come near thy belief that he'll take prison, or stand out in law, knowing the debt to be due, but still expect the presence of master Blastfield, kind master Blastfield, worshipful master Blastfield; and at the last —

*Boy.* [*Within.*] Master Shortyard, master Falselight!

*Sho.* The boy? a warning-piece.[g] See where he comes.

*Enter* EASY *and* BOY

*Easy.* Is not in Paul's.

*Boy.* He is not far off sure, sir.

*Easy.* When was his hour, sayst thou?

*Boy.* Two, sir.

*Easy.* Why, two has struck.

*Boy.* No, sir, they are now a-striking.[n]

*Sho.* Master Richard Easy of Essex, we arrest you.

*Easy.* Hah?

*Boy.* Alas, a surgeon! he's hurt i' th' shoulder.

[*Exit.*

*Sho.* Deliver your weapons quietly, sir.

*Easy.* Why, what's the matter?

*Sho.* You're arrested at the suit of master Quomodo.

*Easy.* Master Quomodo?

*Sho.* How strange you make it! You're a landed gentleman, sir, I know; 'tis but a trifle, a bond of seven hundred pound.

*Easy.* La, I knew you had mistook; you should arrest one master Blastfield; 'tis his bond, his debt.

*Sho.* Is not your name there?

*Easy.* True, for fashion's sake.

*Sho.* Why, and 'tis for fashion's sake that we arrest you.

*Easy.* Nay, and it be no more, I yield to that: I know master Blastfield will see me take no injury as long as I'm in town, for master Alsup's sake.

*Sho.* Who's that, sir?

*Easy.* An honest gentleman in Essex.

*Sho.* O, in Essex? I thought you had been in London, where now your business lies: honesty from Essex will be a great while a-coming, sir; you should look out an honest pair of citizens.

*Easy.* Alas, sir, I know not where to find 'em!

*Sho.* No? there's enow in town.

*Easy.* I know not one, by my troth; I am a mere stranger for these parts: master Quomodo is all, and the honestest that I know.

*Sho.* To him then let's set forward. — Yeoman Spiderman, cast an eye about for master Blastfield.

*Easy.* Boy! — Alas, the poor boy was frightened away at first!

*Sho.* Can you blame him, sir? we that daily fray away knights, may fright away boys, I hope. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV

### QUOMODO'S *Shop*

*Enter* QUOMODO *and* BOY; THOMASINE *watching above*

*Quo.* Ha! have they him, sayst thou?

*Boy.* As sure as —

*Quo.* The land's mine: that's sure enough, boy.
Let me advance thee, knave, and give thee a kiss:
My plot's so firm, I dare it now to miss.
Now shall I be divulg'd a landed man
Throughout the livery: one points, another whispers,
A third frets inwardly; let him fret and hang!
Especially his envy I shall have
That would be fain, yet cannot be a knave;
Like an old lecher girt in a furr'd gown,
Whose mind stands stiff, but his performance down.
Now come my golden days in. Whither is the worshipful master Quomodo and his fair bedfellow rid forth? To his land in Essex. Whence come those goodly loads of logs? From his land in Essex. Where grows this pleasant fruit, says one citizen's wife in the Row?[n] At master Quomodo's orchard in Essex. O, O, does it so? I thank you for that good news, i'faith.

*Boy.* Here they come with him, sir. [*Exit.*

*Quo.* Grant me patience in my joys, that being so great, I run not mad with 'em!

*Enter* SHORTYARD *and* FALSELIGHT *disguised as before, bringing in* EASY

*Sho.* Bless master Quomodo!

*Quo.* How now, sergeants? who ha' you brought me here? — Master Easy!

*Easy.* Why, la you now, sergeants; did I not tell you you mistook?

*Quo.* Did you not hear me say, I had rather ha' had master Blastfield, the more sufficient man a great deal?

*Sho.* Very true, sir; but this gentleman lighting into our hands first —

*Quo.* Why did you so, sir?

*Sho.* We thought good to make use of that opportunity, and hold him fast.

*Quo.* You did well in that, I must needs say, for your own securities: but 'twas not my mind, master Easy, to have you first; you must needs think so.

*Easy.* I dare swear that, master Quomodo.

*Quo.* But since you are come to me, I have no reason to refuse you; I should show little manners in that, sir.

*Easy.* But I hope you spake not in that sense, sir, to impose the bond upon me?

*Quo.* By my troth, that's my meaning, sir; you shall find me an honest man; you see I mean what I say. Is not the day past, the money untendered? you'd ha' me live uprightly, master Easy?

*Easy.* Why, sir, you know master Blastfield is the man.

*Quo.* Why, sir, I know master Blastfield is the man; but is he any more than one man? Two entered into bond to me, or I'm foully cozened.[g]

*Easy.* You know my entrance was but for fashion sake.

*Quo.* Why, I'll agree to you: you'll grant 'tis the fashion likewise, when the bond's due, to have the money paid again.

*Sho.* So we told him, sir, and that it lay in your worship's courtesy to arrest which you please.

*Quo.* Marry, does it, sir — these fellows know the law. Beside, you offered yourself into bond to me, you know, when I had no stomach to you: now beshrew your heart for your labour! I might ha' had a good[g] substan-

trial citizen, that would ha' paid the sum roundly, although I think you sufficient enough for seven hundred pound: beside the forfeiture, I would be loath to disgrace you so much before sergeants. 64

*Easy.* If you would ha' the patience, sir, I do not think but master Blastfield is at carrier's[n] to receive the money.

*Quo.* He will prove the honester man then, and you the better discharged. I wonder he should break with me; 'twas never his practice. You must not be angry with me now, though you were somewhat hot when you entered into bond; you may easily go in angrily, but you cannot come out so. 72

*Easy.* No, the devil's in't for that!

*Sho.* Do you hear, sir? a' my troth, we pity you: ha' you any store of crowns[g] about you?

*Easy.* Faith, a poor store; yet they shall be at their service that will strive to do me good. — [*Aside.*] We were both drunk last night, and ne'er thought upon the bond. 79

*Sho.* I must tell you this, you have fell into the hands of a most merciless devourer, the very gull a' the city: should you offer him money, goods, or lands now, he'd rather have your body in prison, he's a' such a nature.

*Easy.* Prison? we're undone then!

*Sho.* He's a' such a nature, look; let him owe any man a spite, what's his course? he will lend him money today, a' purpose to 'rest him tomorrow.

*Easy.* Defend me! 88

*Sho.* Has at least sixteen at this instant proceeded in both the counters;[g] some bachelors,[n] some masters, some doctors of captivity of twenty years' standing; and he desires nothing more than imprisonment.

*Easy.* Would master Blastfield would come away!

*Sho.* Ay, then things would not be as they are. What will you say to us, if we procure you two substantial subsidy citizens[n] to bail you, spite on's heart, and set you at liberty to find out master Blastfield?

*Easy.* Sergeant, here, take all; I'll be dear to you, do but perform it.

*Sho.* Much![n]

*Fal.* Enough, sweet sergeant; I hope I understand thee.

*Sho.* I love to prevent the malice of such a rascal; perhaps you might find master Blastfield tonight.

*Easy.* Why, we lie together, man; there's the jest on't.

*Sho.* Fie: and you'll seek to secure your bail, because they will be two citizens of good account, you must do that for your credit sake.

*Easy.* I'll be bound to save them harmless.

*Sho.* A pox on him, you cut his throat then: no words.

*Easy.* What's it you require me, master Quomodo?

*Quo.* You know that before this time, I hope, sir; present money, or present imprisonment.

*Sho.* I told you so.

*Easy.* We ne'er had money of you.

*Quo.* You had commodities, an't please you.

*Easy.* Well, may I not crave so much liberty upon my word, to seek out master Blastfield?

*Quo.* Yes, and you would not laugh at me: we are sometimes gulls[g] to gentlemen, I thank 'em; but gentlemen are never gulls to us,[n] I commend 'em.

*Sho.* Under your leave, master Quomodo, the gentleman craves the furtherance of an hour; and it sorts well with our occasion at this time, having a little urgent business at Guildhall;[n] at which minute we'll return, and see what agreement is made.

*Quo.* Nay, take him along with you, sergeant.

*Easy.* I'm undone then!

*Sho.* He's your prisoner; and being safe in your house at your own disposing, you cannot deny him such a request: beside he hath a little faith in master Blastfield's coming, sir.

*Quo.* Let me not be too long delayed, I charge you.

*Easy.* Not an hour, i'faith, sir.

[*Exeunt* SHORTYARD *and* FALSELIGHT.

*Quo.* O master Easy, of all men living I never dreamed you would ha' done me this injury! make me wound my credit, fail in my commodities, bring my state[n] into suspicion! for the breaking of your day to me has broken my day to others.

*Easy.* You tell me of that still which is no fault of mine, master Quomodo.

*Quo.* O, what's a man but his honesty, master Easy? and that's a fault amongst most of us all. Mark but this note; I'll give you good counsel now. As often as you give your name to a bond, you must think you christen a child, and take the charge on't, too; for as the one, the bigger it grows, the more cost it requires, so the other, the longer it lies, the more charges it puts you to. Only here's the difference; a child must be broke, and a bond must not; the more you break children, the more you keep 'em under; but the more you break bonds, the more they'll leap in your face; and therefore, to conclude, I would never undertake to be gossip[g] to that bond which I would not see well brought up.

*Easy.* Say you so, sir? I'll think upon your counsel hereafter for't.

*Quo.* [*Aside.*] Ah, fool, thou shouldest ne'er ha' tasted such wit, but that I know 'tis too late!

*Tho.* [*Aside.*] The more I grieve.

*Quo.* To put all this[n] into the compass of a little hoop-ring,[g] —

Make this account come better days or worse,
So many bonds abroad, so many boys at nurse.

*Easy.* A good medicine[n] for a short memory: but since you have entered so far, whose children are desperate debts, I pray?

*Quo.* Faith, they are like the offsprings of stolen lust, put to the hospital: their fathers are not to be found;

they are either too far abroad, or too close within:[n] and thus for your memory's sake, —

The desperate debtor hence derives his name,
One that has neither money, land, nor fame;
All that he makes prove bastards, and not bands:[g]
But such as yours at first are born to lands.

*Easy.* But all that I beget hereafter I'll soon disinherit, master Quomodo.

*Quo.* [*Aside.*] In the meantime, here's a shrewd knave will disinherit you.

*Easy.* Well, to put you out of all doubt, master Quomodo, I'll not trust to your courtesy; I ha' sent for bail.

*Quo.* How? you've cozened me there, i'faith!

*Easy.* Since the worst comes to the worst, I have those friends i' th' city, I hope, that will not suffer me to lie[n] for seven hundred pound.

*Quo.* And you told me you had no friends here at all: how should a man trust you now?

*Easy.* That was but to try your courtesy, master Quomodo.

*Quo.* [*Aside.*] How unconscionably he gulls himself! — They must be wealthy subsidy-men, sir, at least forty pound[n] i' th' king's books, I can tell you, that do such a feat for you.

*Re-enter* SHORTYARD *and* FALSELIGHT, *disguised as wealthy Citizens in satin suits*

*Easy.* Here they come, whatsoe'er they are.

*Quo.* Byrlady, alderman's deputies! — I am very sorry for you, sir; I cannot refuse such men.

*Sho.* Are you the gentleman in distress?

*Easy.* None more than myself, sir.

*Quo.* [*Aside.*] He speaks truer than he thinks; for if he knew the hearts that owe[g] those faces! A dark shop's good for somewhat.

*Easy.* That was all, sir.

*Sho.* And that's enough; for by that means you have made yourself liable to the bond, as well as that Basefield.

*Easy.* Blastfield, sir.

*Sho.* O, cry you mercy; 'tis Blastfield indeed.

*Easy.* But, under both your worships' favours, I know where to find him presently.

*Sho.* That's all your refuge.

*Re-enter* Boy

*Boy.* News, good news, master Easy!

*Easy.* What, boy?

*Boy.* Master Blastfield, my master, has received a thousand pound, and will be at his lodging at supper.

*Easy.* Happy news! Hear you that, master Quomodo?

*Quo.* 'Tis enough for you to hear that; you're the fortunate man, sir.

*Easy.* Not now,[n] I beseech your good worships.

*Sho.* Gentleman, what's your tother name?

*Easy.* Easy.

*Sho.* O, master Easy. I would we could rather pleasure you otherwise, master Easy; you should soon perceive it. I'll speak a proud word: we have pitied more gentlemen in distress than any two citizens within the freedom;[n] but to be bail to seven hundred pound action is a matter of shrewd weight.

*Easy.* I'll be bound to secure you.

*Sho.* Tut, what's your bond, sir?

*Easy.* Body, goods, and lands, immediately before master Quomodo.

*Sho.* Shall we venture once again, that have been so often undone by gentlemen?

*Fal.* I have no great stomach[g] to't; it will appear in us more pity than wisdom.

*Easy.* Why should you say so, sir?

*Sho.* I like the gentleman's face well; he does not look as if he would deceive us.

*Easy.* O, not I, sir!

*Sho.* Come, we'll make a desperate voyage once again; we'll try his honesty, and take his single bond, of body, goods, and lands.

*Easy.* I dearly thank you, sir.

*Sho.* Master Quomodo —

*Quo.* Your worships.

*Sho.* We have took a course to set your prisoner free.

*Quo.* Your worships are good bail; you content me.

*Sho.* Come, then, and be a witness to a recullisance.[g]

*Quo.* With all my heart, sir.

*Sho.* Master Easy, you must have an especial care now to find out that Blastfield.

*Easy.* I shall have him at my lodging, sir.

*Sho.* The suit will be followed against you else; master Quomodo will come upon us, and forsake you.

*Easy.* I know that, sir.

*Sho.* Well, since I see you have such a good mind to be honest, I'll leave some greater affairs, and sweat with you to find him myself.

*Easy.* Here then my misery ends:
A stranger's kindness oft exceeds a friend's. [*Exeunt.*

*Tho.* Thou art deceiv'd; thy misery but begins:
To beguile goodness is the core of sins.
My love is such unto thee, that I die
As often as thou drink'st up injury;
Yet have no means to warn thee[n] from't, for he
That sows in craft does reap in jealousy. [*Exit above.*

## SCENE V

*A Street*

*Enter* REARAGE *and* SALEWOOD

*Rear.* Now the letter's made up and all; it wants but the print of a seal, and away it goes to master Quomodo. Andrew Lethe is well whipped in't; his name stands in a white sheet[n] here, and does penance for him.

*Sale.* You have shame enough against him, if that be good.

*Rear.* First, as a contempt of that reverend ceremony he has in hand, to wit, marriage.

*Sale.* Why do you say, to wit, marriage, when you know there's none will marry that's wise?

*Rear.* Had it not more need then to have wit to put to't, if it be grown to a folly?

*Sale.* You've won; I'll give't you.[n]

*Rear.* 'Tis no thanks now:[n] but, as I was saying, as a foul contempt to that sacred ceremony, he most audaciously keeps a drab in town, and, to be free from the interruption of blue beadles[n] and other bawdy officers, he most politicly lodges her in a constable's house.[n]

*Sale.* That's a pretty point, i'faith.

*Rear.* And so the watch, that should fetch her out, are her chiefest guard to keep her in.

*Sale.* It must needs be; for look, how the constable plays his conscience, the watchmen will follow the suit.

*Rear.* Why, well then.

*Enter* EASY, *and* SHORTYARD *disguised as a rich Citizen*

*Easy.* All night from me? he's hurt, he's made away!

*Sho.* Where shall we seek him now? you lead me fair jaunts, sir.

*Easy.* Pray, keep a little patience, sir; I shall find him at last, you shall see.

*Sho.* A citizen of my ease and substance to walk so long a-foot![n]

*Easy.* You should ha' had my horse, but that he has eaten out his head,[n] sir.

*Sho.* How? would you had me hold him by the tail, sir, then?

*Easy.* Manners forbid! 'tis no part of my meaning, sir. O, here's master Rearage and master Salewood: now we shall hear of him presently. — Gentlemen both.

*Sale.* Master Easy? how fare you, sir?

*Easy.* Very well in health. Did you see master Blastfield this morning?

*Sale.* I was about to move it to you.[n]

*Rear.* We were all three in a mind then.

*Sale.* I ha' not set eye on him these two days.

*Rear.* I wonder he keeps so long from us, i'faith.

*Easy.* I begin to be sick.

*Sale.* Why, what's the matter?

*Easy.* Nothing, in troth, but a great desire I had to have seen him.

*Rear.* I wonder you should miss on't lately; you're his bedfellow.

*Easy.* I lay alone to-night, i'faith, I do not know how. O, here comes master Lethe; he can dispatch me. —

*Enter* LETHE

Master Lethe!

*Let.* What's your name, sir? O, cry you mercy, master Easy.

*Easy.* When parted you from master Blastfield, sir?

*Let.* Blastfield's an ass: I have sought him these two days to beat him.

*Easy.* Yourself all alone, sir?

*Let.* Ay, and three more. [*Exit.*

*Sho.* [*Aside.*] I am glad I am where I am, then; I perceive 'twas time of all hands.

*Rear.* Content, i'faith; let's trace him.

[*Exit with* SALEWOOD.

*Sho.* What, have you found him yet? neither? what's to be done now? I'll venture my body no further for any gentleman's pleasure: I know not how soon I may be called upon, and now to overheat myself —

*Easy.* I'm undone! 69

*Sho.* This is you that slept with him! you can make fools of us; but I'll turn you over to Quomodo for't.

*Easy.* Good sir —

*Sho.* I'll prevent[g] mine own danger.

*Easy.* I beseech you, sir —

*Sho.* Though I love gentlemen well, I do not mean to be undone for 'em. 76

*Easy.* Pray, sir, let me request you, sir; sweet sir, I beseech you, sir — [*Exeunt.*

## ACT THE FOURTH

### Scene I

### Quomodo's *Shop*

*Enter* Quomodo, Shortyard *and* Falselight *disguised as before, after whom* Easy *follows hard*

*Sho.* Made fools of us! not to be found!

*Quo.* What, what!

*Easy.* Do not undo me quite, though, master Quomodo.

*Quo.* You're very welcome, master Easy: I ha' nothing to say to you; I'll not touch you; you may go when you please; I have good bail here, I thank their worships.

*Easy.* What shall I say, or whom shall I beseech?

*Sho.* Gentlemen! 'slid, they were born to undo us, I think: but, for my part, I'll make an oath before master Quomodo here, ne'er to do gentlemen good while I live.

*Fal.* I'll not be long behind you.

*Sho.* Away! if you had any grace in you, you would be ashamed to look us i' th' face, iwis: I wonder with what brow you can come amongst us. I should seek my fortunes far enough, if I were you; and neither return to Essex, to be a shame to my predecessors, nor remain about London, to be a mock to my successors.

*Quo.* [*Aside.*] Subtle Shortyard!

*Sho.* Here are his lands forfeited to us, master Quomodo; and to avoid the inconscionable trouble of law,

all the assurance he made to us we willingly resign to you.

*Quo.* What shall I do with rubbish? give me money: 'tis for your worships to have land, that keep great houses; I should be hoisted.[g]

*Sho.* But, master Quomodo, if you would but conceive it aright, the land would fall fitter to you than to us.

*Easy.* [*Aside.*] Curtsying about my land!

*Sho.* You have a towardly son and heir, as we hear.

*Quo.* I must needs say, he is a Templar indeed.

*Sho.* We have neither posterity in town, nor hope for any abroad: we have wives, but the marks have been out of their mouths[n] these twenty years; and, as it appears, they did little good when they were in. We could not stand about it, sir; to get riches and children too, 'tis more than one man can do: and I am of those citizens' minds that say, let our wives make shift for children and they will, they get none of us; and I cannot think, but he that has both much wealth and many children has had more helps coming in than himself.

*Quo.* I am not a bow wide[n] of your mind, sir: and for the thrifty and covetous hopes I have in my son and heir, Sim Quomodo, that he will never trust his land in wax and parchment,[n] as many gentlemen have done before him —

*Easy.* [*Aside.*] A by-blow[g] for me.

*Enter* THOMASINE

*Quo.* I will honestly discharge you, and receive it in due form and order of law, to strengthen it for ever to my son and heir, that he may undoubtedly enter upon't without the let[g] or molestation of any man, at his or our pleasure whensoever.

*Sho.* 'Tis so assured unto you.

*Quo.* Why, then, master Easy, you're a free man, sir; you may deal in what you please, and go whither

you will. — Why, Thomasine, master Easy is come from Essex; bid him welcome in a cup of small[g] beer.

*Tho.* [*Aside.*] Not only vild, but in it tyrannous.

*Quo.* If it please you, sir, you know the house; you may visit us often, and dine with us once a quarter.

*Easy.* Confusion light on you, your wealth, and heir! Worm gnaw your conscience as the moth your ware! I am not the first heir that robb'd or begg'd. [*Exit.*

*Quo.* Excellent, excellent, sweet spirits!

[*Exit* THOMASINE.

*Sho.* Landed master Quomodo!

*Quo.* Delicate Shortyard, commodious Falselight, Hug and away, shift, shift:[n]
'Tis slight,[g] not strength, that gives the greatest lift.

[*Exeunt* SHORTYARD *and* FALSELIGHT.

Now my desires are full, — for this time.
Men may have cormorant wishes, but, alas,
A little thing, three hundred pound a year,
Suffices nature, keeps life and soul together! —
I'll have 'em lopp'd[n] immediately; I long
To warm myself by th' wood.

A fine journey in the Whitsun holydays,[n] i'faith, to ride down with a number of citizens and their wives, some upon pillions,[g] some upon side-saddles, I and little Thomasine i' th' middle, our son and heir, Sim Quomodo, in a peach-colour taffeta[g] jacket, some horse-length, or a long yard before us; — there will be a fine show on's, I can tell you; — where we citizens will laugh and lie down,[n] get all our wives with child against a bank,[g] and get up again. Stay; hah! hast thou that wit, i'faith? 'twill be admirable: to see how the very thought of green fields puts a man into sweet inventions! I will presently possess Sim Quomodo of all the land; I have a toy[g] and I'll do't: and because I see before mine eyes that most of our heirs prove notorious rioters after our deaths, and that cozenage in the father wheels about to folly in the son, our posterity commonly foiled at the same

weapon at which we played rarely; and being the world's beaten[g] word, — what's got over the devil's back[n] (that's by knavery) must be spent under his belly (that's by lechery): being awake in these knowings, why should not I oppose 'em now, and break destiny of her custom, preventing that by policy, which without it must needs be destiny? And I have took the course: I will forthwith sicken, call for my keys, make my will, and dispose of all; give my son this blessing, that he trust no man, keep his hand from a quean[g] and a scrivener,[n] live in his father's faith, and do good to nobody: then will I begin to rave like a fellow of a wide conscience,[n] and, for all the world, counterfeit to the life that which I know I shall do when I die, — take[g] on for my gold, my lands, and my writings, grow worse and worse, call upon the devil, and so make an end. By this time I have indented[g] with a couple of searchers,[g] who, to uphold my device, shall fray[g] them out a' th' chamber with report of sickness;[n] and so, la, I start up, and recover again! for in this business I will trust, no, not my spirits, Falselight and Shortyard, but, in disguise, note the condition of all; how pitiful my wife takes my death, which will appear by November in her eye, and the fall of the leaf[n] in her body, but especially by the cost she bestows upon my funeral, there shall I try her love and regard; my daughter's marrying to my will and liking; and my son's affection after my disposing:[n] for, to conclude, I am as jealous of this land as of my wife, to know what would become of it after my decease. [*Exit.* 121

## SCENE II

*The* COUNTRY WENCH'S *Lodging*

*Enter* Country Wench *and* Father

*Fath.* Though I be poor, 'tis my glory to live honest.
*Coun. W.* I prithee, do not leave me.

*Fath.* To be bawd!
Hell has not such an office.
I thought at first your mind had been preserv'd
In virtue and in modesty of blood;
That such a face had not been made to please
Th' unsettled appetites of several men;
Those eyes turn'd up through prayer, not through lust:
But you are wicked, and my thoughts unjust.[g]

*Coun. W.* Why, thou art an unreasonable fellow, i'faith. Do not all trades live by their ware, and yet called honest livers? do they not thrive best when they utter[g] most, and make it away by the great?[n] is not wholesale the chiefest merchandise? do you think some merchants could keep their wives so brave[g] but for their wholesale? you're foully deceived and you think so.

*Fath.* You are so glued to punishment and shame,
Your words e'en deserve whipping.
To bear the habit of a gentlewoman,
And be in mind so distant![n]

*Coun. W.* Why, you fool you, are not gentlewomen sinners? and there's no courageous sinner amongst us but was a gentlewoman by the mother's side, I warrant you: besides, we are not always bound to think those our fathers that marry our mothers, but those that lie with our mothers; and they may be gentlemen born, and born again for ought we know, you know.

*Fath.* True:
Corruption may well be generation's first;
We're bad by nature, but by custom worst.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III

### QUOMODO'S *Shop*

*Tho.* [*Within.*] O, my husband!
*Sim.* [*Within.*] My father, O, my father!
*Fal.* [*Within.*] My sweet master, dead!

*Enter* SHORTYARD *and* Boy

*Sho.* Run, boy; bid 'em ring out; he's dead, he's gone.

*Boy.* Then is as arrant a knave gone as e'er was call'd upon.[n] [*Exit.*

*Sho.* The happiest good that ever Shortyard felt!
I want to be express'd,[n] my mirth is such.
To be struck now e'en when joys are high!
Men only kiss their knaveries, and so die;
I've often mark'd it.
He was a famous cozener while he liv'd,
And now his son shall reap't; I'll ha' the lands,
Let him study law after; 'tis no labour
To undo him for ever! but for Easy,
Only good confidence did make him foolish,
And not the lack of sense; that was not it:
'Tis worldly craft beats down a scholar's wit.
For this our son and heir now, he
From his conception was entail'd an ass,
And he has kept it well, twenty-five years now:
Then the slightest art will do't; the lands lie fair:
No sin to beggar a deceiver's heir. [*Exit.*

[*A bell tolls; a confused cry within.*

*Enter* THOMASINE *and* WINEFRED *in haste*

*Tho.* Here, Winefred, here, here, here; I have always found thee secret.

*Win.* You shall always find me so, mistress.

*Tho.* Take this letter and this ring — [*Giving them.*

*Win.* Yes, forsooth.

*Tho.* O, how all the parts about me shake! — enquire for one master Easy, at his old lodging i' the Blackfriars.[n]

*Win.* I will indeed, forsooth.

*Tho.* Tell him, the party that sent him a hundred pound tother day to comfort his heart, has likewise sent

him this letter and this ring, which has that virtue to recover him again for ever, say: name nobody, Winefred.

*Win.* Not so much as you, forsooth.

*Tho.* Good girl! thou shalt have a mourning-gown[n] at the burial of mine honesty.

*Win.* And I'll effect your will a' my fidelity.[n] [*Exit.*

*Tho.* I do account myself the happiest widow that ever counterfeited weeping, in that I have the leisure now both to do that gentleman good and do myself a pleasure; but I must seem like a hanging moon,[n] a little waterish awhile.

*Enter* REARAGE *and* Country Wench's Father

*Rear.* I entertain both thee and thy device;
'Twill put 'em both to shame.
*Fath.* That is my hope, sir;
Especially that strumpet.
*Rear.* Save you, sweet widow!
I suffer for your heaviness.

*Tho.* O master Rearage, I have lost the dearest husband that ever woman did enjoy!

*Rear.* You must have patience yet.

*Tho.* O, talk not to me of patience, and you love me, good master Rearage.

*Rear.* Yet, if all tongues go right, he did not use you so well as a man mought.[g]

*Tho.* Nay, that's true indeed, master Rearage; he ne'er used me so well as a woman might have been used, that's certain; in troth, 't'as been our greatest falling out, sir; and though it be the part of a widow to show herself a woman for her husband's death, yet when I remember all his unkindness, I cannot weep a stroke, i'faith, master Rearage: and, therefore, wisely did a great widow[n] in this land comfort up another; Go to, lady, quoth she, leave blubbering; thou thinkest upon thy husband's good parts when thou sheddest tears; do

but remember how often he has lain from thee, and how many naughty slippery turns he has done thee, and thou wilt ne'er weep for him, I warrant thee. You would not think how that counsel has wrought with me, master Rearage; I could not dispend another tear now, and you would give me ne'er so much.

*Rear.* Why, I count you the wiser, widow; it shows you have wisdom when you can check your passion:[g] for mine own part, I have no sense to sorrow for his death, whose life was the only rub[g] to my affection.

*Tho.* Troth, and so it was to mine: but take courage now; you're a landed gentleman, and my daughter is seven hundred pound strong to join with you.

*Rear.* But Lethe lies i' th' way.

*Tho.* Let him lie still:
You shall tread o'er him or I'll fail in will.

*Rear.* Sweet widow! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV

*Before* QUOMODO'S *door*

*Enter* QUOMODO *disguised as a Beadle*

*Quo.* What a beloved man did I live! My servants gall their fingers with ringing, my wife's cheeks smart with weeping, tears stand in every corner, — you may take water in my house. But am not I a wise fool now? what if my wife should take my death so to heart that she should sicken upon't, nay, swoon, nay, die? When did I hear of a woman do so? let me see; now I remember me, I think 'twas before my time; yes, I have heard of those wives that have wept, and sobbed, and swooned; marry, I never heard but they recovered again; that's a comfort, la, that's a comfort; and I hope so will mine. Peace; 'tis near upon the time, I see: here comes the

worshipful livery;[g] I have the hospital boys;[n] I perceive little Thomasine will bestow cost of me.
I'll listen to the common censure now,
How the world tongues me when my ear lies low.

*Enter the* Livery, *etc.*

*First Liveryman.*[g] Who, Quomodo? merely enrich'd by shifts
And cozenages, believe it.

*Quo.* I see the world is very loath to praise me;
'Tis rawly friends[n] with me: I cannot blame it,
For what I've done has been to vex and shame it.
Here comes my son, the hope, the landed heir,
One whose rare thrift will say, men's tongues, you lie,
I'll keep by law what was got craftily.

*Enter* SIM

[*Aside.*] Methinks I hear him say so:
He does salute the livery with good grace
And solemn gesture. —
O my young worshipful master, you have parted from a dear father, a wise and provident father!

*Sim.* Art thou grown an ass now?

*Quo.* Such an honest father —

*Sim.* Prithee, beadle, leave thy lying; I am scarce able to endure thee, i'faith: what honesty didst thou e'er know by my father, speak? Rule your tongue, beadle, lest I make you prove it; and then I know what will become of you: 'tis the scurviest thing i' th' earth to belie the dead so, and he's a beastly son and heir that will stand by and hear his father belied to his face; he will ne'er prosper, I warrant him. Troth, if I be not ashamed to go to church with him, I would I might be hanged; I hear such filthy tales go on him. O, if I had known he had been such a lewd fellow in his life, he should ne'er have kept me company!

*Quo.* [*Aside.*] O, O, O!

*Sim.* But I am glad he's gone, though 'twere long first:[n] Shortyard and I will revel it, i'faith; I have made him my rent-gatherer already.

*Quo.* [*Aside.*] He shall be speedily disinherited, he gets not a foot, not the crown of a mole-hill: I'll sooner make a courtier my heir, for teaching my wife tricks, than thee, my most neglectful son. O, now the corse; I shall observe yet farther.

*A counterfeit corse brought in,* THOMASINE *and all the Mourners equally counterfeit*

[*Aside.*] O my most modest, virtuous, and remembering wife! she shall have all when I die, she shall have all.

*Enter* EASY

*Tho.* [*Aside.*] Master Easy? 'tis: O, what shift shall I make now? — O!

[*Falls down in a feigned swoon, while the coffin is carried out; the Mourners, except* THOMASINE'S Mother, *following it.*

*Quo.* [*Aside.*] Sweet wife, she swoons: I'll let her alone, I'll have no mercy[n] at this time; I'll not see her, I'll follow the corse. [*Exit.*

*Easy.* The devil grind thy bones, thou cozening rascal!

*T.'s Moth.* Give her a little more air; tilt up her head. — Comfort thyself, good widow; do not fall like a beast for a husband: there's more than we can well tell where to put 'em, good soul.

*Tho.* O, I shall be well anon.

*T.'s Moth.* Fie, you have no patience, i'faith: I have buried four husbands, and never offered 'em such abuse.

*Tho.* Cousin,[g] how do you?

*Easy.* Sorry to see you ill, coz.[g]

*Tho.* The worst is past, I hope. [*Pointing after the coffin.*

*Easy.* I hope so too.

*Tho.* Lend me your hand,[n] sweet coz; I've troubled you.

*T.'s Moth.* No trouble indeed, forsooth. — Good cousin, have a care of her, comfort her up as much as you can, and all little enough, I warrant ye. [*Exit.*

*Tho.* My most sweet love!

*Easy.* My life is not so dear.

*Tho.* I've always pitied you.

*Easy.* You've shown it here,
And given the desperate hope.

*Tho.* Delay not now; you've understood my love; 80
I've a priest ready; this is the fittest season.
No eye offends us: let this kiss
Restore thee to more wealth, me to more bliss.

*Easy.* The angels have provided for me.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT THE FIFTH

### SCENE I

QUOMODO'S *Shop*

*Enter* SHORTYARD *with writings, having cozened* SIM^n QUOMODO

*Sho.* I have not scope enough within my breast
To keep my joys contain'd: I'm Quomodo's heir;
The lands, assurances,[g] and all are mine:
I've tripp'd his son's heels up above the ground
His father left him: had I not encouragement?
Do not I know, what proves the father's prey,
The son ne'er looks on't, but it melts away?
Do not I know, the wealth that's got by fraud,
Slaves share it, like the riches of a bawd?
Why, 'tis a curse unquenchable, ne'er cools;
Knaves still commit their consciences to fools,
And they betray who ow'd[g] 'em. Here's all the bonds,
All Easy's writings: let me see. [*Reads.*

*Enter* THOMASINE *and* EASY

*Tho.* Now my desires wear crowns.
*Easy.* My joys exceed:
Man is ne'er healthful till his follies bleed.
*Tho.* O,
Behold the villain, who in all those shapes[g]
Confounded your estate!
*Easy.* That slave! that villain!

*Sho.* So many acres of good meadow —
*Easy.* Rascal!
*Sho.* I hear you, sir.
*Easy.* Rogue, Shortyard, Blastfield, sergeant, deputy, cozener!
*Sho.* Hold, hold!
*Easy.* I thirst the execution of his ears.
*Tho.* Hate you that office.[n]
*Easy.* I'll strip him bare for punishment and shame.
*Sho.* Why, do but hear me, sir; you will not think
What I've done for you.
*Easy.* Given his son my lands!
*Sho.* Why, look you, 'tis not so; you're not told true:
I've cozen'd him again merely for you,
Merely for you, sir; 'twas my meaning then
That you should wed her, and have all again.
A' my troth, it's true, sir; look you then here, sir:
[*Giving the writings.*
You shall not miss a little scroll, sir. Pray, sir,
Let not the city know me for a knave;
There be richer men would envy my preferment,
If I should be known before 'em.
*Easy.* Villain, my hate to more revenge is drawn:
When slaves are found, 'tis their base art to fawn. —
Within there!

*Enter* Officers *with* FALSELIGHT *bound*

*Sho.* How now? fresh warders!
*Easy.* This is the other, bind him fast. — Have I found you,
Master Blastfield? [Officers *bind* SHORTYARD.
*Sho.* This is the fruit of craft:
Like him that shoots up high, looks for the shaft,[g]
And finds it in his forehead, so does hit
The arrow of our fate; wit destroys wit;
The head the body's bane and his own bears. —

You ha' corn enough, you need not reap mine ears,
Sweet master Easy![n]

*Easy.* I loathe his voice; away!

[*Exeunt* Officers *with* SHORTYARD *and* FALSELIGHT.

*Tho.* What happiness was here! but are you sure you have all?

*Easy.* I hope so, my sweet wife.

*Tho.* What difference there is in husbands! not only in one thing but in all.

*Easy.* Here's good deeds and bad deeds;[n] the writings that keep my lands to me, and the bonds that gave it away from me.

These, my good deeds, shall to more safety turn,
And these, my bad, have their deserts and burn.

I'll see thee again presently: read there. [*Exit.*

*Tho.* Did he want all, who would not love his care?

[*Reads the writings.*

*Enter* QUOMODO *disguised as before*

*Quo.* [*Aside.*] What a wife hast thou, Ephestian Quomodo! so loving, so mindful of her duty; not only seen to weep, but known to swoon! I knew a widow about Saint Antlings[n] so forgetful of her first husband, that she married again within the twelvemonth; nay, some, byrlady, within the month: there were sights to be seen! Had they my wife's true sorrows, seven months nor seven years would draw 'em to the stake. I would most tradesmen had such a wife as I: they hope they have; we must all hope the best: thus in her honour,—

*A modest wife is such a jewel,*
*Every goldsmith cannot*[n] *show it:*
*He that's honest and not cruel*
*Is the likeliest man to owe it*—

and that's I: I made it by myself; and coming to her as a beadle for my reward this morning, I'll see how she takes my death next her heart.

*Tho.* Now, beadle.

*Quo.* Bless your mistress-ship's eyes from too many tears, although you have lost a wise and worshipful gentleman.

*Tho.* You come for your due, beadle, here i' th' house?

*Quo.* Most certain; the hospital money,[n] and mine own poor forty pence.

*Tho.* I must crave a discharge[g] from you, beadle.

*Quo.* Call your man; I'll heartily set my hand to a memorandum.

*Tho.* You deal the truelier.

*Quo.* [*Aside.*] Good wench still.

*Tho.* George!

*Enter* Servant

Here is the beadle come for his money; draw a memorandum that he has received all his due he can claim here i' th' house after this funeral.

*Quo.* [*Aside, while the* Servant *writes the memorandum.*] What politic directions she gives him, all to secure herself! 'tis time, i'faith, now to pity her: I'll discover myself to her ere I go; but came it off with some lively jest now, that were admirable. I have it: after the memorandum is written and all, I'll set my own name to't, Ephestian Quomodo: she'll start, she'll wonder how Ephestian Quomodo came hither, that was buried yesterday: you're beset,[n] little Quomodo.[n]

*Tho.* [*Running over the memorandum.*] Nineteen, twenty — five pound, one, two, three, and fourpence.

*Quo.* [*Signing it; aside.*] So; we shall have good sport when 'tis read. [*Exit* Servant.

*Enter* EASY, *as* THOMASINE *is giving the money to* QUOMODO

*Easy.* How now, lady? paying away money so fast?

*Tho.* The beadle's due[n] here, sir.

*Quo.* [*Aside.*] Who's this?
'Tis Easy! what makes Easy in my house?
He is not my wife's overseer,[g] I hope.
*Easy.* What's here?
*Quo.* [*Aside.*] He makes me sweat!
*Easy.* [*Reads.*] "Memorandum, that I have received of Richard Easy all my due I can claim here i' th' house, or any hereafter for me: in witness whereof I have set to mine own hand, Ephestian Quomodo."
*Quo.* [*Aside.*] What have I done! was I mad?
*Easy.* Ephestian Quomodo?
*Quo.* Ay; well, what then, sir? get you out of my house first,
You master prodigal Had-land;[n] away!
*Tho.* What, is the beadle drunk or mad?
Where are my men to thrust him out a' doors?
*Quo.* Not so, good Thomasine, not so.
*Tho.* This fellow must be whipp'd.
*Quo.* Thank you, good wife.
*Easy.* I can no longer bear him.
*Tho.* Nay, sweet husband.
*Quo.* [*Aside.*] Husband? I'm undone,[n] beggared, cozened, confounded for ever! married already? — Will it please you know me now, mistress Harlot and master Horner?[n] who am I now?
[*Discovers himself.*
*Tho.* O, he's as like my tother husband as can be!
*Quo.* I'll have judgement; I'll bring you before a judge: you shall feel, wife, whether my flesh be dead or no; I'll tickle you, i'faith, i'faith. [*Exit.*
*Tho.* The judge that he'll solicit knows me well.
*Easy.* Let's on then, and our grievances first tell.[n]
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

*A Street*

*Enter* REARAGE *and* SUSAN

*Rear.* Here they come.
*Sus.* O, where?

*Enter* Officers *with* LETHE *and* Country Wench *in custody;* SALEWOOD, HELLGILL, *and* MOTHER GRUEL

*Let.* Heart of shame!
Upon my wedding morning so disgrac'd!
Have you so little conscience, officers,
You will not take a bribe?
*Coun. W.* Master Lethe, we may lie together lawfully hereafter, for we are coupled together before people enow, i'faith.
[*Exeunt* Officers *with* LETHE *and* Country Wench, *etc.*
*Rear.* There goes the strumpet!
*Sus.* Pardon my wilful blindness, and enjoy me;
For now the difference appears too plain
'Twixt a base slave and a true gentleman.
*Rear.* I do embrace thee in the best of love. —
How soon affections fail, how soon they prove![n]

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III

*An Apartment in the* Judge's *House*

*Enter* Judge, EASY *and* THOMASINE *in talk with him:* SHORTYARD *and* FALSELIGHT *in the custody of* Officers

*Jud.* His cozenages are odious: he the plaintiff!
Not only fram'd deceitful in his life,
But so to mock his funeral!

*Easy.* Most just:
The livery all assembled, mourning weeds
Throughout his house e'en down to his last servant,
The herald[g] richly hir'd[n] to lend him arms
Feign'd from his ancestors (which I dare swear knew
No other arms but those they labour'd with),
All preparations furnish'd, nothing wanted
Save that which was the cause of all, his death, —
If he be living!
*Jud.* 'Twas an impious part.[g]
*Easy.* We are not certain yet it is himself,
But some false spirit that assumes his shape,[n]
And seeks still to deceive me.

*Enter* QUOMODO

*Quo.* O, are you come? —
My lord, they're here. — Good morrow, Thomasine.
*Jud.* Now, what are you?
*Quo.* I'm Quomodo, my lord, and this my wife;
Those my two men, they are bound wrongfully.
*Jud.* How are we sure you're he?
*Quo.* O, you cannot miss, my lord!
*Jud.* I'll try you:
Are you the man that liv'd the famous cozener?
*Quo.* O no, my lord!
*Jud.* Did you deceive this gentleman of his right,
And laid nets o'er his land?
*Quo.* Not I, my lord.
*Jud.* Then you're not Quomodo, but a counterfeit. —
Lay hands on him, and bear him to the whip.
*Quo.* Stay, stay a little,
I pray. — Now I remember me, my lord,
I cozen'd him indeed; 'tis wondrous true.
*Jud.* Then I dare swear this is no counterfeit:
Let all doubts cease; this man is Quomodo.

*Quo.* Why, la, you now, you would not believe this?
I am found what I am.
*Jud.* But setting these thy odious shifts[g] apart,
Why did that thought profane enter thy breast,
To mock the world with thy supposed death?
*Quo.* Conceive you not that, my lord? a policy.
*Jud.* So.
*Quo.* For having gotten the lands, I thirsted still
To know what fate would follow 'em —
*Jud.* Being ill got.
*Quo.* Your lordship apprehends me.
*Jud.* I think I shall anon.
*Quo.* And thereupon,
I, out of policy, possess'd my son,
Which since I have found lewd;[g] and now intend
To disinherit him for ever.
Not only this was in my death set down,
But thereby a firm trial of my wife,
Her constant sorrows, her rememb'ring virtues;
All which are dews; the shine of a next morning
Dries 'em up all, I see't.
*Jud.* Did you profess wise cozenage, and would dare
To put a woman to her two days' choice,
When oft a minute does it?
*Quo.* Less, a moment,
The twinkling of an eye, a glimpse, scarce something does it.
Your lordship yet will grant she is my wife?
*Tho.* O heaven!
*Jud.* After some penance and the dues of law,
I must acknowledge that.
*Quo.* I scarce like
Those dues of law.
*Easy.* My lord,
Although the law too gently 'lot his wife,
The wealth he left behind he cannot challenge.
*Quo.* How?

*Easy.* Behold his hand against it. [*Showing writings.*

*Quo.* He does devise all means to make me mad,
That I may no more lie with my wife
In perfect memory; I know't: but yet
The lands will maintain me in my wits;
The lands will do much for me.

*Jud.* [*Reads.*] "In witness whereof I have set to mine own hand, Ephestian Quomodo."
'Tis firm enough your own, sir.

*Quo.* A jest, my lord; I did I knew not what.

*Jud.* It should seem so: deceit is her own foe;
Craftily gets, and childishly lets go:
But yet the lands are his.

*Quo.* I warrant ye.

*Easy.* No, my good lord, the lands know the right heir;
I am their master once more.

*Quo.* Have you the lands?

*Easy.* Yes, truly, I praise heaven.

*Quo.* Is this good dealing?
Are there such consciences abroad? How,
Which way could he come by 'em?

*Sho.* My lord,
I'll quickly resolve[g] you that it comes to me.
This cozener, whom too long I call'd my patron,
To my thought[n] dying, and the fool his son
Possess'd of all, which my brain partly sweat for,
I held it my best virtue, by a plot
To get from him what for him was ill got —

*Quo.* O beastly Shortyard!

*Sho.* When, no sooner mine,
But I was glad more quickly to resign.

*Jud.* Craft once discover'd shows her abject line.

*Quo.* [*Aside.*] He hits me everywhere; for craft once known
Does teach fools wit, leaves the deceiver none.
My deeds have cleft me, cleft me!

*Enter* Officers *with* LETHE *and the* Country Wench; REARAGE, SUSAN, SALEWOOD, HELLGILL, *and* MOTHER GRUEL

*First Off.* Room there.

*Quo.* A little yet to raise my spirit,
Here master Lethe comes to wed my daughter:
That's all the joy is left me. — Hah! who's this?

*Jud.* What crimes have those brought forth?

*Sale.* The shame of lust:
Most viciously on this his wedding morning
This man was seiz'd in shame with that bold strumpet.

*Jud.* Why, 'tis she he means to marry.

*Let.* No, in truth.

*Jud.* In truth you do:
Who for his wife his harlot doth prefer,
Good reason 'tis that he should marry her.

*Coun. W.* I crave it on my knees; such was his vow at first.

*Hell.* [*Aside.*] I'll say so too, and work out mine own safety. —
Such was his vow at first indeed, my lord,
Howe'er his mood has chang'd him.

*Let.* O vild slave!

*Coun. W.* He says it true, my lord.

*Jud.* Rest content,
He shall both marry and taste punishment.

*Let.* O, intolerable! I beseech your good lordship, if I must have an outward punishment, let me not marry an inward, whose lashes will ne'er out, but grow worse and worse. I have a wife stays for me this morning with seven hundred pound in her purse: let me be speedily whipped and be gone, I beseech your lordship.

*Sale.* He speaks no truth, my lord: behold the virgin,
Wife to a well-esteemed gentleman,
Loathing the sin[n] he follows.

*Let.* I was betray'd; yes, faith.

*Rear.* His own mother, my lord,
Which he confess'd through ignorance and disdain,
His name so chang'd to abuse the world and her.

*Let.* Marry a harlot, why not? 'tis an honest man's fortune. I pray, did not one of my countrymen marry my sister? why, well then, if none should be married but those who are honest, where should a man seek a wife after Christmas? I pity that gentleman that has nine daughters to bestow, and seven of 'em seeded already; they will be good stuff by that time.
I do beseech your lordship to remove
The punishment; I am content to marry her.

*Jud.* There's no removing of your punishment —

*Let.* O, good my lord!

*Jud.* Unless one here assembled,
Whom you have most unnaturally abus'd,
Beget your pardon.

*Let.* Who should that be?
Or who would do't that has been so abus'd?
A troublesome penance! — Sir —

*Quo.* Knave in your face! leave your mocking, Andrew; marry your quean, and be quiet.

*Let.* Master Easy —

*Easy.* I'm sorry you take such a bad course, sir.

*Let.* Mistress Quomodo —

*Tho.* Enquire my right name again next time;[n] now go your ways like an ass as you came.

*Let.* Mass, I forget my mother all this while; I'll make her do't at first. — Pray, mother, your blessing for once.

*Moth. G.* Call'st me mother? Out, I defy thee, slave!

*Let.* Call me slave as much as you will, but do not shame me now: let the world know you are my mother.

*Moth. G.* Let me not have this villain put upon me, I beseech your lordship.

*Jud.* He's justly curs'd: she loathes to know him now,

Whom he before did as much loathe to know. — 160
Wilt thou believe me, woman?

*Moth. G.* That's soon done.

*Jud.* Then know him for a villain; 'tis thy son.

*Moth. G.* Art thou Andrew, my wicked son Andrew?

*Let.* You would not believe me, mother.

*Moth. G.* How art thou changed! Is this suit fit for thee, a tooth-drawer's son? This country has e'en spoiled thee since thou camest hither: thy manners better than thy clothes, but now whole clothes and ragged manners: it may well be said that truth goes naked; for when thou hadst scarce a shirt, thou hadst more truth about thee. 171

*Jud.* Thou art thine own affliction, Quomodo.
Shortyard, we banish thee; it is our pleasure.

*Sho.* Henceforth no woman shall complain for measure.

*Jud.* And that all error from our works may stand,
We banish Falselight evermore the land.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

# A TRICK TO CATCH THE OLD ONE

## A TRICK TO CATCH THE OLD ONE

THIS play follows shortly after *Michaelmas Term*. The first quarto was published in 1608, after being licensed 7 October 1607. A second quarto appeared in 1616. The plot, presumably Middleton's invention, is more compact than that of *Michaelmas Term*, and, like that comedy, is based on the author's observation of London life.

## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ*

WITGOOD.
LUCRE, his Uncle.
HOARD.
ONESIPHORUS HOARD, his Brother.
LIMBER,
KIX,
LAMPREY,
SPICHCOCK,
} Friends of HOARD.
DAMPIT.
GULF.
FREEDOM, Son of Mistress LUCRE.
MONEYLOVE.
Host.
SIR LAUNCELOT.
Creditors.
Gentlemen.
GEORGE.
Drawer.
Boy.
Scrivener.
Servants, etc.

MISTRESS LUCRE.
JOYCE, Niece to HOARD.
LADY FOXTONE.
AUDREY, servant to DAMPIT.
Courtesan.

SCENE — LEICESTERSHIRE, LONDON

# A TRICK TO CATCH THE OLD ONE

## ACT THE FIRST

### Scene I

*A Street in a Town in Leicestershire*

*Enter* Witgood

*Wit.* All's gone! still thou'rt a gentleman, that's all; but a poor one, that's nothing. What milk brings thy meadows forth now? where are thy goodly uplands and thy down lands? all sunk into that little pit, lechery. Why should a gallant pay but two shillings[n] for his ordinary[g] that nourishes him, and twenty times two for his brothel[g] that consumes him? But where's Longacre?[n] in my uncle's conscience,[n] which is three years' voyage about: he that sets out upon his conscience ne'er finds the way home again; he is either swallowed in the quicksands of law-quillets,[g] or splits upon the piles of a *præmunire*;[g] yet these old fox-brained and ox-browed uncles have still defences for their avarice, and apologies for their practices, and will thus greet our follies: 14

*He that doth his youth expose*
*To brothel, drink, and danger,*
*Let him that is his nearest kin*
*Cheat him before a stranger:*

and that's his uncle; 'tis a principle in usury.[g] I dare not visit the city:[g] there I should be too soon visited by that horrible plague, my debts; and by that means I lose a virgin's[n] love, her portion, and her virtues. Well, how should a man live now that has no living?[g] hum,—why, are there not a million of men in the world that only sojourn upon their brain, and make their wits their mercers; and am I but one amongst that million, and cannot[n] thrive upon't? Any trick, out of the compass of law, now would come happily to me.

*Enter* Courtesan

*Cour.* My love!

*Wit.* My loathing! hast thou been the secret consumption of my purse, and now comest to undo my last means, my wits? wilt leave no virtue in me, and yet thou ne'er the better?
Hence, courtesan, round-webb'd[n] tarantula,
That dry'st the roses in the cheeks of youth!

*Cour.* I've been true unto your pleasure; and all your lands
Thrice rack'd[g] was never worth the jewel which
I prodigally gave you, my virginity:
Lands mortgag'd may return, and more esteemed,
But honesty[g] once pawn'd, is ne'er redeemed.

*Wit.* Forgive: I do thee wrong
To make thee sin, and then to chide thee for't.

*Cour.* I know I am your loathing now; farewell.

*Wit.* Stay, best invention,[n] stay.

*Cour.* I that "have been the secret consumption of your purse," shall I stay now "to undo your last means, your wits? hence, courtesan, away!"

*Wit.* I prithee, make me not mad at my own weapon:[n] stay (a thing few women can do, I know that, and therefore they had need wear stays), be not contrary: dost love me? Fate has so cast it that all my means I must derive from thee.

*Cour.* From me? be happy then;
What lies within the power of my performance
Shall be commanded of thee.
*Wit.* Spoke like
An honest drab, i'faith: it may prove something;
What trick is not an embryon at first,
Until a perfect shape come over it?
*Cour.* Come, I must help you: whereabouts left you?
I'll proceed:[n]
Though you beget, 'tis I must help to breed.
Speak, what is't? I'd fain conceive it.
*Wit.* So, so, so: thou shalt presently[g] take the name and form upon thee of a rich country widow, four hundred a-year valiant,[g] in woods, in bullocks, in barns, and in rye-stacks; we'll to London, and to my covetous uncle.
*Cour.* I begin to applaud thee; our states being both desperate, they are soon resolute; but how for horses?
*Wit.* Mass, that's true; the jest will be of some continuance. Let me see; horses now, a bots[g] on 'em! Stay, I have acquaintance with a mad host, never yet bawd to thee; I have rinsed the whoreson's gums in mull-sack[g] many a time and often: put but a good tale into his ear now, so it come off cleanly, and there's horse and man for us, I dare warrant thee.
*Cour.* Arm your wits then
Speedily; there shall want nothing in me,
Either in behaviour, discourse, or fashion,
That shall discredit your intended purpose.
I will so artfully disguise my wants,
And set so good a courage on my state,[n]
That I will be believed.
*Wit.* Why, then, all's furnished.[n] I shall go nigh to catch that old fox mine uncle: though he make but some amends for my undoing, yet there's some comfort in't: he cannot otherwise choose (though it be but in hope to cozen me again) but supply any hasty want that I bring to town with me. The device well and cunningly carried,

the name of a rich widow, and four hundred a year in good earth, will so conjure up a kind of usurer's love in him to me, that he will not only desire my presence, — which at first shall scarce be granted him, I'll keep off a' purpose, — but I shall find him so officious to deserve, so ready to supply! I know the state of an old man's affection so well: if his nephew be poor indeed, why, he lets God alone with him; but if he be once rich, then he'll be the first man that helps him.

*Cour.* 'Tis right the world;[n] for, in these days, an old man's love to his kindred is like his kindness to his wife, 'tis always done before he comes at it.

*Wit.* I owe thee for that jest. Begone: here's all my wealth; prepare thyself, away. I'll to mine host with all possible haste; and with the best art, and most profitable form, pour the sweet circumstance into his ear, which shall have the gift to turn all the wax to honey. [*Exit Courtesan.*] — How now? O, the right worshipful seniors of our country![n]

*Enter* ONESIPHORUS HOARD, LIMBER, *and* KIX

*O. Hoa.* Who's that?

*Lim.* O, the common rioter;[g] take no note of him.

*Wit.* [*Aside.*] You will not see me now; the comfort is,
Ere it be long you will scarce see yourselves. [*Exit.*

*O. Hoa.* I wonder how he breathes; has consum'd all
Upon that courtesan.

*Lim.* We have heard so much.

*O. Hoa.* You've heard all truth. His uncle and my brother
Have been these three years mortal adversaries:
Two old tough spirits, they seldom meet but fight,
Or quarrel when 'tis calmest:
I think their anger be the very fire
That keeps their age alive.

*Lim.* What was the quarrel, sir?

*O. Hoa.* Faith, about a purchase,[g] fetching[g] over a young heir. Master Hoard, my brother, having wasted much time in beating the bargain, what did me old Lucre, but as his conscience moved him, knowing the poor gentleman, stepped in between 'em and cozened him himself.

*Lim.* And was this all, sir?

*O. Hoa.* This was e'en it, sir; yet for all this, I know no reason but the match might go forward betwixt his wife's son and my niece; what though there be a dissension between the two old men, I see no reason it should put a difference between the two younger; 'tis as natural for old folks to fall out, as for young to fall in. A scholar comes a-wooing to my niece;[n] well, he's wise, but he's poor: her son comes a wooing to my niece;[n] well, he's a fool, but he's rich.

*Lim.* Ay, marry, sir.

*O. Hoa.* Pray, now, is not a rich fool better than a poor philosopher?

*Lim.* One would think so, i'faith.

*O. Hoa.* She now remains at London with my brother, her second uncle, to learn fashions, practise music; the voice between her lips, and the viol[n] between her legs, she'll be fit for a consort[g] very speedily: a thousand good pound is her portion; if she marry, we'll ride up and be merry.

*Kix.* A match, if it be a match. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

*Another Street in the same Town*

*Enter* WITGOOD, *meeting* Host

*Wit.* Mine host!

*Host.* Young master Witgood.

*Wit.* I have been laying[g] all the town for thee.

*Host.* Why, what's the news, bully[g] Had-land?[n]

*Wit.* What geldings are in the house, of thine own? Answer me to that first.

*Host.* Why, man, why?

*Wit.* Mark me what I say: I'll tell thee such a tale in thine ear, that thou shalt trust me spite of thy teeth,[n] furnish me with some money willy nilly, and ride up with me thyself *contra voluntatem et professionem.*

*Host.* How? let me see this trick and I'll say thou hast more art than a conjuror.

*Wit.* Dost thou joy in my advancement?

*Host.* Do I love sack and ginger?

*Wit.* Comes my prosperity desiredly to thee?

*Host.* Come forfeitures to a usurer, fees to an officer, punks to an host, and pigs to a parson[n] desiredly? why, then, la.

*Wit.* Will the report of a widow of four hundred a year, boy, make thee leap, and sing, and dance, and come to thy place again?

*Host.* Wilt thou command me now? I am thy spirit; conjure me into any shape.[n]

*Wit.* I ha' brought her from her friends, turned back the horses by a slight;[g] not so much as one among her six men, goodly large yeomanly fellows, will she trust with this her purpose: by this light, all unmanned,[g] regardless of her state, neglectful of vainglorious ceremony, all for my love. O, 'tis a fine little voluble tongue, mine host, that wins a widow!

*Host.* No, 'tis a tongue with a great T, my boy, that wins a widow.

*Wit.* Now, sir, the case stands thus: good mine host, if thou lovest my happiness, assist me.

*Host.* Command all my beasts i' th' house.

*Wit.* Nay, that's not all neither: prithee take truce with thy joy, and listen to me. Thou knowest I have a wealthy uncle i' the city, somewhat the wealthier by my follies: the report of this fortune, well and cunningly

carried,[g] might be a means to draw some goodness from the usuring rascal;[n] for I have put her in hope already of some estate that I have either in land or money: now, if I be found true in neither, what may I expect but a sudden breach of our love, utter dissolution of the match, and confusion of my fortunes for ever?

*Host.* Wilt thou but trust the managing of thy business with me?

*Wit.* With thee? why, will I desire to thrive in my purpose? will I hug four hundred a year, I that know the misery of nothing? Will that man wish a rich widow that has ne'er a hole to put his head in? With thee, mine host? why, believe it, sooner with thee than with a covey of counsellors.

*Host.* Thank you for your good report,[g] i'faith, sir; and if I stand you not in stead, why then let an host come off *hic et haec hostis*, a deadly enemy to dice, drink, and venery. Come, where's this widow?

*Wit.* Hard at Park-end.

*Host.* I'll be her serving-man for once.

*Wit.* Why, there we let off together: keep full time; my thoughts were striking then just the same number.

*Host.* I knew't: shall we then see our merry days again?

*Wit.* Our merry nights — [*Aside.*] which ne'er shall be more seen.[n] [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III

### *A Street in London*

*Enter* LUCRE *and* HOARD *quarrelling;* LAMPREY, SPICHCOCK, FREEDOM, *and* MONEYLOVE, *coming between to pacify them*

*Lam.* Nay, good master Lucre, and you, master Hoard, anger is the wind which you're both too much troubled withal.

*Hoa.* Shall my adversary thus daily affront me, ripping up the old wound of our malice, which three summers could not close up? into which wound the very sight of him drops scalding lead instead of balsamum.

*Luc.* Why, Hoard, Hoard, Hoard, Hoard, Hoard! may I not pass in the state of quietness to mine own house? answer me to that, before witness, and why? I'll refer the cause to honest, even-minded gentlemen or require the mere indifferences[n] of the law to decide this matter. I got the purchase,[g] true: was't not any man's case? yes: will a wise man stand as a bawd, whilst another wipes his nose of the bargain?[n] no; I answer no in that case.

*Lam.* Nay, sweet master Lucre.

*Hoa.* Was it the part of a friend — no, rather of a Jew, — mark what I say — when I had beaten the bush to the last bird, or, as I may term it, the price to a pound, then, like a cunning usurer, to come in the evening of the bargain, and glean all my hopes in a minute? to enter, as it were, at the back door of the purchase? for thou ne'er camest the right way by it.

*Luc.* Hast thou the conscience to tell me so without any impeachment to thyself?

*Hoa.* Thou that canst defeat thy own nephew, Lucre, lap his lands into bonds, and take the extremity of thy kindred's forfeitures, because he's a rioter, a wastethrift, a brothel-master, and so forth; what may a stranger expect from thee but *vulnera dilacerata*,[n] as the poet says, — dilacerate dealing?

*Luc.* Upbraidest thou me with nephew? is all imputation laid upon me? what acquaintance have I with his follies? if he riot, 'tis he must want it;[n] if he surfeit, 'tis he must feel it; if he drab it, 'tis he must lie by't: what's this to me?

*Hoa.* What's all to thee? nothing, nothing; such is the gulf of thy desire and the wolf of thy conscience: but be assured, old Pecunius Lucre, if ever fortune so bless

me, that I may be at leisure to vex thee, or any means so favour me, that I may have opportunity to mad thee, I will pursue it with that flame of hate, that spirit of malice, unrepressed wrath, that I will blast thy comforts.

*Luc.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Lam.* Nay, master Hoard, you're a wise gentleman—

*Hoa.* I will so cross thee—

*Luc.* And I thee.

*Hoa.* So without mercy fret thee—

*Luc.* So monstrously oppose thee—

*Hoa.* Dost scoff at my just anger? O, that I had as much power as usury has over thee!

*Luc.* Then thou wouldst have as much power as the devil has over thee.

*Hoa.* Toad!

*Luc.* Aspic![g]

*Hoa.* Serpent!

*Luc.* Viper!

*Spi.* Nay, gentlemen, then we must divide you perforce.

*Lam.* When the fire grows too unreasonable hot, there's no better way than to take off the wood.

[*Exeunt* LAMPREY *and* SPICHCOCK, *drawing off* LUCRE *and* HOARD *different ways.*

*Free.* A word, good signior.

*Mon.* How now, what's the news?

*Free.* 'Tis given me to understand that you are a rival of mine in the love of mistress Joyce, master Hoard's niece: say me ay, say me no?

*Mon.* Yes, 'tis so.

*Free.* Then look to yourself, you cannot live long: I'm practising every morning; a month hence I'll challenge you.

*Mon.* Give me your hand upon't; there's my pledge I'll meet you. [*Strikes him, and exit.*

*Free.* O, O! what reason had you for that, sir, to strike before the month? you knew I was not ready for you,

and that made you so crank:[g] I am not such a coward to strike again, I warrant you. My ear has the law of her side, for it burns horribly. I will teach him to strike a naked face, the longest day of his life: 'slid, it shall cost me some money but I'll bring this box[n] into the chancery.

[*Exit.*

## Scene IV

*Another Street*

*Enter* Witgood *and* Host

*Host.* Fear you nothing, sir; I have lodged her in a house of credit, I warrant you.

*Wit.* Hast thou the writings?

*Host.* Firm, sir.

*Wit.* Prithee, stay, and behold two the most prodigious rascals that ever slipped into the shape of men; Dampit, sirrah, and young Gulf his fellow-caterpillar.

*Host.* Dampit? sure I have heard of that Dampit?[n]

*Wit.* Heard of him? why, man, he that has lost both his ears may hear of him; a famous infamous trampler[g] of time; his own phrase. Note him well: that Dampit, sirrah, he in the uneven beard and the serge cloak, is the most notorious, usuring, blasphemous, atheistical, brothel-vomiting rascal, that we have in these latter times now extant; whose first beginning was the stealing of a masty[g] dog from a farmer's house.

*Host.* He looked as if he would obey the commandments well, when he began first with stealing.

*Wit.* True: the next town he came at, he set the dogs together by th' ears.

*Host.* A sign he should follow the law, by my faith.

*Wit.* So it followed, indeed; and being destitute of all fortunes, staked his masty against a noble,[g] and by great fortune his dog had the day; how he made it up ten

shillings, I know not, but his own boast is, that he came to town with but ten shillings in his purse, and now is credibly worth ten thousand pound.

*Host.* How the devil came he by it?

*Enter* DAMPIT *and* GULF

*Wit.* How the devil came he not by it? If you put in the devil once, riches come with a vengeance: has been a trampler of the law, sir; and the devil has a care of his footmen. The rogue has spied me now; he nibbled me finely once, too: — [*Aside.*] a pox search you! — O, master Dampit! — [*Aside.*] the very loins of thee! — Cry you mercy, master Gulf; you walk so low, I promise you I saw you not, sir.

*Gulf.* He that walks low walks safe, the poets tell us.

*Wit.* [*Aside.*] And nigher hell by a foot and a half than the rest of his fellows. — But, my old Harry!

*Dam.* My sweet Theodorus!

*Wit.* 'Twas a merry world when thou camest to town with ten shillings in thy purse.

*Dam.* And now worth ten thousand pound, my boy. Report it: Harry Dampit, a trampler of time, say, he would be up in a morning, and be here with his serge gown, dashed up to the hams in a cause; have his feet stink about Westminster Hall, and come home again; see the galleons, the galleasses,[g] the great armadas of the law; then there be hoys[g] and petty vessels, oars and scullers[n] of the time; there be picklocks of the time too: then would I be here; I would trample up and down like a mule: now to the judges, "May it please your reverend honourable fatherhoods;" then to my counsellor, "May it please your worshipful patience;" then to the examiner's office, "May it please your mastership's gentleness;" then to one of the clerks, "May it please your worshipful lousiness," — for I find him scrubbing in his

codpiece;[g] then to the hall again, then to the chamber again —

*Wit.* And when to the cellar again?

*Dam.* E'en when thou wilt again: tramplers of time, motions of Fleet Street,[n] and visions of Holborn;[n] here I have fees of one, there I have fees of another; my clients come about me, the fooliaminy[n] and coxcombry of the country: I still trashed[g] and trotted for other men's causes; thus was poor Harry Dampit made rich by others' laziness, who though they would not follow their own suits, I made 'em follow me with their purses.

*Wit.* Didst thou so, old Harry?

*Dam.* Ay, and I soused 'em with bills of charges, i'faith; twenty pound a year have I brought in for boat-hire, and I ne'er stepped into boat in my life.

*Wit.* Tramplers of time!

*Dam.* Ay, tramplers of time, rascals of time, bull-beggars![g]

*Wit.* Ah, thou'rt a mad old Harry! — Kind master Gulf, I am bold to renew my acquaintance.

*Gulf.* I embrace it, sir. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT THE SECOND

### Scene I

*A Room in* Lucre's *House*

*Enter* Lucre

*Luc.* My adversary evermore twits me with my nephew, forsooth, my nephew: why may not a virtuous uncle have a dissolute nephew? What though he be a brotheller, a wastethrift, a common surfeiter, and, to conclude, a beggar, must sin in him call up shame in me? Since we have no part in their follies, why should we have part in their infamies? For my strict hand toward his mortgage, that I deny not: I confess I had an uncle's pen'worth;[n] let me see, half in half, true: I saw neither hope of his reclaiming, nor comfort in his being; and was it not then better bestowed upon his uncle than upon one of his aunts?[g] — I need not say bawd, for every one knows what aunt stands for in the last translation.[n] 14

*Enter* Servant

Now, sir?

*Ser.* There's a country serving-man, sir, attends to speak with your worship.

*Luc.* I'm at best leisure now; send him in to me.

[*Exit* Servant.

*Enter* Host, *disguised as a Serving-man*

*Host.* Bless your venerable worship.

*Luc.* Welcome, good fellow.

*Host.* [*Aside.*] He calls me thief[n] at first sight, yet he little thinks I am an host.

*Luc.* What's thy business with me?

*Host.* Faith, sir, I am sent from my mistress, to any sufficient[g] gentleman indeed, to ask advice upon a doubtful point: 'tis indifferent, sir, to whom I come, for I know none, nor did my mistress direct me to any particular man, for she's as mere a stranger here as myself; only I found your worship within, and 'tis a thing I ever loved, sir, to be despatched as soon as I can.

*Luc.* [*Aside.*] A good, blunt honesty; I like him well. — What is thy mistress?

*Host.* Faith, a country gentlewoman, and a widow, sir. Yesterday was the first flight of us; but now she intends to stay till a little term business be ended.

*Luc.* Her name, I prithee?

*Host.* It runs there in the writings, sir, among her lands: widow Medler.

*Luc.* Medler? mass, have I ne'er heard of that widow?

*Host.* Yes, I warrant you, have you, sir; not the rich widow in Staffordshire?

*Luc.* Cuds[g] me, there 'tis indeed; thou hast put me into memory: there's a widow indeed! ah, that I were a bachelor again!

*Host.* No doubt your worship might do much then; but she's fairly promised to a bachelor already.

*Luc.* Ah, what is he, I prithee?

*Host.* A country gentleman too; one of whom your worship knows not, I'm sure; has spent some few follies in his youth, but marriage, by my faith, begins to call him home: my mistress loves him, sir, and love covers faults, you know: one master Witgood, if ever you have heard of the gentleman.

*Luc.* Ha! Witgood, sayst thou?

*Host.* That's his name indeed, sir; my mistress is like

to bring him to a goodly seat yonder; four hundred a year, by my faith.

*Luc.* But, I pray, take me with you.[n]

*Host.* Ay, sir.

*Luc.* What countryman might this young Witgood be?

*Host.* A Leicestershire gentleman, sir.

*Luc.* [*Aside.*] My nephew, by th' mass, my nephew! I'll fetch out more of this, i'faith: a simple country fellow, I'll work't out of him. — And is that gentleman, sayst thou, presently to marry her?

*Host.* Faith, he brought her up to town, sir; has the best card in all the bunch for't, her heart; and I know my mistress will be married ere she go down;[n] nay, I'll swear that, for she's none of those widows that will go down first, and be married after; she hates that, I can tell you, sir.

*Luc.* By my faith, sir, she is like to have a proper gentleman, and a comely; I'll give her that gift.[n]

*Host.* Why, does your worship know him, sir?

*Luc.* I know him? does not all the world know him? can a man of such exquisite qualities be hid under a bushel?

*Host.* Then your worship may save me a labour, for I had charge given me to inquire after him.

*Luc.* Inquire of him? If I might counsel thee, thou shouldst ne'er trouble thyself further; inquire of him no more, but of me; I'll fit thee. I grant he has been youthful; but is he not now reclaimed? mark you that, sir: has not your mistress, think you, been wanton in her youth? if men be wags, are there not women wagtails?[g]

*Host.* No doubt, sir.

*Luc.* Does not he return wisest that comes home whipped with his own follies?

*Host.* Why, very true, sir.

*Luc.* The worst report you can hear of him, I can tell you, is that he has been a kind gentleman, a liberal, and a worthy; who but lusty Witgood, thrice-noble Witgood!

*Host.* Since your worship has so much knowledge in him, can you resolve[g] me, sir, what his living might be? my duty binds me, sir, to have a care of my mistress' estate; she has been ever a good mistress to me, though I say it: many wealthy suitors has she nonsuited for his sake; yet, though her love be so fixed, a man cannot tell whether his non-performance[n] may help to remove it, sir; he makes us believe he has lands and living.

*Luc.* Who, young master Witgood? why, believe it, he has as goodly a fine living out yonder, — what do you call the place?

*Host.* Nay, I know not, i'faith.

*Luc.* Hum — see, like a beast, if I have not forgot the name — pooh! and out yonder again, goodly grown woods and fair meadows: pax[g] on't, I can ne'er hit of that place neither: he? why, he's Witgood of Witgood Hall; he an unknown thing?

*Host.* Is he so, sir? To see how rumour will alter! trust me, sir, we heard once he had no lands, but all lay mortgaged to an uncle he has in town here.

*Luc.* Push,[g] 'tis a tale, 'tis a tale.

*Host.* I can assure you, sir, 'twas credibly reported to my mistress.

*Luc.* Why, do you think, i'faith, he was ever so simple to mortgage his lands to his uncle? or his uncle so unnatural to take the extremity of such a mortgage?

*Host.* That was my saying[n] still, sir.

*Luc.* Pooh, ne'er think it.

*Host.* Yet that report goes current.

*Luc.* Nay, then you urge me:
Cannot I tell that best that am his uncle?

*Host.* How, sir? what have I done!

*Luc.* Why, how now! in a swoon,[g] man?

*Host.* Is your worship his uncle, sir?

*Luc.* Can that be any harm to you, sir?

*Host.* I do beseech you, sir, do me the favour to conceal it: what a beast was I to utter so much! pray, sir,

do me the kindness to keep it in; I shall have my coat pulled[n] o'er my ears, an't should be known; for the truth is, an't please your worship, to prevent much rumour and many suitors, they intend to be married very suddenly and privately.

*Luc.* And dost thou think it stands with my judgement to do them injury? must I needs say the knowledge of this marriage come from thee? am I a fool at fifty-four? do I lack subtlety[g] now, that have got all my wealth by it? There's a leash[g] of angels[g] for thee: come, let me woo thee speak where lie[g] they? 141

*Host.* So I might have no anger, sir —

*Luc.* Passion of me, not a jot: prithee, come.

*Host.* I would not have it known, sir, it came by my means.

*Luc.* Why, am I a man of wisdom?

*Host.* I dare trust your worship, sir; but I'm a stranger to your house; and to avoid all intelligencers,[g] I desire your worship's ear. 149

*Luc.* [*Aside.*] This fellow's worth a matter of trust. — Come, sir. [Host *whispers to him.*] Why, now thou'rt an honest lad. — Ah, sirrah, nephew!

*Host.* Please you, sir, now I have begun with your worship, when shall I attend for your advice upon that doubtful point? I must come warily now.

*Luc.* Tut, fear thou nothing;
To-morrow's evening shall resolve the doubt.

*Host.* The time shall cause my attendance. 158

*Luc.* Fare thee well. [*Exit* Host.] — There's more true honesty in such a country serving-man than in a hundred of our cloak companions: I may well call 'em companions, for since blue coats have been turned into cloaks,[n] we can scarce know the man from the master. — George!

*Enter* GEORGE

*Geo.* Anon, sir.

*Luc.* List hither: [*Whispers.*] keep the place secret:

commend me to my nephew; I know no cause, tell him, but he might see his uncle.

*Geo.* I will, sir.

*Luc.* And, do you hear, sir? Take heed to use him with respect and duty.

*Geo.* [*Aside.*] Here's a strange alteration; one day he must be turned out like a beggar, and now he must be called in like a knight. [*Exit.*

*Luc.* Ah, sirrah, that rich widow! — four hundred a-year! beside, I hear she lays claim to a title of a hundred more. This falls unhappily that he should bear a grudge to me now, being likely to prove so rich: what is't, trow,[g] that he makes me a stranger for? Hum, — I hope he has not so much wit to apprehend that I cozened him: he deceives me then. Good heaven, who would have thought it would ever have come to this pass! yet he's a proper gentleman, i'faith, give him his due, — marry, that's his mortgage; but that I ne'er mean to give him: I'll make him rich enough in words, if that be good: and if it come to a piece of money, I will not greatly stick for't; there may be hope some of the widow's lands, too, may one day fall upon me, if things be carried wisely.

*Re-enter* GEORGE

Now, sir, where is he?

*Geo.* He desires your worship to hold him excused; he has such weighty business, it commands him wholly from all men.

*Luc.* Were those my nephew's words?

*Geo.* Yes, indeed, sir.

*Luc.* [*Aside.*] When men grow rich, they grow proud too, I perceive that; he would not have sent me such an answer once within this twelvemonth: see what 'tis when a man's come to his lands! — Return to him again, sir; tell him his uncle desires his company for an hour; I'll trouble him but an hour, say; 'tis for his own good,

tell him: and, do you hear, sir? put "worship"[n] upon him: go to, do as I bid you; he's like to be a gentleman of worship very shortly.

*Geo.* [*Aside.*] This is good sport, i'faith. [*Exit.*

*Luc.* Troth, he uses his uncle discourteously now: can he tell what I may do for him? goodness may come from me in a minute, that comes not in seven year again: he knows my humour; I am not so usually good; 'tis no small thing that draws kindness from me, he may know that and[g] he will. The chief cause that invites me to do him most good is the sudden astonishing of old Hoard, my adversary: how pale his malice will look at my nephew's advancement! with what a dejected spirit he will behold his fortunes, whom but last[g] day he proclaimed rioter, penurious makeshift,[n] despised brothel-master! Ha, ha! 'twill do me more secret joy than my last purchase, more precious comfort than all these widow's revenues.

*Re-enter* GEORGE, *showing in* WITGOOD

Now, sir?

*Geo.* With much entreaty he's at length come, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Luc.* O, nephew, let me salute you, sir! you're welcome, nephew.

*Wit.* Uncle, I thank you.

*Luc.* You've a fault, nephew; you're a stranger here: Well, heaven give you joy!

*Wit.* Of what, sir?

*Luc.* Hah, we can hear!
You might have known your uncle's house, i'faith,
You and your widow: go to, you were to blame;
If I may tell you so without offence.

*Wit.* How could you hear of that, sir?

*Luc.* O, pardon me!
'Twas your will to have it kept from me, I perceive now.

*Wit.* Not for any defect of love, I protest, uncle.

*Luc.* Oh, 'twas unkindness,[g] nephew! fie, fie, fie!

*Wit.* I am sorry you take it in that sense, sir.

*Luc.* Pooh, you cannot colour[g] it, i'faith, nephew.

*Wit.* Will you but hear what I can say in my just excuse, sir.

*Luc.* Yes, faith, will I, and welcome.

*Wit.* You that know my danger[n] i' th' city, sir, so well, how great my debts are, and how extreme my creditors, could not out of your pure judgement, sir, have wished us hither. 242

*Luc.* Mass, a firm reason indeed.

*Wit.* Else, my uncle's house! why, 't had been the only make-match.

*Luc.* Nay, and thy credit.

*Wit.* My credit? nay, my countenance: push, nay, I know, uncle, you would have wrought it so by your wit, you would have made her believe in time the whole house had been mine. 250

*Luc.* Ay, and most of the goods, too.

*Wit.* La, you there! well, let 'em all prate what they will, there's nothing like the bringing of a widow to one's uncle's house.[n]

*Luc.* Nay, let nephews be ruled as they list, they shall find their uncle's house the most natural place when all's done.

*Wit.* There they may be bold. 258

*Luc.* Life, they may do anything there, man, and fear neither beadle nor somner:[g] an uncle's house! a very Cole-Harbour.[n] Sirrah, I'll touch thee near now: hast thou so much interest in thy widow, that by a token thou couldst presently send for her?

*Wit.* Troth, I think I can, uncle.

*Luc.* Go to, let me see that.

*Wit.* Pray, command one of your men hither, uncle.

*Luc.* George!

*Re-enter* GEORGE

*Geo.* Here, sir.

*Luc.* Attend my nephew.—[*Aside, while* WITGOOD *whispers to* GEORGE.] I love a' life to prattle with a rich widow; 'tis pretty, methinks, when our tongues go together: and then to promise much and perform little; I love that sport a' life, i'faith; yet I am in the mood now to do my nephew some good, if he take me handsomely. [*Exit* GEORGE.] — What, have you despatched?

*Wit.* I ha' sent, sir.

*Luc.* Yet I must condemn you of unkindness,[g] nephew.

*Wit.* Heaven forbid, uncle!

*Luc.* Yes, faith, must I. Say your debts be many, your creditors importunate, yet the kindness of a thing is all, nephew: you might have sent me close word on't, without the least danger or prejudice to your fortunes.

*Wit.* Troth, I confess it, uncle; I was to blame there; but, indeed, my intent was to have clapped it up suddenly, and so have broke forth like a joy to my friends, and a wonder to the world: beside, there's a trifle of a forty pound matter toward the setting of me forth; my friends should ne'er have known on't; I meant to make shift for that myself.

*Luc.* How, nephew? let me not hear such a word again, I beseech you: shall I be beholding[g] to you?

*Wit.* To me? Alas, what do you mean, uncle?

*Luc.* I charge you, upon my love, you trouble nobody but myself.

*Wit.* You've no reason for that, uncle.

*Luc.* Troth, I'll ne'er be friends with you while you live, and you do.

*Wit.* Nay, and you say so, uncle, here's my hand; I will not do't.

*Luc.* Why, well said! there's some hope in thee when thou wilt be ruled; I'll make it up fifty, faith, because I

see thee so reclaimed. Peace; here comes my wife with Sam, her tother[g] husband's son.

*Enter* Mistress LUCRE *and* FREEDOM

*Wit.* Good aunt.

*Free.* Cousin Witgood, I rejoice in my salute; you're most welcome to this noble city, governed with the sword in the scabbard.

*Wit.* [*Aside.*] And the wit in the pommel.[n] — Good master Sam Freedom, I return the salute.

*Luc.* By the mass, she's coming, wife; let me see now how thou wilt entertain her.

*Mis. L.* I hope I am not to learn, sir, to entertain a widow; 'tis not so long ago since I was one myself.

*Enter* Courtesan

*Wit.* Uncle —

*Luc.* She's come indeed.

*Wit.* My uncle was desirous to see you, widow, and I presumed to invite you.

*Cour.* The presumption was nothing, master Witgood: is this your uncle, sir?

*Luc.* Marry am I, sweet widow; and his good uncle he shall find me; ay, by this smack that I give thee [*Kisses her.*], thou'rt welcome. — Wife, bid the widow welcome the same way again.

*Free.* [*Aside.*] I am a gentleman now too by my father's occupation, and I see no reason but I may kiss a widow by my father's copy:[g] truly, I think the charter is not against it; surely these are the words, "The son once a gentleman may revel it, though his father were a dauber;" 'tis about the fifteenth page: I'll to her.

[*Offers to kiss the* Courtesan, *who repulses him.*

*Luc.* You're not very busy now; a word with thee, sweet widow.

*Free.* Coads-nigs ![g] I was never so disgraced since the hour my mother whipped me.

*Luc.* Beside, I have no child of mine own to care for; she's my second wife, old, past bearing; clap sure to him, widow; he's like to be my heir, I can tell you.

*Cour.* Is he so, sir? 339

*Luc.* He knows it already, and the knave's proud on't; jolly rich widows have been offered him here i' th' city, great merchants' wives; and do you think he would once look upon 'em? forsooth, he'll none: you are beholding to him i' th' country, then, ere we could be: nay, I'll hold a wager, widow, if he were once known to be in town, he would be presently sought after; nay, and happy were they that could catch him first.

*Cour.* I think so. 348

*Luc.* O, there would be such running to and fro, widow! he should not pass the streets for 'em: he'd be took up in one great house or other presently: faugh! they know he has it, and must have it. You see this house here, widow; this house and all comes to him; goodly rooms, ready furnished, ceiled with plaster of Paris, and all hung about with cloth of arras.[n] — Nephew.

*Wit.* Sir.

*Luc.* Show the widow your house; carry[g] her into all the rooms, and bid her welcome. — You shall see, widow. — [*Aside to* WITGOOD.] Nephew, strike all sure[n] above an thou beest a good boy, — ah! 361

*Wit.* Alas, sir! I know not how she would take it!

*Luc.* The right way, I warrant'ee: a pox, art an ass? would I were in thy stead! get you up, I am ashamed of you. [*Exeunt* WITGOOD *and* Courtesan.] So: let 'em agree as they will now: many a match has been struck up in my house a' this fashion: let 'em try all manner of ways, still there's nothing like an uncle's house to strike the stroke in. I'll hold my wife in talk a little. — Now, Jenny, your son there goes a-wooing to a poor gentle-

woman but of a thousand portion: see my nephew, a lad of less hope, strikes at four hundred a year in good rubbish.

*Mis. L.* Well, we must do as we may, sir.

*Luc.* I'll have his money ready told for him again[g] he come down: let me see, too; — by th' mass, I must present the widow with some jewel, a good piece of plate, or such a device; 'twill hearten her on well: I have a very fair standing[g] cup; and a good high standing cup will please a widow above all other pieces. [*Exit.*

*Mis. L.* Do you mock us with your nephew? — I have a plot in my head, son; — i'faith, husband, to cross you.

*Free.* Is it a tragedy plot, or a comedy plot, good mother?

*Mis. L.* 'Tis a plot shall vex him. I charge you, of my blessing, son Sam, that you presently withdraw the action of your love from master Hoard's niece.

*Free.* How, mother?

*Mis. L.* Nay, I have a plot in my head, i'faith. Here, take this chain of gold, and this fair diamond: dog me the widow home to her lodging, and at thy best opportunity, fasten 'em both upon her. Nay, I have a reach: I can tell you thou art known what thou art, son, among the right worshipful, all the twelve companies.[n]

*Free.* Truly, I thank 'em for it.

*Mis. L.* He? he's a scab to thee: and so certify her thou hast two hundred a year of thyself, beside thy good parts — a proper person and a lovely. If I were a widow, I could find in my heart to have thee myself, son; ay, from 'em all.

*Free.* Thank you for your good will, mother; but, indeed, I had rather have a stranger: and if I woo her not in that violent fashion, that I will make her be glad to take these gifts ere I leave her, let me never be called the heir of your body.

*Mis. L.* Nay, I know there's enough in you, son, if you once come to put it forth.

*Free.* I'll quickly make a bolt or a shaft on't.[n]

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

### *A Street*

*Enter* HOARD *and* MONEYLOVE

*Mon.* Faith, master Hoard, I have bestowed many months in the suit of your niece, such was the dear love I ever bore to her virtues: but since she hath so extremely denied me, I am to lay out for my fortunes elsewhere.

*Hoa.* Heaven forbid but you should, sir! I ever told you my niece stood otherwise affected.

*Mon.* I must confess you did, sir; yet, in regard of my great loss of time, and the zeal with which I sought your niece, shall I desire one favour of your worship?

*Hoa.* In regard of those two, 'tis hard but you shall, sir.

*Mon.* I shall rest grateful: 'tis not full three hours, sir, since the happy rumour of a rich country widow came to my hearing.

*Hoa.* How? a rich country widow?

*Mon.* Four hundred a year landed.

*Hoa.* Yea?

*Mon.* Most firm, sir; and I have learned her lodging: here my suit begins, sir; if I might but entreat your worship to be a countenance for me, and speak a good word (for your words will pass), I nothing doubt but I might set fair for the widow; nor shall your labour, sir, end altogether in thanks; two hundred angels[g] —

*Hoa.* So, so: what suitors has she?

*Mon.* There lies the comfort, sir; the report of her is

yet but a whisper; and only solicited by young riotous Witgood, nephew to your mortal adversary.

*Hoa.* Ha! art certain he's her suitor?

*Mon.* Most certain, sir; and his uncle very industrious to beguile the widow, and make up the match.

*Hoa.* So: very good.

*Mon.* Now, sir, you know this young Witgood is a spendthrift, dissolute fellow.

*Hoa.* A very rascal.

*Mon.* A midnight surfeiter.

*Hoa.* The spume of a brothel-house.

*Mon.* True, sir; which being well told in your worship's phrase, may both heave him out of her mind, and drive a fair way for me to the widow's affections.

*Hoa.* Attend me about five.

*Mon.* With my best care, sir. [*Exit.*

*Hoa.* Fool, thou hast left thy treasure with a thief,
To trust a widower with a suit in love!
Happy revenge, I hug thee! I have not only the means laid before me, extremely to cross my adversary, and confound the last hopes of his nephew, but thereby to enrich my estate, augment my revenues, and build mine own fortunes greater: ha, ha!
I'll mar your phrase, o'erturn your flatteries,
Undo your windings, policies, and plots,
Fall like a secret and despatchful plague
On your secured comforts. Why, I am able
To buy three of Lucre; thrice outbid him,
Let my out-monies[g] be reckoned and all.

*Enter three of* WITGOOD'S Creditors

*1st Cred.* I am glad of this news.

*2nd Cred.* So are we, by my faith.

*3rd Cred.* Young Witgood will be a gallant again now.

*Hoa.* [*Aside.*] Peace. [*Listening.*

*1st Cred.* I promise you, master Cockpit, she's a mighty rich widow.

*2nd Cred.* Why, have you ever heard of her?

*1st Cred.* Who? widow Medler? she lies open to much rumour.

*3rd Cred.* Four hundred a year, they say, in very good land.

*1st Cred.* Nay, take't of my word, if you believe that, you believe the least.

*2nd Cred.* And to see how close he keeps it!

*1st Cred.* O, sir, there's policy in that, to prevent better suitors.

*3rd Cred.* He owes me a hundred pound, and I protest I ne'er looked for a penny.

*1st Cred.* He little dreams of our coming; he'll wonder to see his creditors upon him. [*Exeunt* Creditors.

*Hoa.* Good, his creditors: I'll follow. This makes for me:

All know the widow's wealth; and 'tis well known
I can estate[g] her fairly, ay, and will.
In this one chance shines a twice happy fate;
I both deject my foe and raise my state. [*Exit.*[n]

## ACT THE THIRD

### Scene I

WITGOOD'S *Lodgings*

*Enter* WITGOOD *and three* Creditors

*Wit.* Why, alas, my creditors, could you find no other time to undo me but now? rather your malice appears in this than the justness of the debt.

*1st Cred.* Master Witgood, I have forborne my money long.

*Wit.* I pray, speak low, sir: what do you mean?

*2nd Cred.* We hear you are to be married suddenly to a rich country widow.

*Wit.* What can be kept so close but you creditors hear on't! well, 'tis a lamentable state, that our chiefest afflictors should first hear of our fortunes. Why, this is no good course, i'faith, sirs: if ever you have hope to be satisfied, why do you seek to confound the means that should work it? there's neither piety,[g] no, nor policy in that. Shine favourably now: why, I may rise and spread again, to your great comforts.

*1st Cred.* He says true, i'faith.

*Wit.* Remove me now, and I consume for ever.

*2nd Cred.* Sweet gentleman!

*Wit.* How can it thrive which from the sun you sever?

*3rd Cred.* It cannot, indeed.

*Wit.* O, then, show patience! I shall have enough
To satisfy you all.

*1st Cred.* Ay, if we could
Be content, a shame take us!
*Wit.* For, look you;
I am but newly sure[g] yet to the widow,
And what a rend might this discredit make!
Within these three days will I bind you lands
For your securities.
*1st Cred.* No, good master Witgood:
Would 'twere as much as we dare trust you with!
*Wit.* I know you have been kind; however, now,
Either by wrong report or false incitement,
Your gentleness is injured: in such
A state as this a man cannot want foes.
If on the sudden he begin to rise,
No man that lives can count his enemies.
You had some intelligence,[g] I warrant ye,
From an ill-willer.

*2nd Cred.* Faith, we heard you brought up a rich widow, sir, and were suddenly to marry her.

*Wit.* Ay, why there it was: I knew 'twas so: but since you are so well resolved[g] of my faith toward you, let me be so much favoured of you, I beseech you all —

*All.* O, it shall not need, i'faith, sir! —

*Wit.* As to lie still awhile, and bury my debts in silence, till I be fully possessed of the widow; for the truth is — I may tell you as my friends —

*All.* O, O, O! —

*Wit.* I am to raise a little money in the city, toward the setting forth of myself, for my own credit and your comfort; if my former debts should be divulged, all hope of my proceedings were quite extinguished.

*1st Cred.* [*Aside to* WITGOOD.] Do you hear, sir? I may deserve your custom hereafter; pray, let my money be accepted before a stranger's: here's forty pound I received as I came to you; if that may stand you in any stead, make use on't. [*Offers him money, which he at first declines.*] Nay, pray, sir; 'tis at your service.

*Wit.* You do so ravish me with kindness, that I am constrain'd to play the maid, and take it.

*1st Cred.* Let none of them see it, I beseech you.

*Wit.* Faugh!

*1st Cred.* I hope I shall be first in your remembrance After the marriage rites.

*Wit.* Believe it firmly.

*1st Cred.* So. — What, do you walk, sirs?

*2nd Cred.* I go. — [*Aside to* WITGOOD.] Take no care, sir, for money to furnish you; within this hour I send you sufficient. — Come, master Cockpit, we both stay for you.

*3rd Cred.* I ha' lost a ring, i'faith; I'll follow you presently [*Exeunt* 1st *and* 2nd Creditors.] — but you shall find it, sir; I know your youth and expenses have disfurnished you of all jewels: there's a ruby of twenty pound price, sir; bestow it upon your widow. [*Offers him the ring, which he at first declines.*] — What, man! 'twill call up her blood[n] to you; beside, if I might so much work with you, I would not have you beholding to those bloodsuckers for any money.

*Wit.* Not I, believe it.

*3rd Cred.* They're a brace of cut-throats.

*Wit.* I know 'em.

*3rd Cred.* Send a note of all your wants to my shop, and I'll supply you instantly.

*Wit.* Say you so? why, here's my hand then, no man living shall do't but thyself.

*3rd Cred.* Shall I carry it away from[n] 'em both, then?

*Wit.* I'faith, shalt thou.

*3rd Cred.* Troth, then, I thank you, sir.

*Wit.* Welcome, good master Cockpit. [*Exit* 3rd Creditor.] — Ha, ha, ha! why, is not this better now than lying a-bed? I perceive there's nothing conjures up wit sooner than poverty, and nothing lays it down sooner than wealth and lechery: this has some savour yet. O that I had the mortgage from mine uncle as sure in

possession as these trifles! I would forswear brothel at noonday, and muscadine and eggs[n] at midnight.

*Cour.* [*Within.*] Master Witgood, where are you?

*Wit.* Holla!

*Enter* Courtesan

*Cour.* Rich news?

*Wit.* Would 'twere all in plate! 100

*Cour.* There's some in chains and jewels: I am so haunted with suitors, master Witgood, I know not which to despatch first.

*Wit.* You have the better term,[n] by my faith.

*Cour.* Among the number
One master Hoard, an ancient gentleman.

*Wit.* Upon my life, my uncle's adversary.

*Cour.* It may well hold so, for he rails on you,
Speaks shamefully of him.

*Wit.* As I could wish it.

*Cour.* I first denied him, but so cunningly, 110
It rather promis'd him assured hopes,
Than any loss of labour.

*Wit.* Excellent!

*Cour.* I expect him every hour with gentlemen,
With whom he labours to make good his words,
To approve[g] you riotous, your state consumed,
Your uncle —

*Wit.* Wench, make up thy own fortunes now; do thyself a good turn once in thy days: he's rich in money, movables, and lands; marry him: he's an old doating fool, and that's worth all; marry him: 'twould be a great comfort to me to see thee do well, i'faith; marry him: 'twould ease my conscience well to see thee well bestowed; I have a care of thee, i'faith. 123

*Cour.* Thanks, sweet master Witgood.

*Wit.* I reach at farther happiness: first, I am sure it can be no harm to thee, and there may happen goodness

to me by it: prosecute it well; let's send up for our wits, now we require their best and most pregnant assistance.

*Cour.* Step in,[n] I think I hear 'em. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* HOARD *and* Gentlemen, *with the* Host *as Servant*

*Hoa.* Art thou the widow's man? by my faith, sh'as a company of proper men then.

*Host.* I am the worst of six, sir; good enough for blue coats.

*Hoa.* Hark hither: I hear say thou art in most credit with her.

*Host.* Not so, sir.

*Hoa.* Come, come, thou'rt modest: there's a brace of royals,[g] prithee, help me to th' speech of her.

*Host.* I'll do what I may, sir, always saving myself harmless.

*Hoa.* Go to, do't, I say; thou shalt hear better from me.

*Host.* [*Aside.*] Is not this a better place than five mark[g] a year standing[g] wages? Say a man had but three such clients in a day, methinks he might make a poor living on't; beside, I was never brought up with so little honesty to refuse any man's money; never: what gulls there are a' this side the world! now know I the widow's mind; none but my young master comes in her clutches: ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

*Hoa.* Now, my dear gentlemen, stand firmly to me; You know his follies and my worth.

1*st Gent.* We do, sir.

2*nd Gent.* But, master Hoard, are you sure he is not i' th' house now?

*Hoa.* Upon my honesty, I chose this time
A' purpose, fit: the spendthrift is abroad:
Assist me; here she comes.

*Enter* Courtesan

Now, my sweet widow.

*Cour.* You're welcome, master Hoard.

*Hoa.* Despatch, sweet gentlemen, despatch. —
I am come, widow, to prove those my words
Neither of envy sprung nor of false tongues,
But such as their[n] deserts and actions
Do merit and bring forth; all which these gentlemen,
Well known, and better reputed, will confess.

*Cour.* I cannot tell
How my affections may dispose of me;
But surely if they find him so desertless,
They'll have that reason to withdraw themselves:
And therefore, gentlemen, I do entreat you,
As you are fair in reputation
And in appearing form, so shine in truth:
I am a widow, and, alas, you know,
Soon overthrown! 'tis a very small thing
That we withstand, our weakness is so great:
Be partial unto neither, but deliver,
Without affection, your opinion.

*Hoa.* And that will drive it home.

*Cour.* Nay, I beseech your silence, master Hoard;
You are a party.

*Hoa.* Widow, not a word.

*1st Gent.* The better first to work you to belief,
Know neither of us owe him flattery,
Nor tother malice; but unbribed censure,[g]
So help us our best fortunes!

*Cour.* It suffices.

*1st Gent.* That Witgood is a riotous, undone man,
Imperfect both in fame and in estate,
His debts wealthier than he, and executions
In wait for his due body, we'll maintain
With our best credit and our dearest blood.

*Cour.* Nor land nor living, say you? Pray, take heed
You do not wrong the gentleman.
*1st Gent.* What we speak
Our lives and means are ready to make good.
*Cour.* Alas, how soon are we poor souls beguiled!
*2nd Gent.* And for his uncle —
*Hoa.* Let that come to me.
His uncle, a severe extortioner;
A tyrant at a forfeiture; greedy of others'
Miseries; one that would undo his brother,
Nay, swallow up his father, if he can,
Within the fathoms of his conscience.
*1st Gent.* Nay, believe it, widow,
You had not only match'd yourself to wants,
But in an evil and unnatural stock.
*Hoa.* [*Aside.*] Follow hard, gentlemen, follow hard.
*Cour.* Is my love so deceiv'd? Before you all
I do renounce him; on my knees I vow [*Kneeling.*
He ne'er shall marry me.
*Wit.* [*Aside. — Looking in.*] Heaven knows he never meant it!
*Hoa.* [*Aside to* Gent.] There, take her at the bound.[n]
*1st Gent.* Then, with a new and pure affection,
Behold yon gentleman; grave, kind, and rich,
A match worthy yourself: esteeming him,
You do regard your state.
*Hoa.* [*Aside to* Gent.] I'll make her a jointure,[g] say.
*1st Gent.* He can join land to land, and will possess you
Of what you can desire.
*2nd Gent.* Come, widow, come!
*Cour.* The world is so deceitful!
*1st Gent.* There, 'tis deceitful,
Where flattery, want, and imperfection lie;
But none of these in him: push!
*Cour.* Pray, sir —
*1st Gent.* Come, you widows are ever most backward when you should do yourselves most good; but

were it to marry a chin not worth a hair now, then you would be forward enough. Come, clap hands, a match.

*Hoa.* With all my heart, widow. [HOARD *and* Courtesan *shake hands.*] — Thanks, gentlemen:
I will deserve your labour, and [*To* Courtesan.] thy love.

*Cour.* Alas, you love not widows but for wealth!
I promise you I ha' nothing, sir.

*Hoa.* Well said, widow,
Well said; thy love is all I seek, before
These gentlemen.

*Cour.* Now I must hope the best.

*Hoa.* My joys are such they want to be express'd.

*Cour.* But, master Hoard, one thing I must remember you of, before these gentlemen, your friends: how shall I suddenly avoid the loathed soliciting of that perjured Witgood, and his tedious, dissembling uncle? who this very day hath appointed a meeting for the same purpose,[n] too; where, had not truth come forth, I had been undone, utterly undone!

*Hoa.* What think you of that, gentlemen?

1*st Gent.* 'Twas well devised.

*Hoa.* Hark thee, widow: train out young Witgood single;[n] hasten him thither with thee, somewhat before the hour; where, at the place appointed, these gentlemen and myself will wait the opportunity, when, by some slight removing him from thee, we'll suddenly enter and surprise thee, carry thee away by boat to Cole-Harbour, have a priest ready, and there clap it up instantly. How likest it, widow?

*Cour.* In that it pleaseth you, it likes me well.

*Hoa.* I'll kiss thee for those words. [*Kisses her.*] —
Come, gentlemen,
Still must I live a suitor to your favours,
Still to your aid beholding.

1*st Gent.* We're engag'd, sir;
'Tis for our credits now to see't well ended.

*Hoa.* 'Tis for your honours, gentlemen; nay, look to't. Not only in joy, but I in wealth excel:
No more sweet widow, but, sweet wife,[n] farewell.

*Cour.* Farewell, sir. [*Exeunt* HOARD *and* Gentlemen.

*Re-enter* WITGOOD

*Wit.* O for more scope! I could laugh eternally! Give you joy, mistress Hoard, I promise your fortune was good, forsooth; you've fell upon wealth enough, and there's young gentlemen enow can help you to the rest. Now it requires our wits: carry thyself but heedfully now, and we are both — 264

*Re-enter* Host

*Host.* Master Witgood, your uncle.

*Wit.* Cuds[g] me! remove thyself awhile; I'll serve for him. [*Exeunt* Courtesan *and* Host.

*Enter* LUCRE

*Luc.* Nephew, good morning, nephew.

*Wit.* The same to you, kind uncle.

*Luc.* How fares the widow? does the meeting hold?

*Wit.* O, no question of that, sir. 271

*Luc.* I'll strike the stroke, then, for thee; no more days.[n]

*Wit.* The sooner the better, uncle. O, she's mightily followed!

*Luc.* And yet so little rumoured!

*Wit.* Mightily: here comes one old gentleman, and he'll make her a jointure of three hundred a year, forsooth; another wealthy suitor will estate his son in his lifetime, and make him weigh down the widow; here a merchant's son will possess her with no less than three goodly lordships at once, which were all pawns[n] to his father. 282

*Luc.* Peace, nephew, let me hear no more of 'em; it mads me. Thou shalt prevent 'em all. No words to the widow of my coming hither. Let me see — 'tis now upon nine: before twelve, nephew, we will have the bargain struck, we will, faith, boy.

*Wit.* O, my precious uncle! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

*A Room in* HOARD'S *House*

*Enter* HOARD *and* JOYCE

*Hoa.* Niece, sweet niece, prithee, have a care to my house; I leave all to thy discretion. Be content to dream awhile; I'll have a husband for thee shortly: put that care upon me, wench, for in choosing wives and husbands I am only fortunate;[n] I have that gift given me. [*Exit.*

*Joyce.* But 'tis not likely you should choose for me,
Since nephew to your chiefest enemy
Is he whom I affect: but, O, forgetful!
Why dost thou[n] flatter thy affections so,
With name of him that for a widow's bed
Neglects thy purer love? Can it be so,
Or does report dissemble?

*Enter* GEORGE

How now, sir?

*Geo.* A letter, with which came a private charge.[n]

*Joyce.* Therein I thank your care. [*Exit* GEORGE.] — I know this hand —

[*Reads.*] "Dearer than sight, what the world reports of me, yet believe not; rumour will alter shortly: be thou constant; I am still the same that I was in love, and I

hope to be the same in fortunes. Theodorus Witgood."
I am resolv'd:[g] no more shall fear or doubt
Raise their pale powers to keep affection out. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III

### *A Tavern*

*Enter* HOARD, Gentlemen, *and* Drawer

*Dra.* You're very welcome, gentlemen. — Dick, show those gentlemen the Pomegranate[n] there.

*Hoa.* Hist!

*Dra.* Up those stairs, gentlemen.

*Hoa.* Hist! drawer!

*Dra.* Anon, sir.

*Hoa.* Prithee, ask at the bar if a gentlewoman came not in lately.

*Dra.* William, at the bar, did you see any gentlewoman come in lately? Speak you ay, speak you no.

[*Within.*] No, none came in yet, but mistress Florence.

*Dra.* He says none came in yet, sir, but one mistress Florence.

*Hoa.* What is that Florence? a widow?

*Dra.* Yes, a Dutch[g] widow.

*Hoa.* How?

*Dra.* That's an English drab, sir: give your worship good morrow. [*Exit.*

*Hoa.* A merry knave, i'faith! I shall remember a Dutch widow the longest day of my life.

1*st Gent.* Did not I use most art to win the widow?

2*nd Gent.* You shall pardon me for that, sir; master Hoard knows I took her at best 'vantage.

*Hoa.* What's that, sweet gentlemen, what's that?

2*nd Gent.* He will needs bear me down, that his art only wrought with the widow most.

*Hoa.* O, you did both well, gentlemen, you did both well, I thank you.

*1st Gent.* I was the first that moved her.

*Hoa.* You were, i'faith.

*2nd Gent.* But it was I that took her at the bound.

*Hoa.* Ay, that was you: faith, gentlemen, 'tis right.

*3rd Gent.* I boasted least, but 'twas I join'd their hands.

*Hoa.* By th' mass, I think he did: you did all well, Gentlemen, you did all well; contend no more.

*1st Gent.* Come, yon room's fittest.

*Hoa.* True, 'tis next the door. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* WITGOOD, Courtesan, Host, *and* Drawer

*Dra.* You're very welcome: please you to walk up stairs; cloth's laid, sir.

*Cour.* Up stairs? troth, I am weary, master Witgood.

*Wit.* Rest yourself here awhile, widow; we'll have a cup of muscadine in this little room.

*Dra.* A cup of muscadine? You shall have the best, sir.

*Wit.* But, do you hear, sirrah?

*Dra.* Do you call? anon, sir.

*Wit.* What is there provided for dinner?

*Dra.* I cannot readily tell you, sir: if you please, you may go into the kitchen and see yourself, sir; many gentlemen of worship do use to do it, I assure you, sir. [*Exit.*

*Host.* A pretty familiar, prigging[n] rascal; he has his part without book.[n]

*Wit.* Against you are ready to drink to me, widow, I'll be present to pledge you.

*Cour.* Nay, I commend your care, 'tis done well of you. [*Exit* WITGOOD.] — 'Las, what have I forgot!

*Host.* What, mistress?

*Cour.* I slipped my wedding ring off when I washed, and left it at my lodging: prithee, run; I shall be sad without it. [*Exit* Host.] — So, he's gone. Boy!

*Enter* Boy

*Boy.* Anon, forsooth.

*Cour.* Come hither, sirrah: learn secretly if one master Hoard, an ancient gentleman, be about house.

*Boy.* I heard such a one named.

*Cour.* Commend me to him.

*Re-enter* HOARD *and* Gentlemen

*Hoa.* Ay, boy, do thy commendations.

*Cour.* O, you come well: away, to boat, begone.

*Hoa.* Thus wise men are reveng'd, give two for one.

[*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* WITGOOD *and* Vintner

*Wit.* I must request
You, sir, to show extraordinary care:
My uncle comes with gentlemen, his friends,
And 'tis upon a making.[g]

*Vin.* Is it so?
I'll give a special charge, good master Witgood.
May I be bold to see her?

*Wit.* Who? the widow?
With all my heart, i'faith, I'll bring you to her.

*Vin.* If she be a Staffordshire gentlewoman, 'tis much if I know her not.

*Wit.* How now? boy! drawer!

*Vin.* Hie!

*Re-enter* Boy

*Boy.* Do you call, sir?

*Wit.* Went the gentlewoman up that was here?

*Boy.* Up, sir? she went out, sir.
*Wit.* Out, sir?
*Boy.* Out, sir: one master Hoard, with a guard of gentlemen, carried her out at back door, a pretty while since, sir.
*Wit.* Hoard? death and darkness! Hoard?

*Re-enter* Host

*Host.* The devil of ring I can find.
*Wit.* How now? what news? where's the widow?
*Host.* My mistress? is she not here, sir?
*Wit.* More madness yet!
*Host.* She sent me for a ring.
*Wit.* A plot, a plot! — To boat! she's stole away.
*Host.* What?

*Enter* LUCRE *and* Gentlemen

*Wit.* Follow! inquire old Hoard, my uncle's adversary. [*Exit* Host.
*Luc.* Nephew, what's that?
*Wit.* Thrice-miserable wretch!
*Luc.* Why, what's the matter?
*Vin.* The widow's borne away, sir.
*Luc.* Ha? passion of me! — A heavy welcome, gentlemen.
1*st Gent.* The widow gone?
*Luc.* Who durst attempt it?
*Wit.* Who but old Hoard, my uncle's adversary?
*Luc.* How?
*Wit.* With his confederates.
*Luc.* Hoard, my deadly enemy? — Gentlemen, stand to me,
I will not bear it; 'tis in hate of me;
That villain seeks my shame, nay, thirsts my blood;
He owes me mortal malice.

I'll spend my wealth on this despiteful plot,
Ere he shall cross me and my nephew thus.
*Wit.* So maliciously!

*Re-enter* Host

*Luc.* How now, you treacherous rascal?
*Host.* That's none of my name, sir.
*Wit.* Poor soul, he knew not on't!
*Luc.* I'm sorry. I see then 'twas a mere plot.[n]
*Host.* I trac'd 'em nearly —
*Luc.* Well?
*Host.* And hear for certain
They have took Cole-Harbour.
*Luc.* The devil's sanctuary!
They shall not rest; I'll pluck her from his arms —
Kind and dear gentlemen,
If ever I had seat within your breasts —
*1st Gent.* No more, good sir; it is a wrong to us
To see you injur'd; in a cause so just
We'll spend our lives but we will right our friends.
*Luc.* Honest and kind! come, we've delay'd too long;
Nephew, take comfort; a just cause is strong.
*Wit.* That's all my comfort, uncle. [*Exeunt all but* WITGOOD.] Ha, ha, ha!
Now may events fall luckily and well;
He that ne'er strives, says wit, shall ne'er excel. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV

*A Room in* DAMPIT'S *House*

*Enter* DAMPIT, *drunk*

*Dam.* When did I say my prayers? In anno 88, when the great armada was coming; and in anno 98,[n] when the great thundering and lightning was, I prayed heartily then, i'faith, to overthrow Poovies' new buildings;[n] I kneeled by my great iron chest,[n] I remember.

*Enter* AUDREY

*Aud.* Master Dampit, one may hear you before they see you: you keep sweet hours, master Dampit; we were all a-bed three hours ago.

*Dam.* Audrey?

*Aud.* O, you're a fine gentleman!

*Dam.* So I am i'faith, and a fine scholar: do you use to go to bed so early, Audrey?

*Aud.* Call you this early, master Dampit?

*Dam.* Why, is't not one of clock i' th' morning? is not that early enough? fetch me a glass of fresh beer.

*Aud.* Here, I have warmed your nightcap for you, master Dampit.

*Dam.* Draw it on then. I am very weak truly: I have not eaten so much as the bulk of an egg these three days.

*Aud.* You have drunk the more, master Dampit.

*Dam.* What's that?

*Aud.* You mought, an you would, master Dampit.

*Dam.* I answer you, I cannot: hold your prating; you prate too much, and understand too little: are you answered? Give me a glass of beer.

*Aud.* May I ask you how you do, master Dampit?

*Dam.* How do I? i'faith, naught.

*Aud.* I ne'er knew you do otherwise.

*Dam.* I eat not one penn'orth of bread[n] these two years. Give me a glass of fresh beer. I am not sick, nor I am not well.

*Aud.* Take this warm napkin about your neck, sir, whilst I help to make you unready.[g]

*Dam.* How now, Audrey-prater, with your scurvy devices, what say you now?

*Aud.* What say I, master Dampit? I say nothing, but that you are very weak.

*Dam.* Faith, thou hast more cony-catching[g] devices than all London.

*Aud.* Why, master Dampit, I never deceived you in all my life.

*Dam.* Why was that? because I never did trust thee.

*Aud.* I care not what you say, master Dampit.

*Dam.* Hold thy prating: I answer thee, thou art a beggar, a quean, and a bawd: are you answered?

*Aud.* Fie, master Dampit! a gentleman, and have such words?

*Dam.* Why, thou base drudge of infortunity, thou kitchen-stuff-drab of beggary, roguery, and coxcombry, thou cavernesed quean of foolery, knavery, and bawd-reaminy, I'll tell thee what, I will not give a louse for thy fortunes.

*Aud.* No, master Dampit? and there's a gentleman comes a-wooing to me, and he doubts[g] nothing but that you will get me from him.

*Dam.* I? If I would either have thee or lie with thee for two thousand pound, would I might be damned! why, thou base, impudent quean of foolery, flattery, and coxcombry, are you answered?

*Aud.* Come, will you rise and go to bed, sir?

*Dam.* Rise, and go to bed too, Audrey? How does mistress Proserpine?

*Aud.* Fooh!

*Dam.* She's as fine a philosopher of a stinkard's[g] wife, as any within the liberties. Faugh, faugh, Audrey!

*Aud.* How now, master Dampit?

*Dam.* Fie upon't, what a choice of stinks here is! what hast thou done, Audrey? fie upon't, here's a choice of stinks indeed! Give me a glass of fresh beer, and then I will to bed.

*Aud.* It waits for you above, sir.

*Dam.* Foh! I think they burn horns in Barnard's Inn.[n] If ever I smelt such an abominable stink, usury forsake me. [*Exit.*

*Aud.* They be the stinking nails of his trampling feet, and he talks of burning of horns. [*Exit.*

## ACT THE FOURTH

### SCENE I

*An Apartment at Cole-Harbour*

*Enter* HOARD, Courtesan, LAMPREY, SPICHCOCK, *and* Gentlemen

1*st Gent.* Join hearts, join hands,
In wedlock's bands,
Never to part
Till death cleave your heart.
[*To* HOARD.] You shall forsake all other women;
[*To* Courtesan.] You lords, knights, gentlemen, and yeomen.
What my tongue slips
Make up with your lips.
*Hoa.* [*Kisses her.*] Give you joy, mistress Hoard; let the kiss come about. [*Knocking.*
Who knocks? Convey my little pig-eater[n] out.
*Luc.* [*Within.*] Hoard!
*Hoa.* Upon my life, my adversary, gentlemen!
*Luc.* [*Within.*] Hoard, open the door, or we will force it ope:
Give us the widow.
*Hoa.* Gentlemen, keep 'em out.
*Lam.* He comes upon his death that enters here.
*Luc.* [*Within.*] My friends, assist me!
*Hoa.* He has assistants, gentlemen.
*Lam.* Tut, nor him nor them we in this action fear.

*Luc.* [*Within.*] Shall I, in peace, speak one word with the widow?

*Cour.* Husband, and gentlemen, hear me but a word.

*Hoa.* Freely, sweet wife.

*Cour.* Let him in peaceably;
You know we're sure from any act of his.

*Hoa.* Most true.

*Cour.* You may stand by and smile at his old weakness:
Let me alone to answer him.

*Hoa.* Content;
'Twill be good mirth, i'faith. How think you, gentlemen?

*Lam.* Good gullery!

*Hoa.* Upon calm conditions let him in.

*Luc.* [*Within.*] All spite and malice!

*Lam.* Hear me, master Lucre:
So you will vow a peaceful entrance
With those your friends, and only exercise
Calm conference with the widow, without fury,
The passage shall receive you.

*Luc.* [*Within.*] I do vow it.

*Lam.* Then enter and talk freely: here she stands.

*Enter* LUCRE, Gentlemen, *and* Host

*Luc.* O, master Hoard, your spite has watch'd the hour!
You're excellent at vengeance, master Hoard.

*Hoa.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Luc.* I am the fool you laugh at:
You are wise, sir, and know the seasons well. —
Come hither, widow: why is it thus?
O, you have done me infinite disgrace,
And your own credit no small injury!
Suffer mine enemy so despitefully
To bear you from my nephew? O, I had
Rather half my substance had been forfeit
And begged by some starv'd rascal!

*Cour.* Why, what would you wish me do, sir?
I must not overthrow my state for love:
We have too many precedents for that;
From thousands of our wealthy undone widows
One may derive some wit. I do confess
I lov'd your nephew, nay, I did affect him
Against the mind and liking of my friends;
Believ'd his promises; lay here in hope
Of flatter'd living, and the boast of lands:
Coming to touch[g] his wealth and state, indeed,
It appears dross; I find him not the man;
Imperfect, mean, scarce furnish'd of his needs:
In words, fair lordships;[g] in performance, hovels:
Can any woman love the thing that is not?
*Luc.* Broke you for this?
*Cour.* Was it not cause too much?
Send to inquire his state: most part of it
Lay two years mortgag'd in his uncle's hands.
*Luc.* Why, say it did, you might have known my mind:
I could have soon restor'd it.
*Cour.* Ay, had I but seen any such thing perform'd,
Why, 'twould have tied my affection, and contain'd
Me in my first desires: do you think, i'faith,
That I could twine such a dry oak as this,
Had promise in your nephew took effect?
*Luc.* Why, and there's no time past; and rather than
My adversary should thus thwart my hopes,
I would —
*Cour.* Tut, you've been ever full of golden speech:
If words were lands, your nephew would be rich.
*Luc.* Widow, believe't, I vow by my best bliss,
Before these gentlemen, I will give in
The mortgage to my nephew instantly,
Before I sleep or eat.
*1st Gent.* [*Friend to* LUCRE.] We'll pawn our credits,
Widow, what he speaks shall be perform'd
In fulness.

*Luc.* Nay, more; I will estate him
In farther blessings; he shall be my heir;
I have no son;
I'll bind myself to that condition.
*Cour.* When I shall hear this done, I shall soon yield
To reasonable terms.
*Luc.* In the mean season,
Will you protest, before these gentlemen,
To keep yourself as you're now at this present?
*Cour.* I do protest, before these gentlemen,
I will be as clear then as I am now.
*Luc.* I do believe you. Here's your own honest servant,
I'll take him along with me.
*Cour.* Ay, with all my heart.
*Luc.* He shall see all perform'd, and bring you word.
*Cour.* That's all I wait for.
*Hoa.* What, have you finish'd, master Lucre? ha, ha, ha, ha!
*Luc.* So laugh, Hoard, laugh at your poor enemy, do;
The wind may turn, you may be laugh'd at too;
Yes, marry, may you, sir. — Ha, ha, ha!
[*Exeunt* LUCRE, Gentlemen, *and* Host.
*Hoa.* Ha, ha, ha! if every man that swells in malice
Could be reveng'd as happily as I,
He would choose hate, and forswear amity. —
What did he say, wife, prithee?
*Cour.* Faith, spoke to ease his mind.
*Hoa.* O, O, O!
*Cour.* You know how little[n] to any purpose.
*Hoa.* True, true, true!
*Cour.* He would do mountains now.
*Hoa.* Ay, ay, ay, ay.
*Lam.* You've struck him dead, master Hoard.
*Spi.* And his nephew desperate.
*Hoa.* I know't, sirs, I.
Never did man so crush his enemy. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

*A Room in* LUCRE'S *House*

*Enter* LUCRE, Gentlemen, *and* Host, *meeting* FREEDOM

*Luc.* My son-in-law, Sam Freedom, where's my nephew?

*Free.* *O man in lamentation*,[n] father.

*Luc.* How!

*Free.* He thumps his breast like a gallant dicer that has lost his doublet,[n] and stands in's shirt to do penance.

*Luc.* Alas, poor gentleman!

*Free.* I warrant you may hear him sigh in a still evening to your house at Highgate.

*Luc.* I prithee send him in.

*Free.* Were it to do a greater matter, I will not stick with you, sir, in regard you married my mother. [*Exit.*

*Luc.* Sweet gentlemen, cheer him up; I will but fetch the mortgage and return to you instantly.

1*st Gent.* We'll do our best, sir. [*Exit* LUCRE.] See where he comes,
E'en joyless and regardless of all form.

*Enter* WITGOOD

2*nd Gent.* Why, how now, master Witgood? Fie! you a firm scholar, and an understanding gentleman, and give your best parts to passion?[g]

1*st Gent.* Come, fie, fie!

*Wit.* O, gentlemen —

1*st Gent.* Sorrow of me, what a sigh was there, sir! Nine such widows are not worth it.

*Wit.* To be borne from me by that lecher Hoard!

1*st Gent.* That vengeance is your uncle's; being done
More in despite to him than wrong to you:
But we bring comfort now.

*Wit.* I beseech you, gentlemen —
*2nd Gent.* Cheer thyself, man; there's hope of her, i'faith.
*Wit.* Too gladsome to be true.

*Re-enter* LUCRE

*Luc.* Nephew, what cheer?
Alas, poor gentleman, how art thou changed!
Call thy fresh blood into thy cheeks again:
She comes.
*Wit.* Nothing afflicts me so much,
But that it is your adversary, uncle,
And merely plotted in despite of you.
*Luc.* Ay, that's it mads me, spites me! I'll spend my wealth ere he shall carry her so, because I know 'tis only to spite me. Ay, this is it. Here, nephew [*Giving a paper.*], before these kind gentlemen, I deliver in your mortgage, my promise to the widow; see, 'tis done: be wise, you're once more master of your own. The widow shall perceive now you are not altogether such a beggar as the world reputes you; you can make shift to bring her to three hundred a year, sir.
*1st Gent.* Byrlady, and that's no toy, sir.
*Luc.* A word, nephew.
*1st Gent.* [*To* Host.] Now you may certify the widow.
*Luc.* You must conceive it aright, nephew, now;
To do you good I am content to do this.
*Wit.* I know it, sir.
*Luc.* But your own conscience can tell I had it
Dearly enough of you.
*Wit.* Ay, that's most certain.
*Luc.* Much money laid out, beside many a journey
To fetch the rent; I hope you'll think on't, nephew.
*Wit.* I were worse than a beast else, i'faith.
*Luc.* Although to blind the widow and the world,
I out of policy do't, yet there's a conscience, nephew.

*Wit.* Heaven forbid else!

*Luc.* When you are full possess'd,
'Tis nothing to return it.

*Wit.* Alas, a thing quickly done, uncle!

*Luc.* Well said! you know I give it you but in trust.

*Wit.* Pray, let me understand you rightly, uncle:
You give it me but in trust?

*Luc.* No.

*Wit.* That is, you trust me with it?

*Luc.* True, true.

*Wit.* [*Aside.*] But if ever I trust you with it again,
Would I might be truss'd up for my labour!

*Luc.* You can all witness, gentlemen; and you, sir yeoman?

*Host.* My life for yours, sir, now, I know my mistress's mind too well toward your nephew; let things be in preparation, and I'll train her hither in most excellent fashion. [*Exit.*

*Luc.* A good old boy! — Wife! Jenny!

*Enter* Mistress LUCRE

*Mis. L.* What's the news, sir?

*Luc.* The wedding-day's at hand: prithee, sweet wife, express thy housewifery; thou'rt a fine cook, I know't; thy first husband married thee out of an alderman's kitchen; go to, he raised thee for raising of paste. What! here's none but friends; most of our beginnings must be winked at. — Gentlemen, I invite you all to my nephew's wedding against Thursday morning.

1*st Gent.* With all our hearts, and we shall joy to see
Your enemy so mock'd.

*Luc.* He laughed at me, gentlemen; ha, ha, ha!
[*Exeunt all but* WITGOOD.

*Wit.* He has no conscience, faith, would laugh at them:
They laugh at one another;
Who then can be so cruel? troth, not I;
I rather pity now, than ought envy:

I do conceive such joy in mine own happiness,
I have no leisure yet to laugh at their follies.
[*To the mortgage.*] Thou soul of my estate, I kiss thee!
I miss life's comfort when I miss thee.
O, never will we part again,
Until I leave the sight of men!
We'll ne'er trust conscience of our kin,
Since cozenage brings that title in. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III

*A Street*

*Enter three* Creditors

1*st Cred.* I'll wait these seven hours but I'll see him caught.

2*nd Cred.* Faith, so will I.

3*rd Cred.* Hang him, prodigal! he's stripped of the widow.

1*st Cred.* A' my troth, she's the wiser; she has made the happier choice: and I wonder of what stuff those widows' hearts are made of, that will marry unfledged boys before comely thrum-chinned[g] gentlemen.

*Enter* Boy

*Boy.* News, news, news! 10

1*st Cred.* What, boy?

*Boy.* The rioter is caught.

1*st Cred.* So, so, so, so! it warms me at the heart; I love a' life to see dogs[g] upon men.
O, here he comes.

*Enter* Sergeants, *with* WITGOOD *in custody*

*Wit.* My last joy was so great, it took away the sense of all future afflictions. What a day is here o'ercast! how soon a black tempest rises!

*1st Cred.* O, we may speak with you now, sir! what's become of your rich widow? I think you may cast your cap at[n] the widow, may you not, sir?

*2nd Cred.* He a rich widow? who, a prodigal, a daily rioter, and a nightly vomiter? he a widow of account? he a hole i' th' counter.[n]

*Wit.* You do well, my masters, to tyrannise over misery, to afflict the afflicted; 'tis a custom you have here amongst you; I would wish you never leave it, and I hope you'll do as I bid you.

*1st Cred.* Come, come, sir, what say you extempore now to your bill of a hundred pound? a sweet debt for froating[g] your doublets.

*2nd Cred.* Here's mine of forty.

*3rd Cred.* Here's mine of fifty.

*Wit.* Pray, sirs, — you'll give me breath?

*1st Cred.* No, sir, we'll keep you out of breath still; then we shall be sure you will not run away from us.

*Wit.* Will you but hear me speak?

*2nd Cred.* You shall pardon us for that, sir; we know you have too fair a tongue of your own; you overcame us too lately, a shame take you! we are like to lose all that for want of witnesses: we dealt in policy then; always when we strive to be most politic we prove most coxcombs: *non plus ultra* I perceive by us, we're not ordained to thrive by wisdom, and therefore we must be content to be tradesmen.

*Wit.* Give me but reasonable time, and I protest I'll make you ample satisfaction.

*1st Cred.* Do you talk of reasonable time to us?

*Wit.* 'Tis true, beasts know no reasonable time.

*2nd Cred.* We must have either money or carcass.[n]

*Wit.* Alas, what good will my carcass do you?

*3rd Cred.* O, 'tis a secret delight we have amongst us! we that are used to keep birds in cages, have the heart to keep men in prison, I warrant you.

*Wit.* [*Aside.*] I perceive I must crave a little more aid

from my wits: do but make shift for me this once, and I'll forswear ever to trouble you in the like fashion hereafter; I'll have better employment for you, an I live. — You'll give me leave, my masters, to make trial of my friends, and raise all means I can?

*1st Cred.* That's our desire, sir.

*Enter* Host

*Host.* Master Witgood.

*Wit.* O, art thou come?

*Host.* May I speak one word with you in private, sir?

*Wit.* No, by my faith, canst thou; I am in hell here, and the devils will not let me come to thee.

*1st Cred.* Do you call us devils? you shall find us puritans.

*2nd Cred.* Bear him away; let 'em talk as they go: we'll not stand to hear 'em.

*3rd Cred.* Ah, sir, am I a devil? I shall think the better of myself as long as I live: a devil, i'faith?

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV

### *A Room in* HOARD'S *House*

*Enter* HOARD

*Hoa.* What a sweet blessing hast thou, master Hoard, above a multitude! wilt thou never be thankful? how dost thou think to be blest another time? or dost thou count this the full measure of thy happiness? by my troth, I think thou dost: not only a wife large in possessions, but spacious in content; she's rich, she's young, she's fair, she's wise: when I wake, I think of her lands — that revives me; when I go to bed, I dream of her beauty — and that's enough for me: she's worth four hundred a year

in her very smock, if a man knew how to use it. But the journey will be all, in troth, into the country; to ride to her lands in state and order following; my brother, and other worshipful gentlemen, whose companies I ha' sent down for already, to ride along with us in their goodly decorum beards, their broad velvet cassocks, and chains of gold twice or thrice double; against which time I'll entertain some ten men of mine own into liveries, all of occupations or qualities; I will not keep an idle man about me: the sight of which will so vex my adversary Lucre — for we'll pass by his door of purpose, make a little stand for the nonce, and have our horses curvet before the window — certainly he will never endure it, but run up and hang himself presently.

*Enter* Servant

How now, sirrah, what news? any that offer their service to me yet?

*Ser.* Yes, sir, there are some i' th' hall that wait for your worship's liking, and desire to be entertained.

*Hoa.* Are they of occupation?

*Ser.* They are men fit for your worship, sir.

*Hoa.* Sayest so? send 'em all in. [*Exit* Servant.] — To see ten men ride after me in watchet[g] liveries, with orange-tawny[g] capes, — 'twill cut his comb, i'faith.

*Enter* Tailor, Barber, Perfumer, Falconer, *and* Huntsman

How now? of what occupation are you, sir?

*Tai.* A tailor, an't please your worship.

*Hoa.* A tailor? O, very good: you shall serve to make all the liveries. — What are you, sir?

*Bar.* A barber, sir.

*Hoa.* A barber? very needful: you shall shave all the house, and, if need require, stand for a reaper i' th' summer time. — You, sir?

*Per.* A perfumer.

*Hoa.* I smelt you before: perfumers, of all men, had need carry themselves uprightly; for if they were once knaves, they would be smelt out quickly. — To you, sir?

*Fal.* A falconer, an't please your worship.

*Hoa.* Sa ho,[n] sa ho, sa ho! — And you, sir?

*Hunt.* A huntsman, sir. 48

*Hoa.* There, boy,[n] there, boy, there, boy! I am not so old but I have pleasant days to come. I promise you, my masters, I take such a good liking to you, that I entertain you all; I put you already into my countenance, and you shall be shortly in my livery; but especially you two, my jolly falconer and my bonny huntsman; we shall have most need of you at my wife's manor-houses i' th' country; there's goodly parks and champion[g] grounds for you; we shall have all our sports within ourselves; all the gentlemen a' th' country shall be beholding to us and our pastimes. 59

*Fal.* And we'll make your worship admire, sir.

*Hoa.* Sayest thou so? do but make me admire, and thou shall want for nothing. — My tailor.

*Tai.* Anon, sir.

*Hoa.* Go presently in hand with the liveries.

*Tai.* I will, sir.

*Hoa.* My barber.

*Bar.* Here, sir.

*Hoa.* Make 'em all trim fellows, louse 'em well, — especially my huntsman, — and cut all their beards of the Polonian fashion.[n] — My perfumer. 70

*Per.* Under your nose, sir.

*Hoa.* Cast a better savour upon the knaves, to take away the scent of my tailor's feet, and my barber's lotium-water.

*Per.* It shall be carefully performed, sir.

*Hoa.* But you, my falconer and huntsman, the welcomest men alive, i'faith!

*Hunt.* And we'll show you that, sir, shall deserve your worship's favour.

*Hoa.* I prithee, show me that. — Go, you knaves all, and wash your lungs i' th' buttery,[g] go. [*Exeunt* Tailor, Barber, *etc.*] — By th' mass, and well remembered! I'll ask my wife that question. — Wife, mistress Jane Hoard!

*Enter* Courtesan, *altered in apparel*

*Cour.* Sir, would you with me?

*Hoa.* I would but know, sweet wife, which might stand best to thy liking, to have the wedding-dinner kept here or i' th' country?

*Cour.* Hum: — faith, sir, 'twould like me better here; here you were married, here let all rites be ended.

*Hoa.* Could a marquesse[g] give a better answer? Hoard, bear thy head aloft, thou'st a wife will advance it.

*Enter* Host *with a letter*

What haste comes here now? yea, a letter? some dreg of my adversary's malice. Come hither; what's the news?

*Host.* A thing that concerns my mistress, sir.

[*Giving a letter to* Courtesan.

*Hoa.* Why then it concerns me, knave.

*Host.* Ay, and you, knave, too (cry your worship mercy): you are both like to come into trouble, I promise you, sir; a pre-contract.[n]

*Hoa.* How? a pre-contract, sayest thou?

*Host.* I fear they have too much proof on't, sir: old Lucre, he runs mad up and down, and will to law as fast as he can; young Witgood laid hold on by his creditors, he exclaims upon you a' tother side, says you have wrought his undoing by the injurious detaining of his contract.

*Hoa.* Body a' me!

*Host.* He will have utmost satisfaction;
The law shall give him recompense, he says.

*Cour.* [*Aside.*] Alas, his creditors so merciless! my state being yet uncertain, I deem it not unconscionable to further him.

*Host.* True, sir.

*Hoa.* Wife, what says that letter? let me construe it.

*Cour.* Curs'd be my rash and unadvised words!
[*Tears the letter and stamps on it.*
I'll set my foot upon my tongue,
And tread my inconsiderate grant to dust.

*Hoa.* Wife —

*Host.* [*Aside.*] A pretty shift, i'faith! I commend a woman when she can make away a letter from her husband handsomely, and this was cleanly done, by my troth.

*Cour.* I did, sir;
Some foolish words I must confess did pass,
Which now litigiously he fastens on me.

*Hoa.* Of what force? let me examine 'em.

*Cour.* Too strong, I fear: would I were well freed of him!

*Hoa.* Shall I compound?[g]

*Cour.* No, sir, I'd have it done some nobler way
Of your side; I'd have you come off with honour;
Let baseness keep with them. Why, have you not
The means, sir? the occasion's offered you.

*Hoa.* Where? how, dear wife?

*Cour.* He is now caught by his creditors; the slave's needy; his debts petty; he'll rather bind himself to all inconveniences than rot in prison; by this only means you may get a release from him: 'tis not yet come to his uncle's hearing; send speedily for the creditors; by this time he's desperate; he'll set his hand to anything: take order for his debts, or discharge 'em quite: a pax on him, let's be rid of a rascal!

*Hoa.* Excellent!
Thou dost astonish me. — Go, run, make haste;
Bring both the creditors and Witgood hither.
*Host.* [*Aside.*] This will be some revenge yet. [*Exit.*
*Hoa.* In the mean space I'll have a release drawn. —
Within there!

*Enter* Servant

*Ser.* Sir?
*Hoa.* Sirrah, come take directions; go to my scrivener.
*Cour.* [*Aside, while* HOARD *gives directions to the* Servant.] I'm yet like those whose riches lie in dreams,
If I be wak'd, they're false; such is my fate,
Who ventures deeper than the desperate state.
Though I have sinn'd, yet could I become new,
For where I once vow, I am ever true.
*Hoa.* Away, despatch, on my displeasure, quickly.
[*Exit* Servant.
Happy occasion! pray heaven he be in the right vein now to set his hand to't, that nothing alter him; grant that all his follies may meet in him at once, to besot him enough! I pray for him, i'faith, and here he comes.

*Enter* WITGOOD *and* Creditors

*Wit.* What would you with me now, my uncle's spiteful adversary?
*Hoa.* Nay, I am friends.
*Wit.* Ay, when your mischief's spent.
*Hoa.* I heard you were arrested.
*Wit.* Well, what then?
You will pay none of my debts, I am sure.
*Hoa.* A wise man cannot tell;
There may be those conditions 'greed upon
May move me to do much.
*Wit.* Ay, when? —
'Tis thou, perjured woman! (O, no name

Is vile enough to match thy treachery !)
That art the cause of my confusion.
*Cour.* Out, you penurious slave !
*Hoa.* Nay, wife, you are too froward;
Let him alone; give losers leave to talk.[n]
*Wit.* Shall I remember thee of another promise
Far stronger than the first ?
*Cour.* I'd fain know that.
*Wit.* 'Twould call shame to thy cheeks.
*Cour.* Shame !
*Wit.* Hark in your ear. — [*They converse apart.*]
Will he come off, think'st thou, and pay my debts roundly ?
*Cour.* Doubt nothing; there's a release a-drawing and all, to which you must set your hand.
*Wit.* Excellent !
*Cour.* But methinks, i'faith, you might have made some shift to discharge this yourself, having in the mortgage, and never have burdened my conscience with it.
*Wit.* A' my troth, I could not, for my creditors' cruelties extend to the present.
*Cour.* No more. —
[*Aloud.*] Why, do your worst for that, I defy you.
*Wit.* You're impudent: I'll call up witnesses.
*Cour.* Call up thy wits, for thou hast been devoted
To follies a long time.
*Hoa.* Wife, you're too bitter. —
Master Witgood, and you, my masters, you shall hear a mild speech come from me now, and this it is: 't has been my fortune, gentlemen, to have an extraordinary blessing poured upon me[n] a' late, and here she stands; I have wedded her, and bedded her, and yet she is little the worse: some foolish words she hath passed to you in the country, and some peevish[g] debts you owe here in the city; set the hare's head to the goose-giblet,[n] release you her of her words, and I'll release you of your debts, sir.

*Wit.* Would you so? I thank you for that, sir; I cannot blame you, i'faith.

*Hoa.* Why, are not debts better than words, sir?

*Wit.* Are not words promises, and are not promises debts, sir?

*Hoa.* [*Aside.*] He plays at back-racket with me.[n]

1*st Cred.* Come hither, master Witgood, come hither; be ruled by fools once.

2*nd Cred.* We are citizens, and know what belongs to't.

1*st Cred.* Take hold of his offer: pax on her, let her go; if your debts were once discharged, I would help you to a widow myself worth ten of her.

3*rd Cred.* Mass, partner, and now you remember me on't, there's master Mulligrub's sister newly fallen a widow.

1*st Cred.* Cuds me, as pat as can be! there's a widow left for you; ten thousand in money, beside plate, jewels, *et cetera:* I warrant it a match; we can do all in all with her; prithee, despatch; we'll carry thee to her presently.

*Wit.* My uncle will ne'er endure me when he shall hear I set my hand to a release.

2*nd Cred.* Hark, I'll tell thee a trick for that: I have spent five hundred pound in suits in my time, I should be wise; thou'rt now a prisoner; make a release; take't of my word, whatsoever a man makes as long as he is in durance, 'tis nothing in law,[n] not thus much.

[*Snaps his fingers.*

*Wit.* Say you so, sir?

3*rd Cred.* I have paid for't, I know't.

*Wit.* Proceed then; I consent.

3*rd Cred.* Why, well said.

*Hoa.* How now, my masters, what have you done with him?

1*st Cred.* With much ado, sir, we have got him to consent.

*Hoa.* Ah—a—a! and what come his debts to now?

1*st Cred.* Some eight score odd pounds, sir.

*Hoa.* Naw, naw, naw, naw, naw! tell me the second time; give me a lighter sum; they are but desperate debts, you know; ne'er called in but upon such an accident; a poor, needy knave, he would starve and rot in prison: come, come, you shall have ten shillings in the pound, and the sum down roundly.

1*st Cred.* You must make it a mark,[n] sir.

*Hoa.* Go to then, tell your money in the meantime; you shall find little less there. [*Giving them money.*] — Come, master Witgood, you are so unwilling to do yourself good now!

*Enter* Scrivener

Welcome, honest scrivener. — Now you shall hear the release read.

*Scri.* [*Reads.*] "Be it known to all men, by these presents, that I, Theodorus Witgood, gentleman, sole nephew to Pecunius Lucre, having unjustly made title and claim to one Jane Medler, late widow of Anthony Medler, and now wife to Walkadine Hoard, in consideration of a competent sum of money to discharge my debts, do for ever hereafter disclaim any title, right, estate, or interest in or to the said widow, late in the occupation of the said Anthony Medler, and now in the occupation of Walkadine Hoard; as also neither to lay claim by virtue of any former contract, grant, promise, or demise, to any of her manors, manor-houses, parks, groves, meadow-grounds, arable lands, barns, stacks, stables, dove-holes, and coney-burrows; together with all her cattle, money, plate, jewels, borders, chains, bracelets, furnitures, hangings, moveables or immoveables. In witness whereof, I the said Theodorus Witgood have interchangeably[g] set to my hand and seal before these presents, the day and date above written."

*Wit.* What a precious fortune hast thou slipped here, like a beast as thou art!

*Hoa.* Come, unwilling heart, come.

*Wit.* Well, master Hoard, give me the pen; I see
'Tis vain to quarrel with our destiny.
[*Signs the paper.*

*Hoa.* O, as vain a thing as can be! you cannot commit a greater absurdity, sir. So, so; give me that hand now; before all these presents, I am friends for ever with thee.

*Wit.* Troth, and it were pity of my heart now, if I should bear you any grudge, i'faith.

*Hoa.* Content: I'll send for thy uncle against the wedding-dinner; we will be friends once again.

*Wit.* I hope to bring it to pass myself, sir.

*Hoa.* How now? is't right, my masters?

1*st Cred.* 'Tis something wanting, sir; yet it shall be sufficient.

*Hoa.* Why, well said; a good conscience makes a fine show now-a-days. Come, my masters, you shall all taste of my wine ere you depart.

*All the Cred.* We follow you, sir.
[*Exeunt* HOARD *and* Scrivener.

*Wit.* [*Aside.*] I'll try these fellows now. — A word, sir: what, will you carry me to that widow now?

1*st Cred.* Why, do you think we were in earnest, i'faith? carry you to a rich widow? we should get much credit by that: a noted rioter! a contemptible prodigal! 'twas a trick we have amongst us to get in our money: fare you well, sir. [*Exeunt* Creditors.

*Wit.* Farewell, and be hanged, you short pig-haired, ram-headed rascals! he that believes in you shall ne'er be saved, I warrant him. By this new league I shall have some access unto my love.

JOYCE *appears above*

*Joyce.* Master Witgood!

*Wit.* My life!

*Joyce.* Meet me presently; that note directs you [*Throws him a letter.*]: I would not be suspected: our happiness attends us: farewell.

*Wit.* A word's enough. [*Exeunt severally.*

## SCENE V

### DAMPIT'S *Bedchamber*

DAMPIT *in bed;* AUDREY *spinning by his side;* Boy

*Aud.* [*Singing.*]
*Let the usurer cram him, in interest that excel,*
*There's pits enow to damn him, before he comes to hell;*
*In Holborn some, in Fleet Street some,*
*Where'er he come there's some, there's some.*

*Dam. Trahe, trahito,* draw the curtain; give me a sip of sack more.

*While he drinks, enter* LAMPREY *and* SPICHCOCK

*Lam.* Look you; did not I tell you he lay like the devil in chains,[n] when he was bound for a thousand year?

*Spi.* But I think the devil had no steel bedstaffs; he goes beyond him for that.

*Lam.* Nay, do but mark the conceit of his drinking; one must wipe his mouth for him with a muckinder,[g] do you see, sir?

*Spi.* Is this the sick trampler? why, he is only bed-rid with drinking.

*Lam.* True, sir. He spies us.

*Dam.* What, Sir Tristram? you come and see a weak man here, a very weak man.

*Lam.* If you be weak in body, you should be strong in prayer, sir.

*Dam.* O, I have prayed too much, poor man!

*Lam.* There's a taste of his soul for you!

*Spi.* Faugh, loathsome!

*Lam.* I come to borrow a hundred pound of you, sir.

*Dam.* Alas, you come at an ill time! I cannot spare it i'faith; I ha' but two thousand i' th' house.

*Aud.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Dam.* Out, you gernative[g] quean, the mullipood[n] of villainy, the spinner of concupiscency!

*Enter* SIR LAUNCELOT *and others*

*Sir L.* Yea, gentlemen, are you here before us? how is he now?

*Lam.* Faith, the same man still: the tavern bitch has bit him i' th' head.[n]

*Sir L.* We shall have the better sport with him: peace. — And how cheers master Dampit now?

*Dam.* O, my bosom Sir Launcelot, how cheer I! thy presence is restorative.

*Sir L.* But I hear a great complaint of you, master Dampit, among gallants.

*Dam.* I am glad of that, i'faith: prithee, what?

*Sir L.* They say you are waxed proud a' late, and if a friend visit you in the afternoon, you'll scarce know him.

*Dam.* Fie, fie; proud? I cannot remember any such thing: sure I was drunk then.

*Sir L.* Think you so, sir?

*Dam.* There 'twas, i'faith; nothing but the pride of the sack; and so certify 'em. — Fetch sack, sirrah.

*Boy.* A vengeance sack you once!

[*Exit, and returns presently with sack.*

*Aud.* Why, master Dampit, if you hold on as you begin, and lie a little longer, you need not take care how to dispose your wealth; you'll make the vintner your heir.

*Dam.* Out, you babliaminy, you unfeathered, cremitoried quean, you cullisance of scabiosity!

*Aud.* Good words, master Dampit, to speak before a maid and a virgin!

*Dam.* Hang thy virginity upon the pole of carnality!

*Aud.* Sweet terms! my mistress shall know 'em.

*Lam.* Note but the misery of this usuring slave: here he lies, like a noisome dunghill, full of the poison of his drunken blasphemies; and they to whom he bequeaths all, grudge him the very meat that feeds him, the very pillow that eases him. Here may a usurer behold his end: what profits it to be a slave in this world, and a devil i' th' next?

*Dam.* Sir Launcelot, let me buss thee, Sir Launcelot; thou art the only friend that I honour and respect.

*Sir L.* I thank you for that, master Dampit.

*Dam.* Farewell, my bosom Sir Launcelot.

*Sir L.* Gentlemen, an you love me, let me step behind you, and one of you fall a talking of me to him.

*Lam.* Content. — Master Dampit —

*Dam.* So, sir.

*Lam.* Here came Sir Launcelot to see you e'en now.

*Dam.* Hang him, rascal!

*Lam.* Who? Sir Launcelot?

*Dam.* Pythagorical rascal![n]

*Lam.* Pythagorical?

*Dam.* Ay, he changes his cloak when he meets a sergeant.

*Sir L.* What a rogue's this!

*Lam.* I wonder you can rail at him, sir; he comes in love to see you.

*Dam.* A louse for his love! his father was a comb-maker; I have no need of his crawling love: he comes to have longer day,[n] the superlative rascal!

*Sir L.* 'Sfoot, I can no longer endure the rogue! — Master Dampit, I come to take my leave once again, sir.

*Dam.* Who? my dear and kind Sir Launcelot, the only gentleman of England? let me hug thee: farewell, and a thousand.[n]

*Lam.* Composed of wrongs and slavish flatteries!

*Sir L.* Nay, gentlemen, he shall show you more tricks yet; I'll give you another taste of him.

*Lam.* Is't possible?

*Sir L.* His memory is upon departing.

*Dam.* Another cup of sack!

*Sir L.* Mass, then 'twill be quite gone! Before he drink that, tell him there's a country client come up, and here attends for his learned advice.

*Lam.* Enough.

*Dam.* One cup more, and then let the bell toll: I hope I shall be weak enough by that time.

*Lam.* Master Dampit —

*Dam.* Is the sack spouting?

*Lam.* 'Tis coming forward, sir. Here's a countryman, a client of yours, waits for your deep and profound advice, sir.

*Dam.* A coxcombry, where is he? let him approach: set me up a peg higher.

*Lam.* [*To* Sir L.] You must draw near, sir.

*Dam.* Now, good man fooliaminy, what say you to me now?

*Sir L.* Please your good worship, I am a poor man, sir —

*Dam.* What make you in my chamber then?

*Sir L.* I would entreat your worship's device in a just and honest cause, sir.

*Dam.* I meddle with no such matters; I refer 'em to master No-man's office.

*Sir L.* I had but one house left me in all the world, sir, which was my father's, my grandfather's, my great-grandfather's, and now a villain has unjustly wrung me out, and took possession on't.

*Dam.* Has he such feats? Thy best course is to bring thy *ejectione firmæ*,[n] and in seven year thou mayst shove him out by the law.

*Sir L.* Alas, an't please your worship, I have small friends and less money!

*Dam.* Hoyday! this gear will fadge well:[n] hast no money? why, then, my advice is, thou must set fire a' th' house, and so get him out.

*Lam.* That will break strife, indeed.

*Sir L.* I thank your worship for your hot counsel, sir. — Altering but my voice a little, you see he knew me not: you may observe by this, that a drunkard's memory holds longer in the voice than in the person. But, gentlemen, shall I show you a sight? Behold the little dive-dapper[g] of damnation, Gulf the usurer, for his time worse than tother.

*Lam.* What's he comes with him?

*Sir L.* Why, Hoard, that married lately the widow Medler.

*Lam.* O, I cry you mercy, sir.

*Enter* HOARD *and* GULF

*Hoa.* Now, gentlemen visitants, how does master Dampit?

*Sir L.* Faith, here he lies, e'en drawing in, sir, good canary as fast as he can, sir; a very weak creature, truly, he is almost past memory.

*Hoa.* Fie, master Dampit! you lie lazing a-bed here, and I come to invite you to my wedding-dinner: up, up, up!

*Dam.* Who's this? master Hoard? who hast thou married, in the name of foolery?

*Hoa.* A rich widow.

*Dam.* A Dutch widow?

*Hoa.* A rich widow; one widow Medler.

*Dam.* Medler? she keeps open house.

*Hoa.* She did, I can tell you, in her tother husband's days; open house for all comers; horse and man was welcome, and room enough for 'em all.

*Dam.* There's too much for thee, then; thou mayst let out some to thy neighbours.

*Gulf.* What, hung alive in chains? O spectacle! bedstaffs of steel? *O monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum!*[n] O Dampit, Dampit, here's a just judgement shown upon usury, extortion, and trampling villainy!

*Sir L.* This is excellent, thief rails upon the thief!

*Gulf.* Is this the end of cut-throat usury, brothel, and blasphemy? now mayst thou see what race a usurer runs.

*Dam.* Why, thou rogue of universality, do not I know thee? thy sound is like the cuckoo, the Welsh ambassador:[n] thou cowardly slave, that offers to fight with a sick man when his weapon's down! rail upon me in my naked bed?[n] why, thou great Lucifer's little vicar! I am not so weak but I know a knave at first sight: thou inconscionable rascal! thou that goest upon Middlesex juries,[n] and wilt make haste to give up thy verdict, because thou wilt not lose thy dinner! Are you answered?

*Gulf.* An't were not for shame — [*Draws his dagger.*

*Dam.* Thou wouldst be hanged then.

*Lam.* Nay, you must exercise patience, master Gulf, always in a sick man's chamber.

*Sir L.* He'll quarrel with none, I warrant you, but those that are bed-rid.

*Dam.* Let him come, gentlemen, I am armed: reach my close-stool hither.

*Sir L.* Here will be a sweet fray anon: I'll leave you, gentlemen.

*Lam.* Nay, we'll go along with you. —Master Gulf—

*Gulf.* Hang him, usuring rascal!

*Sir L.* Push, set your strength to his, your wit to his!

*Aud.* Pray, gentlemen, depart; his hour's come upon him. —Sleep in my bosom, sleep.

*Sir L.* Nay, we have enough of him, i'faith; keep him for the house.

Now make your best:
For thrice his wealth I would not have his breast.

*Gulf.* A little thing would make me beat him now he's asleep.

*Sir L.* Mass, then 'twill be a pitiful day when he wakes: I would be loath to see that day: come.

*Gulf.* You overrule me, gentlemen, i'faith. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT THE FIFTH

### Scene I

*A Room in* Lucre's *House*

*Enter* Lucre *and* Witgood

*Wit.* Nay, uncle, let me prevail with you so much; i'faith, go, now he has invited you.

*Luc.* I shall have great joy there when he has borne away the widow!

*Wit.* Why, la, I thought where I should find you presently: uncle, a' my troth, 'tis nothing so.

*Luc.* What's nothing so, sir? is not he married to the widow?

*Wit.* No, by my troth, is he not, uncle.

*Luc.* How? 10

*Wit.* Will you have the truth on't? he is married to a whore, i'faith.

*Luc.* I should laugh at that.

*Wit.* Uncle, let me perish in your favour if you find it not so; and that 'tis I that have married the honest woman.

*Luc.* Ha! I'd walk ten mile a' foot to see that, i'faith.

*Wit.* And see't you shall, or I'll ne'er see you again.

*Luc.* A quean, i'faith? ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

*A Room in* HOARD'S *House*

*Enter* HOARD, *tasting wine*, Host *following in a livery cloak*

*Hoa.* Pup, pup, pup, pup, I like not this wine: is there never a better tierce in the house?

*Host.* Yes, sir, there are as good tierces in the house as any are in England.

*Hoa.* Desire your mistress, you knave, to taste 'em all over; she has better skill.

*Host.* [*Aside.*] Has she so? the better for her, and the worse for you. [*Exit.*

*Hoa.* Arthur!

*Enter* ARTHUR

Is the cupboard of plate[n] set out?

*Arth.* All's in order, sir. [*Exit.*

*Hoa.* I am in love with my liveries every time I think on 'em; they make a gallant show, by my troth. Niece!

*Enter* JOYCE

*Joyce.* Do you call, sir?

*Hoa.* Prithee, show a little diligence, and overlook the knaves a little; they'll filch and steal to-day, and send whole pasties home to their wives; an thou be'st a good niece, do not see me purloined.

*Joyce.* Fear it not, sir — [*Aside.*] I have cause: though the feast be prepared for you, yet it serves fit for my wedding-dinner too. [*Exit.*

*Enter* LAMPREY *and* SPICHCOCK

*Hoa.* Master Lamprey and master Spichcock, two the most welcome gentlemen alive! your fathers and mine were all free a'[n] th' fishmongers.

*Lam.* They were indeed, sir. You see bold guests, sir; soon entreated.

*Hoa.* And that's best, sir.

*Enter* Servant

How now, sirrah?

*Ser.* There's a coach come to th' door, sir. [*Exit.*

*Hoa.* My Lady Foxtone, a' my life! — Mistress Jane Hoard! wife! — Mass, 'tis her ladyship indeed!

*Enter* Lady FOXTONE

Madame, you are welcome to an unfurnished house, dearth of cheer, scarcity of attendance.

*L. Fox.* You are pleased to make the worst, sir.

*Hoa.* Wife!

*Enter* Courtesan

*L. Fox.* Is this your bride?

*Hoa.* Yes, madam. — Salute my Lady Foxtone.

*Cour.* Please you, madam, awhile to taste the air in the garden?

*L. Fox.* 'Twill please us well.

[*Exeunt* Lady FOXTONE *and* Courtesan.

*Hoa.* Who would not wed? the most delicious life! No joys are like the comforts of a wife.

*Lam.* So we bachelors think, that are not troubled with them.

*Re-enter* Servant

*Ser.* Your worship's brother, with other ancient gentlemen, are newly alighted, sir. [*Exit.*

*Hoa.* Master Onesiphorus Hoard? why, now our company begins to come in.

*Enter* ONESIPHORUS HOARD, LIMBER, *and* KIX

My dear and kind brother, welcome, i'faith.

*O. Hoa.* You see we are men at an hour,[n] brother.

*Hoa.* Ay, I'll say that for you, brother; you keep as good an hour to come to a feast as any gentleman in the shire. — What, old master Limber and master Kix! do we meet, i'faith, jolly gentlemen?

*Lim.* We hope you lack guess,[g] sir?

*Hoa.* O, welcome, welcome! we lack still such guess as your worships.

*O. Hoa.* Ah, sirrah brother, have you catched up widow Medler?

*Hoa.* From 'em all, brother; and I may tell you I had mighty enemies, those that stuck sore; old Lucre is a sore fox, I can tell you, brother.

*O. Hoa.* Where is she? I'll go seek her out: I long to have a smack at her lips.

*Hoa.* And most wishfully, brother, see where she comes.

*Re-enter* Courtesan *and* Lady FOXTONE

Give her a smack now we may hear it all the house over.

[Courtesan *and* O. HOARD *start and turn away.*

*Cour.* O heaven, I am betrayed! I know that face.

*Hoa.* Ha, ha, ha! why, how now? are you both ashamed? — Come, gentlemen, we'll look another way.

*O. Hoa.* Nay, brother, hark you: come, you're disposed to be merry.

*Hoa.* Why do we meet else, man?

*O. Hoa.* That's another matter: I was ne'er so 'fraid in my life but that you had been in earnest.

*Hoa.* How mean you, brother?

*O. Hoa.* You said she was your wife.

*Hoa.* Did I so? by my troth, and so she is.

*O. Hoa.* By your troth, brother?

*Hoa.* What reason have I to dissemble with my friends, brother? if marriage can make her mine, she is mine. Why — [O. HOARD *is about to retire.*

*O. Hoa.* Troth, I am not well of a sudden: I must crave pardon, brother; I came to see you, but I cannot stay dinner, i'faith.

*Hoa.* I hope you will not serve me so, brother?

*Lim.* By your leave, master Hoard —

*Hoa.* What now? what now? pray, gentlemen: — you were wont to show yourselves wise men.

*Lim.* But you have shown your folly too much here.

*Hoa.* How?

*Kix.* Fie, fie! a man of your repute and name!
You'll feast your friends, but cloy 'em first with shame.

*Hoa.* This grows too deep; pray, let us reach the sense.

*Lim.* In your old age doat on a courtesan!

*Hoa.* Ha!

*Kix.* Marry a strumpet!

*Hoa.* Gentlemen!

*O. Hoa.* And Witgood's quean!

*Hoa.* O! nor lands nor living?

*O. Hoa.* Living!

*Hoa.* [*To* Courtesan.] Speak.

*Cour.* Alas, you know, at first, sir,
I told you I had nothing!

*Hoa.* Out, out! I am cheated; infinitely cozened!

*Lim.* Nay, master Hoard —

*Enter* LUCRE, WITGOOD, *and* JOYCE

*Hoa.* A Dutch widow! a Dutch widow! a Dutch widow!

*Luc.* Why, nephew, shall I trace thee still a liar?
Wilt make me mad? is not yon thing the widow?

*Wit.* Why, la, you are so hard a' belief, uncle! by my troth, she's a whore.

*Luc.* Then thou'rt a knave.

*Wit.* *Negatur argumentum*, uncle.

*Luc.* *Probo tibi*, nephew: he that knows a woman to be a quean must needs be a knave; thou sayst thou knowest her to be one; *ergo*, if she be a quean, thou'rt a knave.

*Wit.* *Negatur sequela majoris*,[n] uncle; he that knows a woman to be a quean must needs be a knave; I deny that.

*Hoa.* Lucre and Witgood, you're both villains; get you out of my house!

*Luc.* Why, didst not invite me to thy wedding-dinner?

*Wit.* And are not you and I sworn perpetual friends before witness, sir, and were both drunk upon't?

*Hoa.* Daintily abused! you've put a junt[s] upon me!

*Luc.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Hoa.* A common strumpet!

*Wit.* Nay, now
You wrong her, sir; if I were she, I'd have
The law on you for that; I durst depose for her
She ne'er had common use nor common thought.

*Cour.* Despise me, publish me, I am your wife;
What shame can I have now but you'll have part?
If in disgrace you share, I sought not you;
You pursu'd, nay, forc'd me; had I friends would follow it,
Less than your action has been prov'd a rape.

*O. Hoa.* Brother!

*Cour.* Nor did I ever boast of lands unto you,
Money, or goods; I took a plainer course,
And told you true, I'd nothing:
If error were committed, 'twas by you;
Thank your own folly: nor has my sin been
So odious, but worse has been forgiven;
Nor am I so deform'd, but I may challenge
The utmost power of any old man's love.
She that tastes not sin before, twenty to one but she'll taste it after: most of you old men are content to marry

young virgins, and take that which follows; where, marrying one of us, you both save a sinner and are quit from a cuckold for ever:
And more, in brief, let this your best thoughts win,
She that knows sin, knows best how to hate sin.

*Hoa.* Curs'd be all malice! black are the fruits of spite,
And poison first their owners. O, my friends,
I must embrace shame, to be rid of shame!
Conceal'd disgrace prevents a public name.
Ah, Witgood! ah, Theodorus!

*Wit.* Alas, sir, I was pricked in conscience to see her well bestowed, and where could I bestow her better than upon your pitiful[g] worship? Excepting but myself, I dare swear she's a virgin; and now, by marrying your niece, I have banished myself for ever from her: she's mine aunt now, by my faith, and there's no meddling with mine aunt, you know: a sin against my nuncle.[g]

*Cour.* Lo, gentlemen,[n] before you all [*Kneels.*
In true reclaimed form I fall.
Henceforth for ever I defy
The glances of a sinful eye,
Waving of fans (which some suppose
Tricks of fancy), treading of toes,
Wringing of fingers, biting the lip,[n]
The wanton gait, th' alluring trip;
All secret friends and private meetings,
Close-borne letters and bawds' greetings;
Feigning excuse to women's labours[n]
When we are sent for to th' next neighbour's;
Taking false physic, and ne'er start
To be let blood though sign be at heart;[n]
Removing chambers,[n] shifting beds,
To welcome friends in husbands' steads,
Them to enjoy, and you to marry,
They first serv'd, while you must tarry,
They to spend, and you to gather,
They to get, and you to father:

These, and thousand, thousand more,
New reclaim'd, I now abhor.
*Luc.* [*To* WITGOOD.] Ah, here's a lesson, rioter, for you!
*Wit.* I must confess my follies; I'll down too: [*Kneels.*
And here for ever I disclaim
The cause of youth's undoing, game,
Chiefly dice, those true outlanders,[g]
That shake out beggars, thieves, and panders;
Soul-wasting surfeits, sinful riots,
Queans' evils,[n] doctors' diets,
'Pothecaries' drugs, surgeons' glisters;[g]
Stabbing of arms for a common mistress;
Riband favours, ribald speeches;
Dear perfum'd jackets, penniless breeches;
Dutch flapdragons,[g] healths in urine;
Drabs that keep a man too sure in:
I do defy[g] you all.
Lend me each honest hand, for here I rise
A reclaim'd man, loathing the general vice.
*Hoa.* So, so, all friends! the wedding-dinner cools:
Who seem most crafty prove ofttimes most fools.
[*Exeunt.*

# A FAIR QUARREL

## A FAIR QUARREL

THE play was first printed in 1617, a second edition followed in the same year, and a third in 1622. The addition in the second issue, the amusing but irrelevant roaring scene, indicates that the interpolated scene was fresh enough in the public mind to be called for by readers, and probably implies a date of performance not far in advance of the first publication. This date would then fall in with the reference to saltpetre men in the first scene, — the Earl of Worcester's saltpetre patent was granted 13 March 1616–7, — and with Hobart's decision on duelling, approved by King James 31 December 1616 (*cf.* Introduction, p. 26). A detail of Captain Ager's career (II i, 245) suggests that the main plot was partly based on an incident of some story, perhaps of contemporary life. The sub-plot resembles in part the fifth story of the fourth decade of Cinthio's *Hecatommithi*.

*To the nobly disposed, virtuous, and faithful-breasted*

ROBERT GREY,[n] ESQUIRE,

ONE OF THE GROOMS OF HIS HIGHNESS[n] BED-CHAMBER,

*His poor well-willer wisheth his best wishes, hic et supra.*

WORTHY SIR,

'Tis but a play, and a play is but a butt,[g] against which many shoot many arrows of envy; 'tis the weaker part, and how much more noble shall it be in you to defend it: yet if it be (as some philosophers[n] have left behind 'em), that this megacosm, this great world, is no more than a stage, where every one must act his part, you shall of necessity have many partakers, some long, some short, some indifferent, all some;[n] whilst indeed the players themselves have the least part of it, for I know few that have lands (which are a part of the world), and therefore no grounded[g] men; but howsoever they serve for mutes, happily they must wear good clothes for attendance, yet all have exits, and must all be stripped in the tiring-house[g] (viz. the grave), for none must carry any thing[n] out of the stock.[g] You see, sir, I write as I speak, and I speak as I am, and that's excuse enough for me. I did not mean to write an epistle of praise to you; it looks so like a thing I know you love not, flattery, which you exceedingly hate actively, and unpleasingly accept passively: indeed, I meant to tell you your own, that is, that this child of the Muses is yours: whoever begat it, 'tis laid to your charge, and, for aught I know, you must father and keep it too: if it please you, I hope you shall not be ashamed of it neither, for it has been seen, though I say it, in good companies, and many have said it is a handsome, pretty-spoken infant. Now be your own judge; at your leisure look on it, at your pleasure laugh at it; and if you be sorry it is no better, you may be glad it is no bigger.

Yours ever,

WILLIAM ROWLEY.

## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ*

Russell, Brother of Lady Ager and Father of Jane.
The Colonel.
Captain Ager, Son of Lady Ager.
Friends of the Colonel.
Friends of Captain Ager.
Fitzallen, privately married to Jane.
Chough, a Cornish Gentleman.
Trimtram, his Servant.
Physician.
Surgeon.
Usher of the Roaring School.
Captain Albo, a pander.
Vapour, a tobacco-seller.
Sergeants, Roarers, Servants.

Lady Ager, Mother of the Captain, and Sister of Russell.
Jane, Daughter of Russell, and privately married to Fitzallen.
The Colonel's Sister.
Anne, Sister of the Physician.
Dutch Nurse.
Meg, a bawd.
Priss, a harlot.

Scene — London and its Neighbourhood

# A FAIR QUARREL

## ACT THE FIRST

### SCENE I

*A Court before* RUSSELL'S *House*

*Enter* RUSSELL

*Rus.* It must be all my care; there's all my love,
And that pulls on the tother. Had I been left
In a son behind me, while I had been here
He should have shifted as I did before him,
Liv'd on the freeborn portion of his wit;
But a daughter, and that an only one, — O
We cannot be too careful o' her, too tender!
'Tis such
A brittle niceness, a mere cupboard of glasses,
The least shake breaks or cracks 'em. All my aim is
To cast her upon riches; that's the thing
We rich men call perfection; for the world
Can perfect nought without it: 'tis not neatness,
Either in handsome wit or handsome outside,
With which one gentleman, far in debt, has courted her;
Which boldness he shall rue. He thinks me blind
And ignorant: I've let him play a long time,
Seem'd to believe his worth, which I know nothing:
He may perhaps laugh at my easy confidence,
Which closely I requite upon his fondness,[g]
For this hour snaps him; and before his mistress,

His saint, forsooth, which he inscribes my girl,
He shall be rudely taken and disgrac'd.
The trick will prove an everlasting scarecrow
To fright poor gallants from our rich men's daughters.

*Enter* Lady AGER *and two* Servants

Sister! I've such a joy to make you a welcome of,
Better you never tasted.
*Lady Ager.* Good, sir, spare it not.
*Rus.* Colonel's[n] come, and your son captain Ager.
*Lady Ager.* My son? [*Weeps.*
*Rus.* I know your eye would be first serv'd;
That's the soul's taster still for grief or joy.
*Lady Ager.* O, if a mother's dear suit may prevail with him,
From England he shall never part again!
*Rus.* No question he'll be rul'd, and grant you that.
*Lady Ager.* I'll bring all my desires to that request.
[*Exit with* Servants.
*Rus.* Affectionate sister! she has no daughter now;
It follows all the love must come to him,
And he has a worth deserves it, were it dearer.

*Enter* Friend *of the* Colonel *and* Friend *of* Captain AGER

*Col.'s Fr.* I must give way to't.
*Rus.* [*Aside.*] What's here to question?
*Col.'s Fr.* Compare young captain Ager with the colonel!
*Cap.'s Fr.* Young? why, do you
Make youth stand for an imputation?
That which you now produce for his disgrace
Infers[g] his nobleness, that, being young,
Should have an anger more inclin'd to courage
And moderation than the colonel;

A virtue as rare as chastity in youth;
And let the cause be good — conscience in him,
Which ever crowns his acts, and is indeed
Valour's prosperity — he dares then as much
As ever made him famous that you plead for.
*Col.'s Fr.* Then I forbear too long.
*Cap.'s Fr.* His worth for me! [*They fight.*
*Rus.* [*Aside.*] Here's noble youths! belike some wench has cross'd 'em,
And now they know not what to do with their blood.

*Enter the* Colonel *and* Captain AGER

*Col.* How now?
*Cap. Ager.* Hold, hold! what's the incitement?
*Col.* So serious at your game! come, come, the quarrel?
*Col.'s Fr.* Nothing, good faith, sir.
*Col.* Nothing? and you bleed?
*Col.'s Fr.* Bleed! where? pish, a little scratch by chance, sir.
*Col.* What need this niceness,[g] when you know so well
That I must know these things, and truly know 'em?
Your daintiness makes me but more impatient;
This strange concealment frets me.
*Col.'s Fr.* Words did pass
Which I was bound to answer, as my opinion
And love instructed me;
And should I take in general fame into 'em,[n]
I think I should commit no error in't.
*Col.* What words, sir, and of whom?
*Col.'s Fr.* This gentleman
Parallel'd captain Ager's worth with yours.
*Col.* With mine?
*Col.'s Fr.* It was a thing I could not listen to
With any patience.

*Cap. Ager.* What should ail you, sir?
There was little wrong done to your friend i'that.
*Col.* How? little wrong to me?
*Cap. Ager.* I said so, friend,
And I suppose that you'll esteem it so.
*Col.* Comparisons!
*Cap. Ager.* Why, sir, 'twixt friend and friend
There is so even and level a degree,
It will admit of no superlative.
*Col.* Not in terms of manhood?
*Rus.* [*Coming forward.*] Nay, gentlemen—
*Col.* Good sir, give me leave — in terms of manhood,
What can you dispute more questionable?
You're a captain, sir; I give you all your due.
*Cap. Ager.* And you are a colonel, a title
Which may include within it many captains:
Yet, sir, but throwing by those titular shadows,
Which add no substance to the men themselves,
And take them uncompounded, man and man,
They may be so with fair equality.
*Col.* You're a boy, sir!
*Cap. Ager.* And you have a beard, sir:
Virginity and marriage are both worthy;
And the positive purity there are some
Have made the nobler.
*Col.* How now?
*Rus.* Nay, good sir —
*Cap. Ager.* I shrink not; he that goes the foremost may
Be overtaken.
*Col.* Death, how am I weigh'd!
*Cap. Ager.* In an even balance, sir; a beard put in
Gives but a small advantage: man and man,
And lift the scales.
*Col.* Patience shall be my curse,
If it ride me further! [*They draw their swords.*
*Rus.* How now, gallants?

Believe me then, I must give aim[n] no longer:
Can words beget swords, and bring 'em forth, ha?
Come, they're abortive propagations;
Hide 'em, for shame! I had thought soldiers
Had been musical, would not strike out of time,
But to the consort[g] of drum, trumps, and fife:
'Tis madman-like to dance without music,
And most unpleasing shows to the beholders,
A Lydian ditty to a Doric note.[n]
Friends embrace with steel hands! fie, it meets too hard!
I must have those encounters here debarr'd.
*Col.* Shall I lose here what I have safe brought home
Through many dangers?
*Cap. Ager.* What's that, sir?
*Col.* My fame,
Life of the life, my reputation.
Death! I am squar'd and measur'd out;
My heights, depths, breadth, all my dimensions taken!
Sure I have yet beyond your astrolabe[g]
A spirit unbounded.
*Cap. Ager.* Sir, you might weigh —
*Rus.* Tush!
All this is weighing fire, vain and fruitless:
The further it runs into argument,
The further plung'd; beseech you, no more on't.
I have a little claim, sir, in your blood,
As near as the brother to your mother,
If that may serve for power to move your quiet:
The rest I shall make up with courtesy
And an uncle's love.
*Cap. Ager.* I have done, sir, but —
*Rus.* But? I'll have no more shooting at these butts.
*Col.* We'll to pricks[g] when he please.
*Rus.* You rove[g] all still.
Sir, I have no motive proof to disgest[g]
Your raised choler back into temperate blood;

But if you'll make mine age a counsellor, —
As all ages have hitherto allow'd it,
Wisdom in men grows up as years increase, —
You shall make me blessed in making peace,
And do your judgement right.
*Col.* In peace at home
Grey hairs are senators, but to determine
Soldiers and their actions —

*Enter* FITZALLEN *and* JANE

*Rus.* 'Tis peace here, sir:
And see, here comes a happy interim;
Here enters now a scene of loving arms;
This couple will not quarrel so.
*Col.'s Fr.* Be advis'd, sir;
This gentleman, Fitzallen, is your kinsman;
You may o'erthrow his long-labour'd fortunes
With one angry minute; 'tis a rich churl,
And this his sole inheritrix; blast not
His hopes with this tempest.
*Col.* It shall calm me:
All the town's conjurers and their demons could not
Have laid my spirit so.
*Fitz.* Worthy coz,
I gratulate your fair return to peace!
Your swift fame was at home long before you.
*Col.* It meets, I hope, your happy fortunes here,
And I am glad in't. I must salute your joys, coz,
With a soldier's encounter. [*Kisses* JANE.
*Fitz.* Worthy captain Ager!
I hope, my kinsman shortly.
*Rus.* [*Aside.*] You must come short indeed,
Or the length of my device will be ill-shrunk. —
Why, now it shows finely! I'll tell you, sir, —
Sir? — nay, son, I know, i' the end 'twill be so —

*Fitz.* I hope so, sir.
*Rus.* Hope? nay, 'tis past all hope, son:
Here has been such a stormy encounter 'twixt
My cousin[g] captain and this brave colonel,
About I know not what — nothing indeed —
Competitions, degrees, and comparatives
Of soldiership; but this smooth passage of love
Has calm'd it all. — Come, I will have it sound;
Let me see your hearts combined in your hands,
And then I will believe the league is good:
It shall be the grape's, if we drink any blood.
*Col.* I have no anger, sir.
*Cap. Ager.* I have had none,
My blood has not yet rose to a quarrel;
Nor have you had cause —
*Col.* No cause of quarrel?
Death! if my father should tell me so —
*Rus.* Again?
*Fitz.* Good sir, for my sake —
*Col.* Faith, I have done, coz;
You do too hastily believe mine anger:
And yet, to say diminiting[n] valour
In a soldier is no cause of quarrel —
*Rus.* Nay, then, I'll remove the cause, to kill the effect.
Kinsman, I'll press you to't, if either love
Or consanguinity may move you to't.
I must disarm you; though ye are a soldier,
Pray, grant me your weapon; it shall be safe
[*Takes* Captain AGER'S *sword.*
At your regress from my house. Now I know
No words can move this noble soldier's sword
To a man undefenc'd so: we shall parle,[g]
And safely make all perfect friends again.
*Col.* To show my will, sir, accept mine to you;
[*Gives his sword to* RUSSELL
As good not wear it as not dare to use it.

*Col.'s Fr.* Nay, then, sir, we will be all exampled;
We'll have no arms here now but lovers' arms.
[*Gives his sword to* RUSSELL.
*Cap.'s Fr.* No seconds must begin a quarrel: take mine, sir. [*Gives his sword to* RUSSELL.
*Rus.* Why, la, what a fine sunshine's here! these clouds
My breath has blown into another climate.
I'll be your armourer; they are not pawn'd.
[*Aside.*] These were the fish that I did angle for;
I have caught 'em finely. Now for my trick;
My project's lusty, and will hit the nick.[g]
[*Exit with weapons.*
*Col.* What, is't a match, beauty? I would now have
Alliance with my worthy captain Ager,
To knit our loves the faster: here is witness
Enough, if you confirm it now.
*Jane.* Sir, my voice
Was long since given, since that I gave my hand.[n]
*Col.* Would you had seal'd too!
*Jane.* [*Aside.*] That wish comes too late,
For I too soon fear my delivery. —
My father's hand sticks yet, sir; you may now
Challenge a lawful interest in his:
He took your hand from your enraged blood,
And gave it freely to your opposite,
My cousin Ager: methinks you should claim from him,
In the less quality of calmer blood,
To join the hands of two divided friends,
Even these two that would offer willingly
Their own embrace.
*Cap.'s Fr.* Troth, she instructs you well,
Colonel, and you shall do a lover's part
Worth one brave act of valour.
*Col.* Why, I did
Misdoubt no scruple; is there doubt in it?

*Fitz.* Faith, sir, delays, which at the least are doubts;
But here's a constant resolution fix'd,
Which we wish willingly he would accord to.
*Col.* Tush, he shall do't, I will not be denied;
He owes me so much in the recompense
Of my reconcilement. — Captain Ager,
You will take our parts against your uncle
In this quarrel?
*Cap. Ager.* I shall do my best, sir;
Two denials shall not repulse me: I love
Your worthy kinsman, and wish him mine; I know
He doubts it not.
*Col.* See, he's return'd.

*Re-enter* RUSSELL *with* Servant

*Rus.* Your cue,
Be sure you keep it; 'twill be spoken quickly,
Therefore watch it. [*Exit* Servant.
*Col.* Let's set on him all at once.
*All.* Sir, we have a suit to you.
*Rus.* What, all at once?
*All.* All, all, i'faith, sir.
*Rus.* One speaker may yet deliver: say, say;
I shall not dare to stand out 'gainst so many.
*Col.* Faith, sir, here's a brabbling[g] matter hangs on demur;
I make the motion for all without a fee;
Pray you, let it be ended this term.
*Rus.* Ha, ha, ha! —
[*Aside.*] That is the rascal's cue, and he has miss'd it. —
What is't, what is't, sir?
*Col.* Why, sir, here's a man
And here's a woman — you're scholar good enough —
Put 'em together, and tell me what it spells?
*Rus.* Ha, ha, ha! —
[*Aside.*] There's his cue once again:

*Re-enter* Servant

O, he's come — humph!

*Ser.* [*Aside.*] My master laughs; that is his cue to mischief.

*Col.* What say you, sir?

*Ser.* Sir —

*Rus.* Ha! what say you, sir?

*Ser.* Sir, there's a couple desire speedily to speak with you.

*Rus.* A couple, sir, of what? hounds or horses?

*Ser.* Men, sir; gentlemen or yeomen, I know not which,
But the one, sure, they are.

*Rus.* Hast thou no other description of them?

*Ser.* They come with commission, they say, sir, to taste of your earth; if they like it, they'll turn it into gunpowder.

*Rus.* O, they are saltpetre men[n] — before me,[n]
And they bring commission, the king's power indeed!
They must have entrance: but the knaves will be brib'd;
There's all the hope we have in officers;
They were too dangerous in a commonwealth,
But that they will be very well corrupted;
Necessary varlets.

*Ser.* Shall I enter in,[n] sir?

*Rus.* By all fair means, sir,
And with all speed, sir: give 'em very good words,
To save my ground unravish'd, unbroke up:
Mine's yet [*Exit* Servant.
A virgin earth; the worm hath not been seen
To wriggle in her chaste bowels, and I'd be loath
A gunpowder fellow should deflower her now.

*Col.* Our suit is yet delay'd by this means, sir.

*Rus.* Alas! I cannot help it! these fellows gone
As I hope I shall despatch 'em quickly,
A few articles shall conclude your suit:

Who? master Fitzallen? the only man
That my adoption aims at.
*Col.* There's good hope then.

*Enter two* Sergeants *in disguise*

*1st Serg.* Save you, sir.
*Rus.* You are welcome, sir, for aught I know yet.
*2nd Serg.* We come to take a view and taste of your ground, sir.
*Rus.* I'd rather feed you with better meat, gentlemen;
But do your pleasures, pray.
*1st Serg.* This is our pleasures: — We arrest you, sir,
In the king's name. [*They arrest* FITZALLEN.
*Fitz.* Ha! at whose suit?
*Rus.* How's that?
*Col.* Our weapons, good sir, furnish us!
*Jane.* Ay me!
*Rus.* Stay, stay, gentlemen, let's inquire the cause:
It may be but a trifle; a small debt
Shall need no rescue[n] here.
*2nd Serg.* Sir, betwixt three creditors, master Leach, master Swallow, and master Bonesuck, the debts are a thousand pounds.
*Rus.* A thousand pounds! beshrew me, a good man's substance!
*Col.* Good sir, our weapons! we'll teach these varlets to walk
In their own parti-colour'd coats,[n] that they
May be distinguished[n] from honest men.
*1st Serg.* Sir, attempt no rescue; he's our prisoner:
You'll make the danger worse by violence.
*Col.* A plague upon your gunpowder-treason,
Ye quick-damn'd varlets! is this your saltpetre-proving,
Your tasting earth? would you might ne'er feed better,

Nor none of your catchpoll[g] tribe! — Our weapons, good sir!
We'll yet deliver him.
*Rus.* Pardon me, sir;
I dare not suffer rescue here,
At least not by so great an accessary[g]
As to furnish you: had you had your weapons —
But to see the ill fate on't! — [*Aside.*] My fine trick, i'faith!
Let beggars beware to love rich men's daughters:
I'll teach 'em the new morrice;[g] I learnt it myself
Of another careful father.
*Fitz.* May I not be bail'd?
*2nd Serg.* Yes, but not with swords.
*Col.* Slaves, here are sufficient men!
*1st Serg.* Ay, i' the field,
But not in the city. — Sir, if this gentleman
Will be one, we'll easily admit the second.
*Rus.* Who, I? sir, pray, pardon me: I am wrong'd,
Very much wrong'd in this; I must needs speak it. —
Sir, you have not dealt like an honest lover
With me nor my child: here you boast to me
Of a great revenue, a large substance,
Wherein you would endow and state[g] my daughter:
Had I miss'd this, my opinion yet
Thought you a frugal man, to understand
The sure wards against all necessities;
Boldly to defend your wife and family,
To walk unmuffled, dreadless of these flesh-hooks,
Even in the daring'st streets[n] through all the city;
But now I find you a loose prodigal,
A large unthrift: a whole thousand pound!
Come from him, girl, his inside is not sound.
*Fitz.* Sir, I am wrong'd; these are malicious plots
Of some obscure enemies that I have;
These debts are none of mine.
*Rus.* Ay, all say so:

Perhaps you stand engag'd for other men;
If so you do, you must then call't your own:
The like arrearage do I run into,
Should I bail you; but I have vow'd against it,
And I will keep my vows; that is religious.[n]
*Fitz.* All this is nothing so, sir.
*Rus.* Nothing so?
By my faith, 'tis, sir; my vows are firm.
*Fitz.* I neither
Owe these debts, nor am engag'd for others.
*Rus.* The easier is your liberty regain'd:
These appear proofs to me.
*Col.* Liberty, sir?
I hope you will not see him go to prison.
*Rus.* I do not mean to bear him company
So far, but I will see him out of my doors:
O, sir, let him go to prison! 'tis a school
To tame wild bloods, he'll be much better for't.
*Col.* Better for lying in prison?
*Rus.* In prison; believe it,
Many an honest man lies in prison, else all
The keepers are knaves; they told me so themselves.
*Col.* Sir, I do now suspect you have betray'd him
And us, to cause us to be weaponless:
If it be so, you're a blood-sucking churl,
One that was born in a great frost,[n] when charity
Could not stir a finger; and you shall die
In heat of a burning fever i' the dog-days,
To begin your hell to you: I've said your grace for you;
Now get you to supper as soon as you can;
Pluto, the master of the house, is set already.
*Cap. Ager.* Sir, you do wrong mine uncle.
*Col.* Pox on your uncle
And all his kin! if my kinsman mingle
No blood with him.
*Cap. Ager.* You are a foul-mouth'd fellow!

*Col.* Foul-mouth'd I will be — thou'rt the son of a whore!

*Cap. Ager.* Ha! whore? plagues and furies! I'll thrust that back,
Or pluck thy heart out after! — son of a whore?

*Col.* On thy life I'll prove it.

*Cap. Ager.* Death, I am naked![g] —
Uncle, I'll give you my left hand for my sword
To arm my right with — O, this fire will flame me
Into present ashes!

*Col.* Sir, give us weapons;
We ask our own; you will not rob us of them?

*Rus.* No, sir, but still restrain your furies here:
At my door I'll give you them, nor at this time
My nephew's; a time will better suit you:
And I must tell you, sir, you have spoke swords,[n]
And 'gainst the law of arms, poison'd the blades,
And with them wounded the reputation
Of an unblemish'd woman: would you were out of my doors!

*Col.* Pox on your doors, and let it run all your house o'er!
Give me my sword!

*Cap. Ager.* We shall meet, colonel?

*Col.* Yes, better provided: to spur thee more,
I do repeat my words — son of a whore!

[*Exit with his* Friend.

*Cap.'s Fr.* Come, sir: 'tis no worse than it was; you can
Do nothing now. [*Exit with* Captain AGER.

*Rus.* No, I'll bar him now. — Away with that beggar!

[*Exit.*

*Jane.* Good sir,
Let this persuade you for two minutes' stay:
At this price, I know, you can wait all day. [*Giving money.*

1*st Serg.* You know the remora[g] that stays our ship always.

*Jane.* Your ship sinks many when this hold lets go. —
O my Fitzallen! what is to be done?
*Fitz.* To be still thine is all my part to be,
Whether in freedom or captivity.
*Jane.* But art thou so engag'd as this pretends?
*Fitz.* By heaven, sweet Jane, 'tis all a hellish plot.
Your cruel-smiling father all this while
Has candied o'er a bitter pill for me;
Thinking by my remove to plant some other,
And then let go his fangs.
*Jane.* Plant some other?
Thou hast too firmly stamp'd me for thine own,
Ever to be ras'd out: I am not current
In any other's hand; I fear too soon
I shall discover it.
*Fitz.* Let come the worst;
Bind but this knot with an unloosed[g] line,
I will be still thine own.
*Jane.* And I'll be thine.
1*st Serg.* My watch has gone two minutes, master.
*Fitz.* It shall not be renew'd; I go, sir. — Farewell!
*Jane.* Farewell! we both are prison'd, though not together;
But here's the difference in our luckless chance,
I fear mine own, wish thy deliverance.
*Fitz.* Our hearts shall hourly visit: I'll send to thee;
Then 'tis no prison where the mind is free.[n]
[*Exit with* Sergeants

*Re-enter* RUSSELL

*Rus.* So, let him go! — Now, wench, I bring thee joys
A fair sunshine after this angry storm.
It was my policy to remove this beggar:
What? shall rich men wed their only daughters
To two fair suits of clothes, and perhaps yet
The poor tailor is unpaid? no, no, my girl,

I have a lad of thousands coming in:
Suppose he have more wealth than wit to guide it,
Why, there's thy gains; thou keep'st the keys of all,
Disposest all; and for generation,
Man does most seldom stamp 'em from the brain;
Wise men beget fools, and fools are the fathers
To many wise children; *hysteron proteron*,[g]
A great scholar may beget an idiot,
And from the plough-tail[g] may come a great scholar;
Nay, they are frequent propagations.
*Jane.* I am not well, sir.
*Rus.* Ha! not well, my girl?
Thou shalt have a physician then,
The best that gold can fetch upon his foot-cloth,[g]
Thou know'st my tender pity to thee ever;
Want nothing that thy wishes can instruct thee
To call for, — 'fore me, and thou look'st half-ill indeed!
But I'll bring one[n] within a day to thee
Shall rouse thee up, for he's come up already;
One master Chough,[n] a Cornish gentleman;
Has as much land of his own fee-simple
As a crow can fly over in half a day:
And now I think on't, at the Crow at Aldgate[n]
His lodging is: — he shall so stir thee up! —
Come, come, be cheer'd! think of thy preferment:
Honour and attendance, these will bring thee health;
And the way to 'em is to climb by wealth. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT THE SECOND

### SCENE I

*A Room in* Lady AGER'S *House*

*Enter* Captain AGER

*Cap. Ager.* The son of a whore!
There is not such another murdering-piece[g]
In all the stock of calumny; it kills
At one report two reputations,
A mother's and a son's. If it were possible
That souls could fight after the bodies fell,
This was a quarrel for 'em; he should be one, indeed,
That never heard of heaven's joys or hell's torments,
To fight this out: I am too full of conscience,[n]
Knowledge, and patience, to give justice to't;
So careful of my eternity,[n] which consists
Of upright actions, that unless I knew
It were a truth I stood for, any coward
Might make my breast his foot-pace:[g] and who lives
That can assure the truth of his conception,
More than a mother's carriage makes it hopeful?
And is't not miserable valour then,
That man should hazard all upon things doubtful?
O, there's the cruelty of my foe's advantage!
Could but my soul resolve my cause were just,
Earth's mountain nor sea's surge should hide him from me!
E'en to hell's threshold would I follow him,
And see the slanderer in before I left him!
But as it is, it fears[g] me; and I never

Appear'd too conscionably just till now.
My good opinion of her life and virtues
Bids me go on, and fain would I be rul'd by't;
But when my judgement tells me she's but woman,
Whose frailty let in death to all mankind,
My valour shrinks at that. Certain, she's good;
There only wants but my assurance in't,
And all things then were perfect: how I thirst for't!
Here comes the only she that could resolve[g] —
But 'tis too vile a question to demand indeed.

*Enter* Lady AGER

*Lady Ager.* Son, I've a suit to you.
*Cap. Ager.* [*Aside.*] That may do well. —
To me, good madam? you're most sure to speed in't,
Be't i' my power to grant it.
*Lady Ager.* 'Tis my love
Makes the request, that you would never part
From England more.
*Cap. Ager.* With all my heart 'tis granted! —
[*Aside.*] I'm sure I'm i' the way never to part from't.
*Lady Ager.* Where left you your dear friend the colonel?
*Cap. Ager.* O, the dear colonel, — I should meet him soon.
*Lady Ager.* O, fail him not then! he's a gentleman
The fame and reputation of your time
Is much engag'd to.
*Cap. Ager.* Yes, and you knew all, mother.
*Lady Ager.* I thought I'd known so much of his fair goodness,
More could not have been look'd for.
*Cap. Ager.* O, yes, yes, madam,
And this his last exceeded all the rest.
*Lady Ager.* For gratitude's sake, let me know this, I prithee!

*Cap. Ager.* Then thus; and I desire your censure[g] freely,
Whether it appear'd not a strange noble kindness in him.
*Lady Ager.* Trust me, I long to hear't.
*Cap. Ager.* You know he's hasty, —
That by the way.
*Lady Ager.* So are the best conditions;[g]
Your father was the like.
*Capt. Ager.* [*Aside.*] I begin now
To doubt me more: why am not I so too then?
Blood follows blood through forty generations,
And I've a slow-pac'd wrath — a shrewd dilemma!
*Lady Ager.* Well, as you were saying, sir —
*Cap. Ager.* Marry, thus, good madam:
There was in company a foul-mouth'd villain —
Stay, stay,
Who should I liken him to that you have seen?
He comes so near one that I would not match him with;
Faith, just a' the colonel's pitch,[g] he's ne'er the worse man;
Usurers have been compar'd to magistrates,
Extortioners to lawyers, and the like;
But they all prove ne'er the worse men for that.
*Lady Ager.* That's bad enough; they need not.
*Cap. Ager.* This rude fellow,
A shame to all humanity or manners,
Breathes from the rottenness of his gall and malice
The foulest stain that ever man's fame blemish'd;
Part of which fell upon your honour, madam,
Which heighten'd my affliction.
*Lady Ager.* Mine? my honour, sir?
*Cap. Ager.* The colonel, soon enrag'd, as he's all touchwood,
Takes fire before me, makes the quarrel his,
Appoints the field; my wrath could not be heard,
His was so high-pitch'd, so gloriously mounted.

Now, what's the friendly fear that fights within me,
Should his brave noble fury undertake
A cause that were unjust in our defence,
And so to lose him everlastingly
In that dark depth where all bad quarrels sink
Never to rise again, what pity 'twere
First to die here, and never to die there!
*Lady Ager.* Why, what's the quarrel — speak, sir — that should raise
Such fearful doubt, my honour bearing part on't? —
The words, whate'er they were.
*Cap. Ager.* Son of a whore!
*Lady Ager.* Thou liest! [*Strikes him.*
And were my love ten thousand times more to thee,
Which is as much now as e'er mother's was,
So thou should'st feel my anger. Dost thou call
That quarrel doubtful? where are all my merits?
Not one stand up to tell this man his error?
Thou might'st as well bring the sun's truth in question
As thy birth or my honour!
*Cap. Ager.* Now blessings crown you for't!
It is the joyfull'st blow that e'er flesh felt.
*Lady Ager.* Nay, stay, stay, sir; thou art not left[g] so soon:
This is no question to be slighted off,
And at your pleasure clos'd up fair again,
As though you'd never touch'd it: no, honour doubted
Is honour deeply wounded; and it rages
More than a common smart, being of thy making;
For thee to fear my truth, it kills my comfort:
Where should fame seek for her reward, when he
That is her own by the great tie of blood
Is farthest off in bounty? O poor goodness!
That only pay'st thyself with thy own works,
For nothing else look towards thee. Tell me, pray,
Which of my loving cares dost thou requite
With this vild[g] thought, which of my prayers or wishes?

Many thou ow'st me for: this seven year hast thou known me
A widow, only married to my vow;
That's no small witness of my faith and love
To him that in life was thy honour'd father;
And live I now to know that good mistrusted?
*Cap. Ager.* No; 't shall appear that my belief is cheerful,
For never was a mother's reputation
Noblier defended: 'tis my joy and pride
I have a firm faith to bestow upon it.
*Lady Ager.* What's that you said, sir?
*Cap. Ager.* 'Twere too bold and soon yet
To crave forgiveness of you: I'll earn it first:
Dead or alive I know I shall enjoy it.
*Lady Ager.* What's all this, sir?
*Cap. Ager.* My joy's beyond expression!
I do but think how wretched I had been
Were this another's quarrel, and not mine.
*Lady Ager.* Why, is it yours?
*Cap. Ager.* Mine? think me not so miserable,
Not to be mine; then were I worse than abject,
More to be loath'd than vileness or sin's dunghill:
Nor did I fear your goodness, faithful madam,
But come with greedy joy to be confirm'd in't,
To give the nobler onset. Then shines valour,
And admiration from her fix'd sphere draws,
When it[n] comes burnish'd with a righteous cause;
Without which I'm ten fathoms under coward,
That now am ten degrees above a man,
Which is but one of virtue's easiest wonders.
*Lady Ager.* But, pray, stay; all this while I understand you
The colonel was the man.
*Cap. Ager.* Yes, he's the man,
The man of injury, reproach, and slander,
Which I must turn into his soul again.

*Lady Ager.* The colonel do't? that's strange!
*Cap. Ager.* The villain did it;
That's not so strange: — your blessing and your leave.
*Lady Ager.* Come, come, you shall not go!
*Cap. Ager.* Not go! Were death
Sent now to summon me to my eternity,
I'd put him off an hour; why, the whole world
Has not chains strong enough to bind me from't:
The strongest is my reverence to you
Which if you force upon me in this case,
I must be forc'd to break it.
*Lady Ager.* Stay, I say!
*Cap. Ager.* In anything command me but in this, madam.
*Lady Ager.* 'Las, I shall lose him! — You will hear me first?
*Cap. Ager.* At my return I will.
*Lady Ager.* You'll never hear me more, then.
*Cap. Ager.* How?
*Lady Ager.* Come back, I say!
You may well think there's cause I call so often.
*Cap. Ager.* Ha, cause! what cause?
*Lady Ager.* So much, you must not go.
*Cap. Ager.* How?
*Lady Ager.* You must not go.
*Cap. Ager.* Must not! why?
*Lady Ager.* I know a reason for't,
Which I could wish you'd yield to, and not know;
If not, it must come forth: faith, do not know,
And yet obey my will.
*Cap. Ager.* Why, I desire
To know no other than the cause I have,
Nor should you wish it, if you take your injury;
For one more great I know the world includes not.
*Lady Ager.* Yes, one that makes this nothing: yet be rul'd,
And if you understand not, seek no further.

*Cap. Ager.* I must; for this is nothing.
*Lady Ager.* Then take all;
And if amongst it you receive that secret
That will offend you, though you condemn me,
Yet blame yourself a little; for, perhaps,
I would have made my reputation sound
Upon another's hazard with less pity;
But upon yours I dare not.
*Cap. Ager.* How?
*Lady Ager.* I dare not:
'Twas your own seeking this.
*Cap. Ager.* If you mean evilly,
I cannot understand you; nor for all the riches
This life has, would I.
*Lady Ager.* Would you never might!
*Cap. Ager.* Why, your goodness that I joy to fight for —
*Lady Ager.* In that you neither right your joy nor me.
*Cap. Ager.* What an ill orator has virtue got here!
Why, shall I dare to think it a thing possible
That you were ever false?
*Lady Ager.* O, fearfully!
As much as you come to.
*Cap. Ager.* O silence, cover me!
I've felt a deadlier wound than man can give me.
False!
*Lady Ager.* I was betray'd to a most sinful hour
By a corrupted soul I put in trust once,
A kinswoman.
*Cap. Ager.* Where is she? let me pay her!
*Lady Ager.* O, dead long since!
*Cap. Ager.* Nay, then, sh'as all her wages.
False! do not say't, for honour's goodness, do not!
You never could be so. He I call'd father
Deserv'd you at your best, when youth and merit
Could boast at highest in you; y'had no grace
Or virtue that he match'd not, no delight

That you invented but he sent it crown'd
To your full-wishing soul.
*Lady Ager.* That heaps my guiltiness.
*Cap. Ager.* O, were you so unhappy to be false
Both to yourself and me? but to me chiefly.
What a day's hope is here lost! and with it
The joys of a just cause! Had you but thought
On such a noble quarrel, you'd ha' died
Ere you'd ha' yielded; for the sin's hate first,
Next for the shame of this hour's cowardice.
Curs'd be the heat that lost me such a cause,
A work that I was made for! Quench, my spirit,
And out with honour's flaming lights within thee!
Be dark and dead to all respects of manhood!
I never shall have use of valour more.
Put off your vow for shame! why should you hoard up
Such justice for a barren widowhood,
That was so injurious to the faith of wedlock?
[*Exit* Lady AGER.
I should be dead, for all my life's work's ended;
I dare not fight a stroke now, nor engage
The noble resolution of my friends:

*Enter two* Friends *of* Captain AGER

That were more vild. — [*Aside.*] They're here: kill me, my shame!
I am not for the fellowship of honour.
*1st Fr.* Captain! fie, come, sir! we've been seeking for you
Very late to-day; this was not wont to be:
Your enemy's i' the field.
*Cap. Ager.* Truth enters cheerfully.
*2nd Fr.* Good faith, sir, you've a royal quarrel on't.
*Cap. Ager.* Yes, in some other country, Spain or Italy,
It would be held so.

*1st Fr.* How? and is't not here so?
*Cap. Ager.* 'Tis not so contumeliously receiv'd
In these parts, and you mark it.
*1st Fr.* Not in these?
Why, prithee, what is more, or can be?
*Cap. Ager.* Yes;
That ordinary commotioner, the lie,
Is father of most quarrels in this climate,
And held here capital, and you go to that.
*2nd Fr.* But, sir, I hope you will not go to that,
Or change your own[n] for it: son of a whore!
Why, there's the lie down to posterity,
The lie to birth, the lie to honesty.
Why would you cozen yourself so, and beguile
So brave a cause, manhood's best masterpiece?
Do you e'er hope for one so brave again?
*Cap. Ager.* Consider then the man, the colonel,
Exactly worthy, absolutely noble,
However spleen and rage abuses him;
And 'tis not well or manly to pursue
A man's infirmity.
*1st Fr.* O miracle!
So hopeful, valiant, and complete a captain
Possess'd with a tame devil! Come out![n] thou spoilest
The most improv'd young soldier of seven kingdoms;
Made captain at nineteen; which was deserv'd
The year before, but honour comes behind still:
Come out, I say! This was not wont to be;
That spirit ne'er stood in need of provocation,
Nor shall it now: away, sir!
*Cap. Ager.* Urge me not.
*1st Fr.* By manhood's reverend honour, but we must!
*Cap. Ager.* I will not fight a stroke.
*1st Fr.* O blasphemy
To sacred valour!
*Cap. Ager.* Lead me where you list.

*1st Fr.* Pardon this traitorous slumber, clogg'd with evils:
Give captains rather wives than such tame devils!
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

*A Room in* RUSSELL'S *House*

*Enter* Physician *and* JANE

*Phy.* Nay, mistress, you must not be cover'd[g] to me;
The patient must ope to the physician
All her dearest sorrows: art is blinded else,
And cannot show her mystical effects.
*Jane.* Can art be so dim-sighted, learned sir?
I did not think her so incapacious.[g]
You train[g] me, as I guess, like a conjuror,
One of our fine oraculous wizards,[n]
Who, from the help of his examinant,[g]
By the near guess of his suspicion,
Points out the thief by the marks he tells him.
Have you no skill in physiognomy?
What colour, says your coat, is my disease?
I am unmarried, and it cannot be yellow;[n]
If it be maiden-green, you cannot miss it.
*Phy.* I cannot see that vacuum[g] in your blood:
But, gentlewoman, if you love yourself,
Love my advice; be free and plain with me:
Where lies your grief?
*Jane.* Where lies my grief indeed?
I cannot tell the truth, where my grief lies,
But my joy is imprison'd.
*Phy.* This is mystical!
*Jane.* Lord, what plain questions you make problems of!
Your art is such a regular highway,

That put you out of it, and you are lost:
My heart's imprison'd in my body, sir;
There is all my joy; and my sorrow too
Lies very near it.
*Phy.* They are bad adjuncts;
Your joy and grief, lying so near together,
Can propagate no happy issue: remove
The one, and let it be the worst — your grief —
If you'll propose the best unto your joy.
*Jane.* Why, now comes your skill: what physic for it?
*Phy.* Now I have found you out; you are in love.
*Jane.* I think I am: what's your appliance now?
Can all your Paracelsian mixtures[n] cure it?
'T must be a surgeon of the civil law,
I fear, that must cure me.
*Phy.* Gentlewoman,
If you knew well my heart, you would not be
So circular;[g] the very common name
Of physician might reprove your niceness;[g]
We are as secret as your confessors,
And as firm obliged; 'tis a fine like death[n]
For us to blab.
*Jane.* I will trust you; yet, sir,
I'd rather do it by attorney to you;
I else have blushes that will stop my tongue:
Have you no friend so friendly as yourself,
Of mine own sex, to whom I might impart
My sorrows to you at the second hand?
*Phy.* Why, la, there I hit you! and be confirm'd
I'll give you such a bosom-counsellor,
That your own tongue shall be sooner false to you.
Make yourself unready,[g] and be naked to her;
I'll fetch her presently. [*Exit.*
*Jane.* I must reveal;
My shame will else take tongue, and speak before me;
'Tis a necessity impulsive drives me.
O my hard fate, but my more hard father,

That father of my fate! — a father, said I?
What a strange paradox I run into!
I must accuse two fathers of my fate
And fault, a reciprocal generation:
The father of my fault would have repair'd
His faulty issue, but my fate's father hinders it:
Then fate and fault, wherever I begin,
I must blame both, and yet 'twas love did sin.

*Re-enter* Physician *with* ANNE

*Phy.* Look you, mistress, here's your closet; put in
What you please, you ever keep the key of it.
*Jane.* Let me speak private, sir.
*Phy.* With all my heart;
I will be more than mine ear's length from you. [*Retires.*
*Jane.* You hold some endear'd place with this gentleman?
*Anne.* He is my brother, forsooth, I his creature;
He does command me any lawful office,
Either in act or counsel.
*Jane.* I must not doubt you;
Your brother has protested secrecy,
And strengthen'd me in you: I must lay ope
A guilty sorrow to you; I'm with child.
'Tis no black swan[n] I show you; these spots stick
Upon the face of many go for maids:
I that had face enough to do the deed,
Cannot want tongue to speak it; but 'tis to you,
Whom I accept my helper.
*Anne.* Mistress, 'tis lock'd
Within a castle that's invincible:
It is too late to wish it were undone.
*Jane.* I've scarce a wish within myself so strong,
For, understand me, 'tis not all so ill
As you may yet conceit[n] it: this deed was done
When heaven had witness to the jugal[g] knot;

Only the barren ceremony wants,
Which by an adverse father is abridg'd.
*Anne.* Would my pity could help you!
*Jane.* Your counsel may,
My father yet shoots widest from my sorrow,
And, with a care indulgent, seeing me chang'd
From what I was, sends for your good brother
To find my grief, and practise remedy:
You know it, give it him: but if a fourth
Be added to this counsel, I will say
Ye're worse than you can call me at the worst,
At this advantage of my reputation.
*Anne.* I will revive a reputation
That women long has lost; I will keep counsel:
I'll only now oblige my teeth to you,
And they shall bite the blabber, if it offer
To breathe on an offending syllable.
*Jane.* I trust you; go, whisper.[n] Here comes my father.

*Enter* RUSSELL, CHOUGH, *and* TRIMTRAM

*Rus.* Sir, you are welcome, more, and most welcome,
All the degrees of welcome; thrice welcome, sir.
*Chough.* Is this your daughter, sir?
*Rus.* Mine only joy, sir.
*Chough.* I'll show her the Cornish hug,[n] sir. [*Embraces her.*] I have kissed you now, sweetheart, and I never do any kindness to my friends but I use to hit 'em in the teeth with it presently.
*Trim.* My name is Trimtram, forsooth; look, what my master does, I use to do the like.[n]
[*Attempts to kiss* ANNE.
*Anne.* You are deceived, sir; I am not this gentlewoman's servant, to make your courtesy equal.
*Chough.* You do not know me, mistress?

*Jane.* No, indeed. — [*Aside.*] I doubt I shall learn too soon.

*Chough.* My name is Chough, a Cornish gentleman; my man's mine own countryman too, i'faith: I warrant you took us for some of the small islanders.

*Jane.* I did indeed, between the Scotch and Irish.

*Chough.* Red-shanks?[n] I thought so, by my truth: no, truly,
We are right Cornish diamonds.[n]

*Trim.* Yes, we cut
Out[n] quarrels[g] and break glasses where we go.

*Phy.* [*To* ANNE.] If it be hidden from her father, yet
His ignorance understands well his knowledge,
For this I guess to be some rich coxcomb
He'd put upon his daughter.

*Anne.* That's plainly so.

*Phy.* Then only she's beholding to our help
For the close delivery of her burden,
Else all's overthrown.

*Anne.* And, pray, be faithful in that, sir.

*Phy.* Tush, we physicians are the truest
Alchemists, that from the ore and dross of sin
Can new distil a maidenhead again.

*Rus.* How do you like her, sir?

*Chough.* Troth, I do like her, sir, in the way of comparison, to anything that a man would desire; I am as high as the Mount[n] in love with her already, and that's as far as I can go by land; but I hope to go farther by water with her one day.

*Rus.* I tell you, sir, she has lost some colour
By wrestling with a peevish sickness now of late.

*Chough.* Wrestle? nay, an she love wrestling, I'll teach her a trick to overthrow any peevish sickness in London, whate'er it be.

*Rus.* Well, she had a rich beauty, though I say't;
Nor is it lost; a little thing repairs it.

*Chough.* She shall command the best thing that I have
In Middlesex, i'faith.
*Rus.* Well, sir, talk with her;
Give her a relish of your good liking to her;
You shall have time and free
Access to finish what you now begin.
*Jane* [*Aside.*] What means my father? my love's unjust restraint,
My shame, were it published, both together
Could not afflict me like this odious fool:
Now I see why he hated my Fitzallen.
*Chough.* Sweet lady, your father says you are a wrestler: if you love that sport, I love you the better: i'faith, I love it as well as I love my meat after supper; 'tis indeed meat, drink, and cloth to me.
*Jane.* Methinks it should tear your clothes, sir.
*Chough.* Not a rag, i'faith. — Trimtram, hold my cloak. [*Gives his cloak to* TRIMTRAM.] — I'll wrestle a fall with you now; I'll show you a trick that you never saw in your life.
*Jane.* O, good sir, forbear! I am no wrestler.
*Phy.* Good sir, take heed, you'll hurt the gentlewoman.
*Chough.* I will not catch beneath the waist, believe it;
I know fair play.
*Jane.* 'Tis no woman's exercise in London, sir.
*Chough.* I'll ne'er believe that: the hug and the lock[g] between man and woman, with a fair fall, is as sweet an exercise for the body as you'll desire in a summer's evening.
*Phy.* Sir, the gentlewoman is not well.
*Chough.* It may be you are a physician, sir?
*Phy.* 'Tis so, sir.
*Chough.* I say, then, and I'll stand to't, three ounces of wrestling with two hips, a yard of a green[n] gown put

together in the inturn,[g] is as good a medicine for the green sickness as ever breathed.

*Trim.* Come, sir, take your cloak again; I see here will be ne'er a match. [*Returns cloak.*

*Jane.* [*Aside.*] A match?
I had rather be match'd[g] from a musket's mouth,
And shot unto my death.

*Chough.* I'll wrestle with any man for a good supper.

*Trim.* Ay, marry, sir, I'll take your part there, catch that catch may.[n]

*Phy.* [*To* RUSSELL.] Sir, she is willing to't: there at my house
She shall be private, and near to my attendance:
I know you'll not mistrust my faithful care;
I shall return her soon and perfectly.

*Rus.* Take your charge, sir. — Go with this gentleman, Jane;
But, prithee, look well this way ere thou go'st;
'Tis a rich simplicity of great estate,
A thing that will be rul'd, and thou shalt rule;
Consider of your sex's general aim,[n]
That domination is a woman's heaven.

*Jane.* I'll think on't, sir.

*Rus.* My daughter is retiring, sir.

*Chough.* I will part at Dartmouth with her, sir. [*Kisses her.*] — O that thou didst but love wrestling! I would give any man three foils[n] on that condition!

*Trim.* There's three sorts of men that would thank you for 'em, either cutlers, fencers, or players.[n]

*Rus.* Sir, as I began I end, — wondrous welcome!

[*Exeunt all except* CHOUGH *and* TRIMTRAM.

*Trim.* What, will you go to school to-day? you are entered, you know, and your quarterage[g] runs on.

*Chough.* What, to the roaring[g] school? pox on't, 'tis such a damnable noise, I shall never attain it neither. I do wonder they have never a wrestling school; that were worth twenty of your fencing or dancing schools.

*Trim.* Well, you must learn to roar here in London; you'll never proceed in the reputation of gallantry else.

*Chough.* How long has roaring been an exercise, thinkest thou, Trimtram?

*Trim.* Ever since guns came up; the first was your roaring Meg.[n]

*Chough.* Meg? then 'twas a woman was the first roarer?

*Trim.* Ay, a fire of her touch-hole, that cost many a proper man's life since that time; and then the lions,[n] they learnt it from the guns, living so near 'em; then it was heard to the Bankside,[g] and the bears[n] they began to roar; then the boys got it, and so ever since there have been a company of roaring boys.

*Chough.* And how long will it last, thinkest thou?

*Trim.* As long as the water runs under London Bridge, or watermen at Westminster stairs.[n]

*Chough.* Well, I will begin to roar too, since it is in fashion. O, Corineus,[n] this was not in thy time! I should have heard on't by the tradition of mine ancestors — for I'm sure there were Choughs in thy days — if it had been so: when Hercules and thou wert on the Olympic Mount together, then was wrestling in request.

*Trim.* Ay, and that Mount is now the Mount in Cornwall: Corineus brought it thither under one of his arms, they say.

*Chough.* O Corineus, my predecessor, that I had but lived in those days to see thee wrestle! on that condition I had died seven year ago.

*Trim.* Nay, it should have been a dozen at least, i'faith, on that condition. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT THE THIRD

### Scene I

*A Field*

*Enter* Captain Ager *and two* Friends

*Cap. Ager.* Well, your wills now?
*1st Fr. of Cap.* Our wills? our loves, our duties
To honour'd fortitude: what wills have we
But our desires to nobleness and merit,
Valour's advancement, and the sacred rectitude
Due to a valorous cause?
*Cap. Ager.* O, that's not mine!
*2nd Fr. of Cap.* War has his court of justice, that's the field,
Where all cases of manhood are determin'd,
And your case is no mean one.
*Cap. Ager.* True; then 'twere virtuous;
But mine is in extremes, foul and unjust.
Well, now you've got me hither, you're as far
To seek in your desire as at first minute;
For, by the strength and honour of a vow,
I will not lift a finger in this quarrel.
*1st Fr. of Cap.* How? not in this? be not so rash a sinner:
Why, sir, do you ever hope to fight again, then?
Take heed on't; you must never look for that:
Why, the universal stock of the world's injury
Will be too poor to find a quarrel for you.

Give up your right and title to desert, sir:
If you fail virtue here, she needs you not
All your time after; let her take this wrong,
And never presume then to serve her more:
Bid farewell to th' integrity of arms,
And let that honourable name of soldier
Fall from you like a shiver'd wreath of laurel
By thunder struck from a desertless[g] forehead,
That wears another's right by usurpation.
Good captain, do not wilfully cast away
At one hour all the fame your life has won:
This is your native seat; here you should seek
Most to preserve it; or if you will dote
So much on life, — poor life, which in respect
Of life in honour is but death and darkness, —
That you will prove neglectful of yourself,
Which is to me too fearful to imagine,
Yet for that virtuous lady's cause, your mother,
Her reputation dear to nobleness
As grace to penitence, whose fair memory
E'en crowns fame in your issue, for that blessedness
Give not this ill place, but in spite of hell,
And all her base fears, be exactly valiant.

*Cap. Ager.* O, O!

*2nd Fr. of Cap.* Why, well said, there's fair hope in that;
Another such a one!

*Cap. Ager.* Came they in thousands,
'Tis all against you.

*1st Fr. of Cap.* Then, poor friendless merit,
Heaven be good to thee! thy professor[g] leaves thee.

*Enter the* Colonel *and two* Friends

He's come; do but you draw, we'll fight it for you.

*Cap. Ager.* I know too much to grant that.

*1st Fr. of Cap.* O dead manhood!
Had ever such a cause so faint a servant?
Shame brand me, if I do not suffer for him!
*Col.* I've heard, sir, you've been guilty of much boasting
For your brave earliness at such a meeting:
You've lost the glory of that way this morning;
I was the first to-day.
*Cap. Ager.* So were you ever
In my respect, sir.
*1st Fr. of Cap.* O most base præludium!
*Cap. Ager.* I never thought on victory, our mistress,
With greater reverence than I have your worth,
Nor ever lov'd her better.
*1st Fr. of Cap.* 'Slight, I could knock
His brains 'bout his heels, methinks!
*2nd Fr. of Cap.* Peace, prithee, peace.
*Cap. Ager.* Success in you has been my absolute joy;
And when I've wish'd content, I've wish'd your friendship.
*1st Fr. of Cap.* Stay, let me but run him through the tongue a little;
There's lawyer's blood in't, you shall see foul gear straight.
*2nd Fr. of Cap.* Come, you're as mad now as he's cowardous.
*Col.* I came not hither, sir, for an encomium.
*1st Fr. of Cap.* [*Aside.*] No, the more coxcomb he that claws the head
Of your vainglory with't!
*Col.* I came provided
For storms and tempests, and the foulest season
That ever rage let forth, or blew in wildness
From the incensed prison of man's blood.
*Cap. Ager.* 'Tis otherwise with me; I come with mildness,
Peace, constant amity, and calm forgiveness,
The weather of a Christian and a friend.

1*st Fr. of Cap.* Give me a valiant Turk, though not worth tenpence,[n] rather.

*Cap. Ager.* Yet, sir, the world will judge the injury mine,
Insufferably mine, mine beyond injury:
Thousands have made a less wrong reach to hell,
Ay, and rejoic'd in his most endless vengeance,
A miserable triumph, though a just one!
But when I call to memory our long friendship,
Methinks it cannot be too great a wrong
That then I should not pardon. Why should man,
For a poor hasty syllable or two,
And vented only in forgetful fury,
Chain all the hopes and riches of his soul
To the revenge of that, die lost for ever?
For he that makes his last peace with his Maker
In anger, anger is his peace eternally:
He must expect the same return again
Whose venture is deceitful; must he not, sir?

*Col.* I see what I must do, fairly put up again;
For here'll be nothing done, I perceive that.

*Cap. Ager.* What shall be done in such a worthless business
But to be sorry, and to be forgiven;
You, sir, to bring repentance, and I pardon?

*Col.* I bring repentance, sir?

*Cap. Ager.* If't be too much
To say repentance, call it what you please, sir;
Choose your own word: I know you're sorry for't,
And that's as good.

*Col.* I sorry? by fame's honour, I am wrong'd!
Do you seek for peace, and draw the quarrel larger?

*Cap. Ager.* Then 'tis I am sorry that I thought you so.

1*st Fr. of Cap.* A captain! I could gnaw his title off.

*Cap. Ager.* Nor is it any misbecoming virtue, sir,
In the best manliness to repent a wrong,
Which made me bold with you.

*1st Fr. of Cap.* I could cuff his head off.

*2nd Fr. of Cap.* Nay, pish!

*1st Fr. of Cap.* Pox on him, I could eat his buttock bak'd, methinks!

*Col.* So, once again take thou thy peaceful rest, then; [*Sheathing his sword.*

But, as I put thee up, I must proclaim
This captain here, both to his friends and mine,
That only came to see fair valour righted,
A base submissive coward; so I leave him.
[*Offers to go away.*

*Cap. Ager.* O, heaven has pitied my excessive patience,
And sent me a cause! now I have a cause;
A coward I was never. — Come you back, sir!

*Col.* How?

*Cap. Ager.* You left a coward here.

*Col.* Yes, sir, with you.

*Cap. Ager.* 'Tis such base metal,[n] sir, 'twill not be taken;
It must home again with you.

*2nd Fr. of Cap.* Should this be true now!

*1st Fr. of Cap.* Impossible! coward do more than bastard?

*Col.* I prithee mock me not, take heed you do not;
For if I draw once more, I shall grow terrible,
And rage will force me do what will grieve honour.

*Cap. Ager.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Col.* He smiles; dare it be he? — What think you, gentlemen?
Your judgements, shall I not be cozen'd in him?
This cannot be the man: why, he was bookish,
Made an invective lately against fighting,
A thing, in troth, that mov'd a little with me,
Put up a fouler contumely far
Than thousand cowards came to, and grew thankful.

*Cap. Ager.* Blessed remembrance in time of need!
I'd lost my honour else,

*2nd Fr. of Cap.* Do you note his joy?
*Cap. Ager.* I never felt a more severe necessity;
Then came thy excellent pity. Not yet ready?
Have you such confidence in my just manhood
That you dare so long trust me, and yet tempt me
Beyond the toleration of man's virtue?
Why, would you be more cruel than your injury?
Do you first take pride to wrong me, and then think me
Not worth your fury? do not use me so;
I shall deceive you then. Sir, either draw,
And that not slightingly, but with the care
Of your best preservation, with that watchfulness
As you'd defend yourself from circular fire,[n]
Your sin's rage, or her lord[n] — this will require it —
Or you'll be too soon lost, for I've an anger
Has gather'd mighty strength against you, mighty:
Yet you shall find it honest to the last,
Noble and fair.
*Col.* I'll venture't once again;
And if't be but as true as it is wondrous,
I shall have that I come for: your leave, gentlemen.
*1st Fr. of Cap.* If he should do't indeed, and deceive's all now!
Stay, by this hand he offers — fights, i'faith!
[*The* Colonel *and* Captain AGER *fight.*
Fights, by this light he fights, sir!
*2nd Fr. of Cap.* So methinks, sir.
*1st Fr. of Cap.* An absolute punto,[g] hey?
*2nd Fr. of Cap.* 'Twas a passado,[g] sir.
*1st Fr. of Cap.* Why, let it pass, an 'twas; I'm sure 'twas somewhat.
What's that now?
*2nd Fr. of Cap.* That's a punto.
*1st Fr. of Cap.* O, go to, then;
I knew 'twas not far off. What a world's this!
Is coward a more stirring meat than bastard, my masters?
Put in more eggs, for shame, when you get children,

And make it true court-custard.[n] — Ho, I honour thee!
'Tis right and fair; and he that breathes against it,
He breathes against the justice of a man,
And man to cut him off 'tis no injustice.
[*The* Colonel *falls.*
Thanks, thanks for this most unexpected nobleness!
*Cap. Ager.* Truth never fails her servant, sir, nor leaves him
With the day's shame upon him.
*1st Fr. of Cap.* Thou'st redeem'd
Thy worth to the same height 'twas first esteem'd.
[*Exit* Captain AGER *with his* Friends.
*1st Fr. of Col.* Alas, how is it, sir? give us some hope
Of your stay with us: let your spirit be seen
Above your fortune; the best fortitude
Has been of fate ill-friended: now force your empire,
And reign above your blood, spite of dejection;
Reduce[g] the monarchy of your abler mind,
Let not flesh straiten it.
*Col.* O, just heaven has found me,
And turn'd the stings of my too hasty injuries
Into my own blood! I pursued my ruin,
And urg'd him past the patience of an angel:
Could man's revenge extend beyond man's life,
This would ha' wak'd it. If this flame will light me
But till I see my sister, 'tis a kind one;
More I expect not from't. Noble deserver!
Farewell, most valiant and most wrong'd of men;
Do but forgive me, and I'm victor then.
[*Exit, led off by his* Friends.

## SCENE II

*A Room in the* Physician's *House*

*Enter* Physician, JANE, ANNE, *and* Dutch Nurse *with a* Child

*Phy.* Sweet fro,[g] to your most indulgent care
Take this my heart's joy; I must not tell you
The value of this jewel in my bosom.
*Nurse.* Dat you may vell, sir; der can niet forstoore[n] you.
*Phy.* Indeed I cannot tell you; you know, nurse,
These are above the quantity of price:
Where is the glory of the goodliest trees
But in the fruit and branches? the old stock
Must decay; and sprigs, scions such as these,
Must become new stocks, for us to glory
In their fruitful issue; so we are made
Immortal one by other.
*Nurse.* You spreek a most lieben fader, and ich sall do de best of tender nurses to dis infant, my pretty frokin.[g]
*Phy.* I know you will be loving: here, sweet friend;
Here's earnest of a large sum of love and coin
To quit[g] your tender care. [*Gives money.*
*Jane.* I have some reason too [*Gives money.*
To purchase your dear care unto this infant.
*Nurse.* You be de witness of de baptim, dat is, as you spreken, de godmother, ich vell forstoore it so.
*Jane.* [*Aside.*] Yes, I'm the bad mother, — if it be offence.
*Anne.* I must be a little kind too. [*Gives money.*
*Nurse.* Much tanks to you all! dis child is much beloven; and ich sall see much care over it.

*Phy.* Farewell. — Good sister, show her the way forth. —
I shall often visit you, kind nurse.
*Nurse.* You sall be velcome. [*Exeunt* ANNE *and* Nurse.
*Jane.* O sir, what a friend have I found in you!
Where my poor power shall stay in the requital,
Yourself must from your fair condition[g]
Make up in mere acceptance of my will.
*Phy.* O, pray you, urge it not! we are not born
For ourselves only; self-love is a sin;
But in our loving donatives to others
Man's virtue best consists: love all begets;
Without, all are adulterate and counterfeit.
*Jane.* Your boundless love I cannot satisfy
But with a mental memory of your virtues;
Yet let me not engage your cost withal;
Beseech you then take restitution
Of pains and bounty which you have disburs'd
For your poor debtor.
*Phy.* You will not offer it?
Do not esteem my love so mercenary
To be the hire of coin: sure, I shall think
You do not hold so worthily of me
As I wish to deserve.
*Jane.* Not recompense?
Then you will beggar me with too much credit:
Is't not sufficient you preserve my name,
Which I had forfeited to shame and scorn,
Cover my vices with a veil of love,
Defend and keep me from a father's rage,
Whose love yet infinite, not knowing this,
Might, knowing, turn a hate as infinite;
Sure he would throw me ever from his blessings,
And cast his curses on me! Yes, further,
Your secrecy keeps me in the state of woman;[n]
For else what husband would choose me his wife,
Knowing the honour of a bride were lost?

I cannot number half the good you do me
In the conceal'd retention of my sin;
Then make me not worse than I was before,
In my ingratitude, good sir.
*Phy.* Again?
I shall repent my love, if you'll so call't,
To be made such a hackney: give me coin?
I had as lief you gave me poison, lady,
For I have art and antidotes 'gainst that;
I might take that, but this I will refuse.
*Jane.* Will you then teach me how I may requite you
In some small quantity?
*Phy.* [*Aside.*] 'Twas that I look'd for. —
Yes, I will tell you, lady, a full quittance,
And how you may become my creditress.
*Jane.* I beseech you, do, sir!
*Phy.* Indeed I will, lady:
Not in coin, mistress; for silver, though white,
Yet it draws black lines;[n] it shall not rule my palm,
There to mark forth his base corruption:
Pay me again in the same quality
That I to you tender'd, — that is, love for love.
Can you love me, lady? you have confess'd
My love to you.
*Jane.* Most amply.
*Phy.* Why, faith, then,
Pay me back that way.
*Jane.* How do you mean, sir?
*Phy.* Tush, our meanings are better understood
Than shifted to the tongue; it brings along
A little blabbing blood into our cheeks,
That shames us when we speak.
*Jane.* I understand you not.
*Phy.* Fie, you do; make not yourself ignorant
In what you know; you have ta'en forth[n] the lesson
That I would read to you.

*Jane.* Sure then I need not
Read it again, sir.
*Phy.* Yes, it makes perfect:
You know the way unto Achilles' spear;[n]
If that hurt you, I have the cure, you see.
*Jane.* Come, you're a good man; I do perceive you,
You put a trial to me; I thank you;
You are my just confessor, and, believe me,
I'll have no further penance for this sin.
Convert a year unto a lasting ever,
And call't Apollo's smile: 'twas once, then never.
*Phy.* Pray you, mistake not; indeed I love you.
*Jane.* Indeed? what deed?
*Phy.* The deed that you have done.
*Jane.* I cannot believe you.
*Phy.* Believe the deed then!
*Jane.* Away, you are a blackamoor![n] you love me?
I hate you for your love! Are you the man
That in your painted outside seem'd so white?
O, you're a foul dissembling hypocrite!
You sav'd me from a thief, that yourself might rob me;
Skinn'd over a green wound to breed an ulcer:
Is this the practice of your physic-college?[n]
*Phy.* Have you yet utter'd all your niceness[g] forth?
If you have more, vent it; certes, I think
Your first grant was not yielded with less pain;
If 'twere, you have your price, yield it again.
*Jane.* Pray you, tell me, sir, — I asked it before, —
Is it a practice amongst you physicians?
*Phy.* Tush, that's a secret; we cast all waters:[n]
Should I reveal, you would mistrust my counsel:
The lawyer and physician here agrees,
To women-clients they give back their fees;
And is not that kindness?
*Jane.* This for thy love! [*Spits at him.*
Out, outside of a man: thou cinnamon-tree,
That but thy bark hast nothing good about thee!

The unicorn is hunted for his horn,[n]
The rest is left for carrion: thou false man,
Thou'st fish'd with silver hooks and golden baits;
But I'll avoid all thy deceiving sleights.
*Phy.* Do what you list, I will do something too;
Remember yet what I have done for you:
You have a good face now, but 'twill grow rugged;
Ere you grow old, old men will despise you:
Think on your grandame Helen, the fairest queen;
When in a new glass she spied her old face,
She, smiling, wept to think upon the change:
Take your time; you're craz'd, you're an apple fallen
From the tree; if you be kept long, you'll rot.
Study your answer well: yet I love you;
If you refuse, I have a hand above you. [*Exit.*
*Jane.* Poison thyself, thou foul empoisoner!
Of thine own practique drink the theory!
What a white devil[n] have I met withal!
What shall I do? — what do? is it a question?
Nor shame, nor hate, nor fear, nor lust, nor force,
Now being too bad, shall ever make me worse.

*Re-enter* ANNE

What have we here? a second spirit?
*Anne.* Mistress,
I am sent to you.
*Jane.* Is your message good?
*Anne.* As you receive it:
My brother sent me, and you know he loves you.
*Jane.* I heard say so; but 'twas a false report.
*Anne.* Pray, pardon me, I must do my message;[n]
Who lives commanded must obey his keeper:
I must persuade you to this act of woman.
*Jane.* Woman? of strumpet!
*Anne.* Indeed, of strumpet;
He takes you at advantage of your fall,
Seeing you down before.

*Jane.* Curse on his feigned smiles!
*Anne.* He's my brother, mistress; and a curse on you,
If e'er you bless him with that cursed deed!
Hang him, poison him! he held out a rose,
To draw the yielding sense, which, come to hand,
He shifts, and gives a canker.[g]
*Jane.* You speak well yet.
*Anne.* Ay, but, mistress, now I consider it,
Your reputation lies at his mercy,
Your fault dwells in his breast; say he throw't out,
It will be known; how are you then undone!
Think on't, your good name; and they're not to be sold
In every market: a good name is dear,
And indeed more esteemed than our actions,
By which we should deserve it.
*Jane.* Ay me, most wretched!
*Anne.* What, do you shrink at that?
Would you not wear one spot upon your face,
To keep your whole body from a leprosy,
Though it were undiscover'd ever? Hang him!
Fear him not: horse leeches suck out his corrupt blood!
Draw you none from him, 'less it be pure and good.
*Jane.* Do you speak your soul?
*Anne.* By my soul do I!
*Jane.* Then yet I have a friend: but thus exhort me,
And I have still a column to support me.
*Anne.* One fault
Heaven soon forgives, and 'tis on earth forgot;
The moon herself is not without one spot. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III

*A Room in* Lady AGER'S *House*

*Enter* Lady AGER, *meeting a* Servant

*Lady Ager.* Now, sir, where is he? speak, why comes he not?
I sent you for him. — Bless this fellow's senses!
What has he seen? a soul nine hours entranced,[n]
Hovering 'twixt hell and heaven, could not wake ghastlier.
Nor yet return an answer? —

*Enter a second* Servant

What say you, sir?
Where is he?
*2nd Ser.* Gone.
*Lady Ager.* What say'st thou!
*2nd Ser.* He is gone, madam;
But, as we heard, unwillingly he went
As ever blood enforc'd.
*Lady Ager.* Went? whither went he?
*2nd Ser.* Madam, I fear I ha' said too much already.
*Lady Ager.* These men are both agreed.[n] — Speak, whither went he? 11
*2nd Ser.* Why, to — I would you'd think the rest yourself, madam.
*Lady Ager.* Meek patience bless me!
*2nd Ser.* To the field.
1*st Ser.* To fight, madam.
*Lady Ager.* To fight?
1*st Ser.* There came two urging gentlemen,
That call'd themselves his seconds; both so powerful,
As 'tis reported, they prevail'd with him
With little labour.

*Lady Ager.* [*Aside.*] O, he's lost, he's gone!
For all my pains, he's gone! two meeting torrents
Are not so merciless as their two rages:
He never comes again. Wretched affection!
Have I belied my faith,[n] injur'd my goodness,
Slander'd my honour for his preservation,
Having but only him, and yet no happier?
'Tis then a judgement plain; truth's angry with me,
In that I would abuse her sacred whiteness
For any worldly temporal respect:
Forgive me then, thou glorious woman's virtue,
Admir'd where'er thy habitation is,
Especially in us weak ones! O, forgive me,
For 'tis thy vengeance this! To belie truth,
Which is so hardly ours, with such pain purchas'd,
Fastings and prayers, continence and care,
Misery must needs ensue. Let him not die
In that unchaste belief of his false birth,[n]
And my disgrace! whatever angel guides him,
May this request be with my tears obtain'd,
Let his soul know my honour is unstain'd! —
Run, seek away! if there be any hope,
Let me not lose him yet. [*Exeunt* Servants.] When I think on him,
His dearness and his worth, it earns[s] me more:
They that know riches tremble to be poor.
My passion is not every woman's sorrow:
She must be truly honest feels my grief,
And only known to one;[n] if such there be,
They know the sorrow that oppresseth me. [*Exit.*

## ACT THE FOURTH

### Scene I

*The Roaring School*

*Enter the* Colonel's Friend, Chough, Trimtram, Usher, *and several* Roarers

*Col.'s Fr.* Truth, sir, I must needs blame you for a truant, having but one lesson read to you, and neglect so soon; fie, I must see you once a day at least.

*Chough.* Would I were whipped, tutor, if it were not 'long of my man Trimtram here!

*Trim.* Who, of me?

*Chough.* Take't upon thee, Trim; I'll give thee five shillings, as I am a gentleman.

*Trim.* I'll see you whipped first: — well, I will too. — Faith, sir, I saw he was not perfect, and I was loath he should come before to shame himself.

*Col.'s Fr.* How? shame, sir? is it a shame for scholars to learn? Sir, there are great scholars that are but slenderly read in our profession: sir, first it must be economical, then ecumenical: shame not to practise in the house how to perform in the field: the nail that is driven takes a little hold at the first stroke, but more at the second, and more at the third, but when 'tis home to the head, then 'tis firm.

*Chough.* Faith, I have been driving it home to the head this two days.

*Trim.* I helped to hammer it in as well as I could too, sir.

*Col.'s Fr.* Well, sir, I will hear you rehearse anon: meantime peruse the exemplary[g] of my bills, and tell me in what language I shall roar a lecture to you; or I'll read to you the mathematical science of roaring.

*Chough.* Is it mathematical?

*Col.'s Fr.* O, sir, does not the wind roar, the sea roar, the welkin roar? — indeed most things do roar by nature — and is not the knowledge of these things mathematical? 32

*Chough.* Pray, proceed, sir.

*Col.'s Fr.* [*Reads.*] "The names of the languages, the Sclavonian, Parthamenian, Barmeothian,[n] Tyburnian, Wappinganian, or the modern Londonian: any man or woman that is desirous to roar in any of these languages, in a week they shall be perfect if they will take pains; so let 'em repair into Holborn to the sign of the Cheat-loaf." 40

*Chough.* Now your bill speaks of that I was wondering a good while at, your sign; the loaf looks very like bread, i'faith, but why is it called the Cheat-loaf?[n]

*Col.'s Fr.* This house was sometimes a baker's, sir, that served the court, where the bread is called cheat.

*Trim.* Ay, ay, 'twas a baker that cheated the court with bread.

*Col.'s Fr.* Well, sir, choose your languages; and your lectures shall be read, between my usher[n] and myself, for your better instruction, provided your conditions be performed in the premises beforesaid. 51

*Chough.* Look you, sir, there's twenty pound in hand, and twenty more I am to pay when I am allowed a sufficient roarer. [*Gives money.*

*Col.'s Fr.* You speak in good earnest, sir?

*Chough.* Yes, faith do I: Trimtram shall be my witness.

*Trim.* Yes, indeed, sir, twenty pound is very good earnest. 59

*Usher.* Sir, one thing I must tell you belongs to my

place: you are the youngest scholar; and till another comes under you, there is a certain garnish[g] belongs to the school; for in our practice we grow to a quarrel; then there must be wine ready to make all friends, for that's the end of roaring, 'tis valiant, but harmless; and this charge is yours.

*Chough.* With all my heart, i'faith, and I like it the better because no blood comes on it: who shall fetch?

*1st Roar.* I'll be your spaniel, sir.

*Col.'s Fr.* Bid Vapour bring some tobacco too.

*Chough.* Do, and here's money for't.

*Ush.* No, you shall not; let me see the money: so, [*Takes the money.*] I'll keep it, and discharge him after the combat. [*Exit* 1st Roarer.] For your practice' sake, you and your man shall roar him out on't — for indeed you must pay your debts so, for that's one of the main ends of roaring — and when you have left him in a chafe, then I'll qualify[g] the rascal.

*Chough.* Content. — I'faith, Trim, we'll roar the rusty rascal out of his tobacco.

*Trim.* Ay, an he had the best craccus[g] in London.

*Col.'s Fr.* Observe, sir, we could now roar in the Sclavonian language, but this practice hath been a little sublime, some hair's-breadth or so above your caput; I take it, for your use and understanding both, it were fitter for you to taste the modern assault, only the Londonian roar.

*Chough.* I'faith, sir, that's for my purpose, for I shall use all my roaring here in London: in Cornwall we are all for wrestling, and I do not mean to travel over sea to roar there.

*Col.'s Fr.* Observe then, sir; — but it were necessary you took forth your tables[g] to note the most difficult points for the better assistance of your memory.

*Chough.* Nay, sir, my man and I keep two tables.

*Trim.* Ay, sir, and as many trenchers, cats' meat and dogs' meat enough.

*Col.'s Fr.* Note, sir. — Dost thou confront my cyclops?
*Ush.* With a Briarean brousted.
*Chough.* Cyclops. [*Writes.*
*Trim.* Briarean. [*Writes.*
*Col.'s Fr.* I know thee and thy lineal pedigree.
*Ush.* It is collateral, as Brutus and Posthumus.[n]
*Trim.* Brutus. [*Writes.*
*Chough.* Posthumus. [*Writes.*
*Col.'s Fr.* False as the face of Hecate! thy sister is a —
*Ush.* What is my sister, centaur?
*Col.'s Fr.* I say thy sister is a bronstrops.[n]
*Ush.* A bronstrops?
*Chough.* Tutor, tutor, ere you go any further, tell me the English of that; what is a bronstrops, pray?
*Col.'s Fr.* A bronstrops is in English a hippocrene.
*Chough.* A hippocrene; note it, Trim: I love to understand the English as I go. [*Writes.*
*Trim.* What's the English of hippocrene?
*Chough.* Why, bronstrops.
*Ush.* Thou dost obtrect[g] my flesh and blood.
*Col.'s Fr.* Again I denounce, thy sister is a fructifer.
*Chough.* What's that, tutor?
*Col.'s Fr.* That is in English a fucus[g] or a minotaur.
*Chough.* A minotaur. [*Writes.*
*Trim.* A fucus. [*Writes.*
*Ush.* I say thy mother is a callicut,[n] a panagron, a duplar, and a sindicus.
*Col.'s Fr.* Dislocate thy bladud![n]
*Ush.* Bladud shall conjure, if his demons once appear.

*Re-enter* 1st Roarer *with wine, followed by* VAPOUR *with tobacco*

*Col.'s Fr.* Advance thy respondency.
*Chough.* Nay, good gentlemen, do not fall out. — A cup of wine quickly, Trimtram!

*Ush.* See, my steel hath a glister!

*Chough.* Pray wipe him, and put him up again, good usher.

*Ush.* Sir, at your request I pull down the flag of defiance.

*Col.'s Fr.* Give me a bowl of wine, my fury shall be quenched: here, usher! [*Drinks.*

*Ush.* I pledge thee in good friendship. [*Drinks.*

*Chough.* I like the conclusion of roaring very well, i'faith.

*Trim.* It has an excellent conclusion indeed, — if the wine be good, always provided.

*Col.'s Fr.* O, the wine must be always provided, be sure of that.

*Ush.* Else you spoil the conclusion, and that you know crowns all.

*Chough.* 'Tis much like wrestling, i'faith, for we shake hands ere we begin; now that's to avoid the law, for then if he throw him a furlong into the ground, he cannot recover himself upon him, because 'twas done in cold friendship.

*Col.'s Fr.* I believe you, sir.

*Chough.* And then we drink afterwards, just in this fashion: wrestling and roaring are as like as can be, i'faith, even like long sword and half pike.

*Col.'s Fr.* Nay, they are reciprocal, if you mark it, for as there is a great roaring at wrestling, so there is a kind of wrestling and contention at roaring.

*Chough.* True, i'faith, for I have heard 'em roar from the six windmills[n] to Islington: those have been great falls then.

*Col.'s Fr.* Come, now, a brief rehearsal of your other day's lesson, betwixt your man and you, and then for to-day we break up school.

*Chough.* Come, Trimtram. — If I be out, tutor, I'll be bold to look in my tables, because I doubt I am scarce perfect.

*Col.'s Fr.* Well, well, I will not see small faults.

*Chough.* The wall![n]

*Trim.* The wall of me? to thy kennel, spaniel!

*Chough.* Wilt thou not yield precedency?

*Trim.* To thee? I know thee and thy brood.

*Chough.* Knowest thou my brood? I know thy brood too, thou art a rook.

*Trim.* The nearer akin to the choughs.

*Chough.* The rooks akin to the choughs?

*Col.'s Fr.* Very well maintained!

*Chough.* Dungcoer, thou liest!

*Trim.* Lie? enucleate the kernel of thy scabbard.

*Chough.* Now if I durst draw my sword, 'twere valiant, i'faith.

*Col.'s Fr.* Draw, draw, howsoever!

*Chough.* Have some wine ready to make us friends, I pray you.

*Trim.* Chough, I will make thee fly and roar.

*Chough.* I will roar if thou strikest me.

*Col.'s Fr.* So, 'tis enough; now conclude in wine: I see you will prove an excellent practitioner: wondrous well performed on both sides!

*Chough.* Here, Trimtram, I drink to thee. [*Drinks.*

*Trim.* I'll pledge you in good friendship. [*Drinks.*

*Enter* Servant

*Ser.* Is there not one master Chough here?

*Ush.* This is the gentleman, sir.

*Ser.* My master, sir, your elected father-in-law, desires speedily to speak with you.

*Chough.* Friend, I will follow thee: I would thou hadst come a little sooner! thou shouldst have seen roaring sport, i'faith.

*Ser.* Sir, I'll return[g] that you are following.

*Chough.* Do so. [*Exit* Servant.] — I'll tell thee, tutor, I am to marry shortly; but I will defer it a while till I

can roar perfectly, that I may get the upper hand of my wife on the wedding-day; 't must be done at first or never.

*Col.'s Fr.* 'Twill serve you to good use in that, sir.

*Chough.* How likest thou this, whiffler?[g]

*Vap.* Very valiantly, i'faith, sir.

*Chough.* Tush, thou shalt see more by and by.

*Vap.* I can stay no longer indeed, sir: who pays me for my tobacco? 210

*Chough.* How? pay for tobacco? away, ye sooty-mouthed piper! you rusty piece of Martlemas bacon,[n] away!

*Trim.* Let me give him a mark for't.

*Chough.* No, Trimtram, do not strike him; we'll only roar out a curse upon him.

*Trim.* Well, do you begin then.

*Chough.* May thy roll[n] rot, and thy pudding[n] drop in pieces, being sophisticated with filthy urine!

*Trim.* May sergeants dwell on either side of thee, to fright away the twopenny customers! 221

*Chough.* And for thy penny ones, let them suck thee dry!

*Trim.* When thou art dead, mayst thou have no other sheets to be buried in but mouldy tobacco-leaves!

*Chough.* And no strawings to stick thy carcass but the bitter stalks!

*Trim.* Thy mourners all greasy tapsters!

*Chough.* With foul tobacco-pipes in their hats, instead of rotten rosemary;[n] and last of all, may my man and I live to see all this performed, and to piss reeking even upon thy grave! 232

*Trim.* And last of all for me, let this epitaph be remembered over thee:

*Here coldly now within is laid to rot*
*A man that yesterday was piping hot:*
*Some say he died by pudding, some by prick,*[g]
*Others by roll and ball, some leaf; all stick*

*Fast in censure, yet think it strange and rare,*
*He liv'd by smoke, yet died for want of air:*
*But then the surgeon said, when he beheld him,*
*It was the burning of his pipe that kill'd him.*

*Chough.* So, are you paid now, whiffler?

*Vap.* All this is but smoke out of a stinking pipe.

*Chough.* So, so, pay him now, usher.

[VAPOUR *is paid by the* Usher, *and exit.*

*Col.'s Fr.* Do not henceforth neglect your schooling, master Chough.

*Chough.* Call me rook, if I do, tutor.

*Trim.* And me raven, though my name be Trimtram.

*Chough.* Farewell, tutor.

*Trim.* Farewell, usher.

[*Exeunt* CHOUGH *and* TRIMTRAM.

*Col.'s Fr.* Thus when the drum's unbrac'd, and trumpets cease,
Soldiers must get pay for to live in peace. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

*A Chamber in the* Colonel's *House*

*The* Colonel *discovered lying on a couch, several of his* Friends *watching him. Enter the* Colonel's Sister, *meeting the* Surgeon

*Col.'s Sist.* O my most worthy brother, thy hard fate 'twas! —
Come hither, honest surgeon, and deal faithfully
With a distressed virgin: what hope is there?

*Surg.* Hope? chilis[g] was 'scaped miraculously, lady.

*Col.'s Sist.* What's that, sir?

*Surg.* Cava vena: I care but little for his wound i' the œsophag, not thus much, trust me; but when they come to diaphragma once, the small intestines, or the spinal medul, or i' the roots of the emunctories of the

noble parts,[n] then straight I fear a syncope; the flanks retiring towards the back, the urine bloody, the excrements purulent, and the dolour pricking or pungent.

*Col.'s Sist.* Alas, I'm ne'er the better for this answer!

*Surg.* Now I must tell you his principal dolour lies i' the region of the liver, and there's both inflammation and tumefaction feared; marry, I made him a quadrangular plumation,[n] where I used sanguis[g] draconis, by my faith, with powders incarnative,[g] which I tempered with oil of hypericon,[g] and other liquors mundificative.[g]

*Col.'s Sist.* Pox a' your mundies figatives! I would they were all fired!

*Surg.* But I purpose, lady, to make another experiment at next dressing with a sarcotic[g] medicament made of iris of Florence;[n] thus mastic, calaphena, opoponax, sacrocolla[n] —

*Col.'s Sist.* Sacro-halter! what comfort is i' this to a poor gentlewoman? pray tell me in plain terms what you think of him.

*Surg.* Marry, in plain terms I know not what to say to him: the wound, I can assure you, inclines to paralism,[n] and I find his body cacochymic:[g] being then in fear of fever and inflammation, I nourish him altogether with viands refrigerative, and give for potion the juice of savicola[n] dissolved with water cerefolium:[n] I could do no more, lady, if his best ginglymus[g] were dissevered.

[*Exit.*

*Col.'s Sist.* What thankless pains does the tongue often take
To make the whole man most ridiculous!
I come to him for comfort, and he tires me
Worse than my sorrow: what a precious good
May be deliver'd sweetly in few words!
And what a mount of nothing has he cast forth!
[*Aside.*] Alas, his strength decays! — How cheer you, sir,
My honour'd brother?

*Col.* In soul never better;
I feel an excellent health there, such a stoutness
My invisible enemies fly me: seeing me arm'd
With penitence and forgiveness, they fall backward,
Whether through admiration, not imagining
There were such armoury in a soldier's soul
As pardon and repentance, or through power
Of ghostly valour. But I have been lord
Of a more happy conquest in nine hours now
Than in nine years before. — O kind lieutenants,
This is the only war we should provide for!
Where he that forgives largest, and sighs strongest,
Is a tried soldier, a true man indeed,
And wins the best field, makes his own heart bleed.
Read the last part of that will, sir.

1*st Fr. of Col.* [*Reads.*] "I also require at the hands of my most beloved sister, whom I make full executrix, the disposure of my body in burial at Saint Martin's i' th' Field; and to cause to be distributed to the poor of the same parish forty mark,[g] and to the hospital of maimed soldiers a hundred: lastly, I give and bequeath to my kind, dear, and virtuous sister the full possession of my present estate in riches, whether it be in lands, leases, money, goods, plate, jewels, or what kind soever, upon this condition following that she forthwith tender both herself and all these infeoffments to that noble captain, my late enemy, captain Ager."

*Col.'s Sist.* How, sir?

*Col.* Read it again, sir; let her hear it plain.

*Col.'s Sist.* Pray, spare your pains, sir; 'tis too plain already. —
Good sir, how do you? is your memory perfect?
This will makes question of you: I bestow'd
So much grief and compassion a' your wound,
I never looked into your senses' epilepsy:
The sickness and infirmity of your judgement
Is to be doubted now more than your body's.

Why, is your love no dearer to me, sir,
Than to dispose me so upon the man
Whose fury is your body's present torment,
The author of your danger? one I hate
Beyond the bounds of malice. Do you not feel
His wrath upon you? I beseech you, sir,
Alter that cruel article!
*Col.* Cruel, sister? —
Forgive me, natural love, I must offend thee,
Speaking to this woman. — Am I content,
Having much kindred, yet to give thee all,
Because in thee I'd raise my means to goodness,
And canst thou prove so thankless to my bounty,
To grudge my soul her peace? is my intent
To leave her rich, whose only desire is
To send me poorer into the next world
Than ever usurer went, or politic statist?[g]
Is it so burdensome for thee to love
Where I forgive? O, wretched is the man
That builds the last hopes of his saving comforts
Upon a woman's charity! he's most miserable:
If it were possible, her obstinate will
Will pull him down in his midway to heaven.
I've wrong'd that worthy man past recompense,
And in my anger robb'd him of fair fame;
And thou the fairest restitution art
My life could yield him: if I knew a fairer,
I'd set thee by and thy unwilling goodness,
And never make my sacred peace of thee:
But there's the cruelty of a fate debarr'd;
Thou art the last, and all, and thou art hard!
*Col.'s Sist.* Let your griev'd heart hold better thoughts of me;
I will not prove so, sir; but since you enforce it
With such a strength of passion, I'll perform
What by your will you have enjoin'd me to,
Though the world never show me joy again.

*Col.* O, this may be fair cunning for the time,
To put me off, knowing I hold not long;
And when I look to have my joys accomplish'd,
I shall find no such things: that were vild cozenage,
And not to be repented.
*Col.'s Sist.* By all the blessedness
Truth and a good life looks for, I will do't, sir!
*Col.* Comforts reward you for't whene'er you grieve!
I know if you dare swear, I may believe.
[*Exit the* Colonel's Sister. *Scene closes.*

## Scene III

*A Room in* Lady Ager's *House*

*Enter* Captain Ager

*Cap. Ager.* No sooner have I entrance i' this house now
But all my joy falls from me, which was wont
To be the sanctuary of my comforts:
Methought I lov'd it with a reverent gladness,
As holy men do consecrated temples
For the saint's sake, which I believ'd my mother;
But prov'd a false faith since, a fearful heresy.
O, who'd erect the assurance of his joys
Upon a woman's goodness! whose best virtue
Is to commit unseen, and highest secrecy
To hide but her own sin; there's their perfection:
And if she be so good, which many fail of too,
When these are bad, how wondrous ill are they!
What comfort is't to fight, win this day's fame,
When all my after-days are lamps of shame?

*Enter* Lady Ager

*Lady Ager.* Blessings be firm to me! he's come, 'tis he!—
A surgeon speedily!

*Cap. Ager.* A surgeon? why, madam?
*Lady Ager.* Perhaps you'll say 'tis but a little wound;
Good to prevent a danger: — quick, a surgeon!
*Cap. Ager.* Why, madam?
*Lady Ager.* Ay, ay, that's all the fault of valiant men,
They'll not be known a' their hurts till they're past help,
And then too late they wish for't.
*Cap. Ager.* Will you hear me?
*Lady Ager.* 'Tis no disparagement to confess a wound;
I'm glad, sir, 'tis no worse: — a surgeon quickly!
*Cap. Ager.* Madam —
*Lady Ager.* Come, come, sir, a wound's honourable,
And never shames the wearer.
*Cap. Ager.* By the justice
I owe to honour, I came off untouch'd!
*Lady Ager.* I'd rather believe that.
*Cap. Ager.* You believe truth so.
*Lady Ager.* My tears prevail then. Welcome, welcome, sir,
As peace and mercy to one new departed!
Why would you go though, and deceive me so,
When my abundant love took all the course
That might be to prevent it? I did that
For my affection's sake — goodness forgive me for't! —
That were my own life's safety put upon't,
I'd rather die than do't. Think how you us'd me then;
And yet would you go and hazard yourself too!
'Twas but unkindly done.
*Cap. Ager.* What's all this, madam?
*Lady Ager.* See, then, how rash you were and short in wisdom!
Why, wrong my faith I did, slander'd my constancy,
Belied my truth; that which few mothers will,
Or fewer can, I did, out of true fear
And loving care, only to keep thee here.
*Cap. Ager.* I doubt I'm too quick of apprehension now,

And that's a general fault when we hear joyfully,
With the desire of longing for't: I ask it,
Why, were you never false?
*Lady Ager.* May death come to me
Before repentance then!
*Cap. Ager.* I heard it plain sure —
Not false at all?
*Lady Ager.* By the reward of truth,
I never knew that deed that claims the name on't!
*Cap. Ager.* May, then, that glorious reward you swore by
Be never-failing to you! all the blessings
That you have given me, since obedient custom
Taught me to kneel and ask 'em, are not valuable
With this immaculate blessing of your truth:
This is the palm to victory,
The crown for all deserts past and to come:
Let 'em be numberless; they are rewarded,
Already they're rewarded. Bless this frame,
I feel it much too weak to bear the joy on't. [*Kneels.*
*Lady Ager.* Rise, sir.
*Cap. Ager.* O, pardon me!
I cannot honour you too much, too long.
I kneel not only to a mother now,
But to a woman that was never false:
Ye're dear, and ye're good too; I think a' that:
What reverence does she merit! 'tis fit such
Should be distinguish'd from the prostrate sex;
And what distinction properer can be shown,
Than honour done to her that keeps her own?
*Lady Ager.* Come, sir, I'll have you rise.
*Cap. Ager.* To do a deed, then, [*Rises.*
That shall for ever raise me. O my glory,
Why, this, this is the quarrel that I look'd for!
The tother but a shift to hold time play.
You sacred ministers of preservation,
For heaven's sake send him life,

And with it mighty health, and such a strength
May equal but the cause! I wish no foul things:
If life but glow in him, he shall know instantly
That I'm resolv'd to call him to account for't.
*Lady Ager.* Why, hark you, sir —
*Cap. Ager.* I bind you by your honour, madam,
You speak no hindrance to's; take heed, you ought not.
*Lady Ager.* What an unhappiness have I in goodness!
'Tis ever my desire to intend well,
But have no fortunate way in't. For all this
Deserve I yet no better of you
But to be griev'd again? Are you not well
With honest gain of fame, with safety purchas'd?
Will you needs tempt a ruin that avoids you? [*Exit.*
*Cap. Ager.* No, you've prevail'd; things of this nature sprung,
When they use action must use little tongue. —

*Enter* Servant

Now, sir, the news?
*Ser.* Sir, there's a gentlewoman
Desires some conference with you.
*Cap. Ager.* How, with me?
A gentlewoman? what is she?
*Ser.* Her attendant
Deliver'd her to be the colonel's sister.
*Cap. Ager.* O, for a storm then! [*Exit* Servant.] 'las, poor, virtuous gentlewoman,
I will endure her violence with much pity!
She comes to ease her heart, good, noble soul;
'Tis e'en a charity to release the burden;
Were not that remedy ordain'd for women,
Their hearts would never hold three years together:
And here she comes; I never mark'd so much of her;

*Enter the* Colonel's Sister

That face can be the mistress of no anger
But I might very well endure a month, methinks. —
I am the man; speak, lady; I'll stand fair.
*Col.'s Sist.* And I'm enjoin'd by vow to fall thus low,
[*Kneels.*
And, from the dying hand of a repentant,
Offer, for expiation of wrongs done you,
Myself, and with myself all that was his,
Which upon that condition was made mine,
Being his soul's wish to depart absolute man,
In life a soldier, death a Christian.
*Cap. Ager.* O, heaven has touch'd him nobly! how it shames
My virtue's slow perfection! Rise, dear brightness —
I forget manners too — up, matchless sweetness!
*Col.'s Sist.* I must not, sir; there is not in my vow
That liberty; I must be receiv'd first,
Or all denied; if either, I am free.
*Cap. Ager.* He must be without soul should deny thee;
And with that reverence I receive the gift
As it was sent me. [*Raises her.*] Worthy colonel,
Has such a conquering way i' the blest things!
Whoever overcomes, he only wins. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV[n]

*A Street. A noise of "hem"[n] within*

*Enter* Captain ALBO, MEG, *and* PRISS

*Meg.* Hark of these hard-hearted bloodhounds! these butchers are e'en as merciless as their dogs;[n] they knock down a woman's fame e'en as it walks the streets by 'em.
*Priss.* And the captain here that should defend us walks by like John of the apple-loft.[n]
*Cap. Albo.* What for interjections, Priss, *hem*, *evax*,

*vah?*[n] let the carnifexes[g] scour their throats! thou knowest there is a curse hangs over their bloody heads; this year there shall be more butchers' pricks[g] burnt than of all trades besides.

*Meg.* I do wonder how thou camest to be a captain.

*Cap. Albo.* As thou camest to be a bawd, Meg, and Priss to be a whore; every one by their deserts.

*Meg.* Bawd and whore? out, you unprofitable rascal! hast not thou been at the new play[n] yet, to teach thee better manners? truly they say they are the finest players, and good speakers of gentlewomen of our quality; bawd and whore is not mentioned amongst 'em, but the handsomest narrow-mouthed names they have for us, that some of them may serve as well for a lady as for one of our occupation.

*Priss.* Prithee, patroness, let's go see a piece of that play; if we shall have good words for our money, 'tis as much as we can deserve, i'faith.

*Meg.* I doubt 'tis too late now; but another time, servant.

*Cap. Albo.* Let's go now, sweet face; I am acquainted with one of the pantomimics;[g] the bulchins[g] will use the Irish captain with respect, and you two shall be boxed amongst the better sort.[n]

*Priss.* Sirrah captain Albo, I doubt you are but white-livered; look that you defend us valiantly, you know your penance else. — Patroness, you remember how you used him once?

*Meg.* Ay, servant, and I shall never forget it till I use him so again. — Do you remember, captain?

*Cap. Albo.* Mum, Meg; I will not hear on't now.

*Meg.* How I and my Amazons stripped you as naked as an Indian —

*Cap. Albo.* Why, Meg —

*Meg.* And then how I bound you to the good behaviour in the open fields —

*Priss.* And then you strowed oats upon his hoppers[g] —

*Cap. Albo.* Prithee, sweet face —

*Priss.* And then brought your ducks to nibble upon him. — You remember?

*Cap. Albo.* O, the remembrance tortures me again! no more, good sweet face.

*Meg.* Well, lead on, sir — but hark a little.

*Enter* CHOUGH *and* TRIMTRAM

*Chough.* Didst thou bargain for the bladders with the butcher, Trim?

*Trim.* Ay, sir, I have 'em here; I'll practise to swim too, sir, and then I may roar with the water at London Bridge:[n] he that roars by land and by water both is the perfect roarer.

*Chough.* Well, I'll venture to swim too: if my father-in-law gives me a good dowry with his daughter, I shall hold up my head well enough.

*Trim.* Peace, sir; here's practice for our roaring, here's a centaur and two hippocrenes.

*Chough.* Offer the jostle, Trim.

[TRIMTRAM *jostles* Captain ALBO.

*Cap. Albo.* Ha! what meanest thou by that?

*Trim.* I mean to confront thee, cyclops.

*Chough.* I'll tell thee what 'a means — is this thy sister?

*Cap. Albo.* How then, sir?

*Chough.* Why, then, I say she is a bronstrops; and this is a fucus.

*Priss.* No, indeed, sir; we are both fucusses.

*Cap. Albo.* Art thou military? art thou a soldier?

*Chough.* A soldier? no, I scorn to be so poor; I am a roarer.

*Cap. Albo.* A roarer?

*Trim.* Ay, sir, two roarers.

*Cap. Albo.* Know, then, my fresh-water friends, that I am a captain.

*Chough.* What, and have but two to serve under you?

*Cap. Albo.* I am now retiring the field.

*Trim.* You may see that by his bag and baggage.

*Chough.* Deliver up thy panagron to me.

*Trim.* And give me thy sindicus.

*Cap. Albo.* Deliver?

*Meg.* I pray you, captain, be contented; the gentlemen seem to give us very good words.

*Chough.* Good words? ay, if you could understand 'em; the words cost twenty pound.

*Meg.* What is your pleasure, gentlemen?

*Chough.* I would enucleate my fructifer.

*Priss.* What says he, patroness?

*Meg.* He would enoculate: I understand the gentleman very pithily.

*Cap. Albo.* Speak, are you gentle or plebeian? can you give arms?[n]

*Chough.* Arms? ay, sir; you shall feel our arms presently.

*Trim.* 'Sault you the women; I'll pepper him till he stinks again: I perceive what countryman he is; let me alone with him.

*Cap. Albo.* Darest thou charge a captain?

*Trim.* Yes, and discharge upon him too.

*Cap. Albo.* Foh, 'tis poison to my country, the slave has eaten pippins! O, shoot no more! turn both thy broadsides rather than thy poop; 'tis foul play; my country breeds no poison.[n] I yield; the great O'Toole[n] shall yield on these conditions.

*Chough.* I have given one of 'em a fair fall, Trim.

*Trim.* Then thus far we bring home conquest. — Follow me, captain; the cyclops doth command.

*Chough.* Follow me, tweaks,[g] the centaur doth command.

*Meg.* Anything, sweet gentlemen; will't please you to lead to the tavern, where we'll make all friends?

*Trim.* Why, now you come to the conclusion.

*Chough.* Stay, Trim; I have heard your tweaks are like your mermaids, they have sweet voices to entice the passengers:[g] let's have a song, and then we'll set 'em at liberty.

*Trim.* In the commendation of roaring, not else, sir.

*Chough.* Ay, in the commendation of roaring.

*Meg.* The best we can, gentlemen.

[*Sings,* PRISS *joining in chorus.*

*Then here thou shalt resign*
*Both captain and commander;*
*That name was never thine,*
*But apple-squire*[g] *and pander;*
*And henceforth will we grant,*
*In pillage or in monies,*
*In clothing or provant,*[g]
*Whate'er we get by conies:*[g]
*With a hone,*[g] *a hone, a hone,*
*No cheaters nor decoys*
*Shall have a share, but alone*
*The bravest roaring boys.*

*Whate'er we get by gulls*
*Of country or of city,*
*Old flat-caps*[g] *or young heirs,*
*Or lawyers' clerks so witty;*
*By sailors newly landed,*
*To put in for fresh waters;*
*By wandering gander-mooners,*[g]
*Or muffled late night-walkers.*[g]
*With a hone, etc.*

*Whate'er we get by strangers,*
*The Scotch, the Dutch, or Irish,*
*Or, to come nearer home,*
*By masters of the parish;*
*It is concluded thus,*

*By all and every wench,*
*To take of all their coins,*
*And pay 'em back in French.*
*With a hone, etc.*

*Chough.* Melodious minotaur!
*Trim.* Harmonious hippocrene!
*Chough.* Sweet-breasted[g] bronstrops!
*Trim.* Most tunable tweak!
*Chough.* Delicious duplar!
*Trim.* Putrefactious panagron!
*Chough.* Calumnious callicut!
*Trim.* And most singular sindicus!
*Meg.* We shall never be able to deserve these good words at your hands, gentlemen.
*Cap. Albo.* Shake golls[g] with the captain; he shall be thy valiant friend.
*Chough.* Not yet, captain; we must make an end of our roaring first.
*Trim.* We'll serve 'em as we did the tobacco-man, lay a curse upon 'em; marry, we'll lay it on gently, because they have used us so kindly, and then we'll shake golls together.
*Priss.* As gently as you can, sweet gentlemen.
*Chough.* For thee, O pander, mayst thou trudge till the damned soles of thy boots fleet into dirt, but never rise into air!
*Trim.* Next, mayst thou fleet so long from place to place, till thou be'st kicked out of Fleet Street!
*Chough.* As thou hast lived by bad flesh, so rotten mutton[g] be thy bane!
*Trim.* When thou art dead, may twenty whores follow thee, that thou mayst go a squire[g] to thy grave!
*Cap. Albo.* Enough for me, sweet faces; let me sleep in my grave.
*Chough.* For thee, old sindicus, may I see thee ride in a caroach[g] with two wheels, and drawn with one horse,

*Trim.* Ten beadles running by, instead of footmen!

*Chough.* With every one a whip, 'stead of an Irish dart![n]

*Trim.* Forty barbers' basins[n] sounding before, instead of trumpets!

*Meg.* This will be comely indeed, sweet gentlemen roarers.

*Trim.* Thy ruff starched yellow[n] with rotten eggs!

*Chough.* And mayst thou then be drawn from Holborn to Hounslow Heath!

*Trim.* And then be burnt to Colebrook, for destroying of Maidenhead!

*Meg.* I will study to deserve this kindness at your hands, gentlemen.

*Chough.* Now, for thee, little fucus; mayst thou first serve out thy time as a tweak, and then become a bronstrops, as she is!

*Trim.* Mayst thou have a reasonable good spring, for thou art likely to have many dangerous foul falls!

*Chough.* Mayst thou have two ruffs torn in one week!

*Trim.* May spiders only weave thy cobweb-lawn![g]

*Chough.* Mayst thou set up in Rogue-lane —

*Trim.* Live till thou stinkest in Garden-alleys —

*Chough.* And die sweetly in Tower-ditch!

*Priss.* I thank you for that, good sir roarer.

*Chough.* Come, shall we go now, Trim? my father-in-law stays for me all this while.

*Trim.* Nay, I'll serve 'em as we did the tobacco-man; I'll bury 'em altogether, and give 'em an epitaph.

*Chough.* All together, Trim? why, then, the epitaph will be accessary to the sin.

*Trim.* Alas, he has kept the door[n] all his life-time! for pity, let 'em lie together in their graves.

*Cap. Albo.* E'en as thou wilt, Trim, and I thank you too, sir.

*Trim. He that the reason would know, let him hark,*
*Why these three were buried near Marybone Park:*

*These three were a pander, a bawd, and a whore,*
*That suck'd many dry to the bones before.*
*Will you know how they liv'd? here't may be read:*
*The Low Countries did ever find 'em bread;*
*They lived by Flushing, by Sluys, and the Groyne,*
*Sickened in France, and died under the Line.*
*Three letters at last commended 'em hither,*
*But the hangman broke one in putting together:*
*P was the first who cries out for a pardon,*
*O craves his book, yet could not read such a hard one,*[n]
*An X was the last, which in conjunction*
*Was broke by Brandon;*[n] *and here's the conclusion:*
*By three trees, three letters, these three, pander, bawd, whore,*
*Now stink below ground, stunk long above before.*

*Chough.* So, now we have done with you; remember roaring boys.

*Trim.* Farewell, centaur!

*Chough.* Farewell, bronstrops!

*Trim.* Farewell, fucus!

[*Exeunt* CHOUGH *and* TRIMTRAM.

*Cap. Albo.* Well, Meg, I will learn to roar, and still maintain the name of captain over these lance-presadoes.[g]

*Meg.* If thou dost not, mayst thou be buried under the roaring curse! [*Exeunt.*

## ACT THE FIFTH

### SCENE I

*A Room in* RUSSELL'S *House*

*Enter* Physician, *and* JANE *dressed as a bride*

*Phy.* Will you be obstinate?
*Jane.* Torment me not,
Thou lingering executioner to death,
Greatest disease to nature, that striv'st by art
To make men long a-dying! your practice is
Upon men's bodies; as men pull roses
For their own relish, but to kill the flower,
So you maintain your lives by others' deaths:
What eat you then but carrion?
*Phy.* Fie, bitterness!
Ye'd need to candy o'er your tongue a little,
Your words will hardly be digested else.
*Jane.* You can give yourself a vomit to return 'em,
If they offend your stomach.
*Phy.* Hear my vow;
You are to be married to-day —
*Jane.* A second torment,
Worse than the first, 'cause unavoidable!
I would I could as soon annihilate
My father's will in that as forbid thy lust!
*Phy.* If you then tender an unwilling hand,
Meet it with revenge, marry a cuckold.
*Jane.* If thou wilt marry me, I'll make that vow,
And give my body for satisfaction
To him that should enjoy me for his wife,

*Phy.* Go to; I'll mar your marriage.
*Jane.* Do; plague me so:
I'll rather bear the brand of all that's past,
In capital characters upon my brow,
Than think to be thy whore or marry him.
*Phy.* I will defame thee ever —
*Jane.* Spare me not.
*Phy.* I will produce thy bastard,
Bring thee to public penance —
*Jane.* No matter, I care not;
I shall then have a clean sheet; I'll wear twenty,
Rather than one defil'd with thee.
*Phy.* Look for revenge!
*Jane.* Pursue it fully then. — [*Aside.*] Out of his hate
I shall escape,[n] I hope, a loathed fate. [*Exit.*
*Phy.* Am I rejected, all my baits nibbled off,
And not the fish caught? I'll trouble the whole stream,
And choke it in the mud: since hooks not take,
I'll throw in nets that shall or kill or break.

*Enter* TRIMTRAM *with rosemary*[n]

This is the bridegroom's man. — Hark, sir, a word.
*Trim.* 'Tis a busy day, sir, nor I need no physic;
You see I scour[g] about my business.
*Phy.* Pray you, a word, sir: your master is to be married to-day?
*Trim.* Else all this rosemary's lost.
*Phy.* I would speak with your master, sir.
*Trim.* My master, sir, is to be married this morning, and cannot be within while[g] soon at night.
*Phy.* If you will do your master the best service
That e'er you did him; if he shall not curse
Your negligence hereafter slacking it;
If he shall bless me for the dearest friend
That ever his acquaintance met withal;
Let me speak with him ere he go to church.

*Trim.* A right physician! you would have none go to the church nor churchyard till you send them thither: well, if death do not spare you yourselves, he deals hardly with you, for you are better benefactors and send more to him than all diseases besides.

*Chough.* [*Within.*] What, Trimtram, Trimtram!

*Trim.* I come, sir. — Hark you, you may hear him! he's upon the spur, and would fain mount the saddle of matrimony; but, if I can, I'll persuade him to come to you.

*Phy.* Pray you, do, sir. [*Exit* TRIMTRAM.] — I'll teach
all peevish niceness[g]
To beware the strong advantage of revenge.

*Enter* CHOUGH

*Chough.* Who's that would speak with me?

*Phy.* None but a friend, sir; I would speak with you.

*Chough.* Why, sir, and I dare speak with any man under the universe. Can you roar, sir?

*Phy.* No, in faith, sir;
I come to tell you mildly for your good,
If you please to hear me: you are upon marriage?

*Chough.* No, sir; I am towards it, but not upon it yet.

*Phy.* Do you know what you do?

*Chough.* Yes, sir, I have practised what to do before now; I would be ashamed to be married else: I have seen a bronstrops in my time, and a hippocrene, and a tweak too.

*Phy.* Take fair heed, sir; the wife that you would
marry
Is not fit for you.

*Chough.* Why, sir, have you tried her?

*Phy.* Not I, believe it, sir; but believe withal
She has been tried.

*Chough.* Why, sir, is she a fructifer or a fucus?

*Phy.* All that I speak, sir, is in love to you:
Your bride, that may be, has not that portion
That a bride should have.

*Chough.* Why, sir, she has a thousand[n] and a better penny.

*Phy.* I do not speak of rubbish, dross, and ore,
But the refined metal, honour, sir.

*Chough.* What she wants in honour shall be made up in worship, sir; money will purchase both.

*Phy.* To be plain with you, she's naught.[g]

*Chough.* If thou canst not roar, thou'rt a dead man! my bride naught? [*Drawing his sword.*

*Phy.* Sir, I do not fear you that way; what I speak [*Drawing his sword.*
My life shall maintain; I say she is naught.

*Chough.* Dost thou not fear me?

*Phy.* Indeed I do not, sir.

*Chough.* I'll never draw upon thee while I live for that trick; put up and speak freely.

*Phy.* Your intended bride is a whore; that's freely, sir.

*Chough.* Yes, faith, a whore's free enough, and she hath a conscience: is she a whore? foot, I warrant she has the pox then.

*Phy.* Worse, the plague; 'tis more incurable.

*Chough.* A plaguy whore? a pox on her, I'll none of her!

*Phy.* Mine accusation shall have firm evidence;
I will produce an unavoided[g] witness,
A bastard of her bearing.

*Chough.* A bastard? 'snails,[g] there's great suspicion she's a whore then! I'll wrestle a fall with her father for putting this trick upon me, as I am a gentleman.

*Phy.* Good sir, mistake me not; I do not speak
To break the contract of united hearts;
I will not pull that curse upon my head,
To separate the husband and the wife;

But this, in love, I thought fit to reveal,
As the due office betwixt man and man,
That you might not be ignorant of your ills.
Consider now of my premonishment
As yourself shall please.

*Chough.* I'll burn all the rosemary to sweeten the house, for, in my conscience, 'tis infected: has she drunk bastard?[g] if she would piss me wine-vinegar now nine times a day, I'd never have her, and I thank you too.

*Re-enter* TRIMTRAM

*Trim.* Come, will you come away, sir? they have all rosemary, and stay for you to lead the way.

*Chough.* I'll not be married to-day, Trimtram: hast e'er an almanac about thee? this is the nineteenth of August, look what day of the month 'tis.

*Trim.* 'Tis tenty-nine[g] indeed, sir.

[*Looks in an almanac.*

*Chough.* What's the word? what says Bretnor?[n]

*Trim.* The word is, sir, "There's a hole in her coat."[g]

*Chough.* I thought so; the physician agrees with him; I'll not marry to-day.

*Trim.* I pray you, sir; there will be charges for new rosemary else; this will be withered by to-morrow.

*Chough.* Make a bonfire on't, to sweeten Rosemary-lane: prithee, Trim, entreat my father-in-law that might have been, to come and speak with me.

*Trim.* The bride cries already and looks tother way; and you be so backward too, we shall have a fine arse-ward wedding on't. [*Exit.*

*Chough.* You'll stand to your words, sir?

*Phy.* I'll not fly the house, sir;
When you have need, call me to evidence.

*Chough.* If you'll prove she has borne a bastard, I'll stand to't she's a whore. [*Exit* Physician.

*Enter* RUSSELL *and* TRIMTRAM

*Rus.* Why, how now, son? what causeth these delays? All stay for your leading.

*Chough.* Came I from the Mount to be confronted?

*Rus.* How's that, sir?

*Chough.* Canst thou roar, old man?

*Rus.* Roar? how mean you, sir?

*Chough.* Why, then, I'll tell thee plainly, thy daughter is a bronstrops.

*Rus.* A bronstrops? what's that, sir?

*Trim.* Sir, if she be so, she is a hippocrene.

*Chough.* Nay, worse, she is a fructifer.

*Trim.* Nay, then, she is a fucus, a minotaur, and a tweak.

*Rus.* Pray you, speak to my understanding, sir.

*Chough.* If thou wilt have it in plain terms, she is a callicut and a panagron.

*Trim.* Nay, then, she is a duplar and a sindicus.

*Rus.* Good, sir, speak English to me.

*Chough.* All this is Cornish to thee; I say thy daughter has drunk bastard in her time.

*Rus.* Bastard? you do not mean to make her a whore?

*Chough.* Yes, but I do, if she make a fool of me; I'll ne'er make her my wife till she have her maidenhead again.

*Rus.* A whore? I do defy this calumny.

*Chough.* Dost thou? I defy thee then.

*Trim.* Do you, sir? then I defy thee too: fight with us both at once in this quarrel, if thou darest!

*Chough.* I could have had a whore at Plymouth.

*Trim.* Ay, or at Pe'ryn.[n]

*Chough.* Ay, or under the Mount.

*Trim.* Or as you came at Ivel.[n]

*Chough.* Or at Hockye-Hole[n] in Somersetshire.

*Trim.* Or at the Hanging-stones[n] in Wiltshire.

*Chough.* Or at Maidenhead in Berkshire: and did I come in by Maidenhead to go out by Staines? O, that man, woman, or child would wrestle with me for a pound of patience!

*Rus.* Some thief has put in poison at your ears,
To steal the good name of my child from me;
Or if it be a malice of your own,
Be sure I will enforce a proof from you.

*Chough.* He's a goose and a woodcock that says I will not prove any word that I speak.

*Trim.* Ay, either goose or woodcock; he shall, sir, with any man.

*Chough.* Phy-si-ci-an! mauz avez[n] physician!

*Rus.* Is he the author?

*Re-enter* Physician

*Phy.* Sir, with much sorrow for your sorrow's sake,
I must deliver this most certain truth:
Your daughter is an honour-stained bride,
Indeed she is the mother to a child
Before the lawful wife unto a husband.

*Chough.* La, that's worse than I told thee; I said she had borne a bastard, and he says she was the mother on't too.

*Rus.* I'm yet an infidel against all this,
And will believe the sun is made of brass,
The stars of amber —

*Chough.* And the moon of a Holland cheese.

*Rus.* Rather than this impossibility.
O, here she comes.

*Re-enter* JANE *with* ANNE

Nay, come, daughter, stand at the bar of shame;
Either now quit thyself, or kill me ever:
Your marriage-day is spoil'd, if all be true.

*Jane.* A happy misery! who's my accuser?
*Phy.* I am, that knows it true I speak.
*Chough.* Yes, and I'm his witness.
*Trim.* And I.
*Chough.* And I again.
*Trim.* And I again too; there's four, that's enough, I hope.
*Rus.* How can you witness, sir, that nothing know
But what you have receiv'd from his report?
*Chough.* Must we not believe our physicians? pray you, think I know as much as every fool does.
*Trim.* Let me be Trimtram, I pray you too, sir.
*Jane.* Sir, if this bad man have laid a blemish
On my white name, he is a most false one,
Defaming me for the just denial
Of his foul lust. — Nay, now you shall be known, sir.
*Anne.* Sir, I'm his sister, and do better know him
Than all of you: give not too much belief
To his wild words; he's oftentimes mad, sir.
*Phy.* I thank you, good sister!
*Anne.* Are you not mad
To do this office? fie upon your malice!
*Phy.* I'll presently produce both nurse and child,
Whose very eyes shall call her mother before it speaks.
[*Exit.*
*Chough.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! by my troth, I'd spend a shilling on that condition to hear that: I think in my conscience I shall take the physician in a lie; if the child call her mother before it can speak, I'll never wrestle while I live again.
*Trim.* It must be a she child, if it do, sir; and those speak the soonest of any living creatures, they say.
*Chough.* Baw, waw! a dog will bark a month sooner; he's very puppy else.
*Rus.* Come, tell truth 'twixt ourselves; here's none but friends:
One spot a father's love will soon wipe off;

The truth, and thereby try my love abundant;
I'll cover it with all the care I have,
And yet, perhaps, make up a marriage-day.
*Jane.* Then it's true, sir, I have a child.
*Rus.* Hast thou?
Well, wipe thine eyes; I'm a grandfather then.
If all bastards were banish'd, the city would be thin
In the thickest term-time. Well, now let me alone,
I'll try my wits for thee. — Richard, Francis, Andrew!
None of my knaves within?

*Enter* Servant

*Ser.* Here's one of 'em, sir: the guests come in apace.
*Rus.* Do they, Dick? let 'em have wine and sugar;[n] we'll be for 'em presently; but hark, Dick.
[*Whispers* Servant.
*Chough.* I long to hear this child speak, i'faith, Trim; I would this foolish physician would come once.
*Trim.* If it calls her mother, I hope it shall never call you father.
*Chough.* No; and it do, I'll whip it, i'faith, and give thee leave to whip me.
*Rus.* Run on thy best legs, Dick.
*Ser.* I'll be here in a twinkling, sir. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* Physician *with* Dutch Nurse *and* Child

*Phy.* Now, gentlemen, believe your eyes, if not
My tongue. — Do not you call this your child?
*Chough.* Phew, that's not the point! you promised us the child should call her mother; if it does this month, I'll ne'er go to the roaring school again.
*Rus.* Whose child is this, nurse?
*Nurse.* Dis gentleman's, so he to me readen.
[*Points to the* Physician.
*Chough.* 'Snails, she's the physician's bronstrops, Trim!

*Trim.* His fucus, his very tweak, i'faith.

*Chough.* A glister in his teeth! let him take her, with a purgation to him!

*Rus.* 'Tis as your sister said, you are stark mad, sir,
This much confirms it; you have defam'd
Mine honest daughter; I'll have you punish'd for't,
Besides the civil penance of your sin,
And keeping of your bastard.

*Phy.* This is fine!
All your wit and wealth must not thus carry it.

*Rus.* Sir Chough, a word with you.

*Chough.* I'll not have her, i'faith, sir; if Trimtram will have her, an he will, let him.

*Trim.* Who, I, sir? I scorn it: if you'll have her, I'll have her too; I'll do as you do, and no otherwise.

*Rus.* I do not mean't to[n] either; this only, sir,
That whatsoe'er you've seen, you would be silent;
Hinder not my child of another husband,
Though you forsake her.

*Chough.* I'll not speak a word, i'faith.

*Rus.* As you are a gentleman?

*Chough.* By these basket-hilts, as I am a youth, a gentleman, a roarer.

*Rus.* Charm your man, I beseech you, too.

*Chough.* I warrant you, sir, he shall do nothing but what I do before him.

*Rus.* I shall most dearly thank you. —

*Re-enter* Servant *with* FITZALLEN

O, are you come?
Welcome, son-in-law! this was beyond your hope:
We old men have pretty conceits sometimes;
Your wedding-day's prepar'd, and this is it;
How think you of it?

*Fitz.* As of the joyfullest
That ever welcom'd me! you show yourself now
A pattern to all kind fathers. — My sweetest Jane!

*Rus.* Your captivity I meant but as sauce
Unto your wedding-dinner; now I'm sure
'Tis far more welcome in this short restraint
Than had it freely come.

*Fitz.* A thousandfold.

*Jane.* [*Aside.*] I like this well.

*Chough.* I have not the heart to see this gentleman gulled so; I will reveal; I make it mine own case; 'tis a foul case.

*Trim.* Remember you have sworn by your hilts.

*Chough.* I'll break my hilts rather than conceal: I have a trick; do thou follow me; I will reveal it, and yet not speak it neither.

*Trim.* 'Tis my duty to follow you, sir.

*Chough.* [*Sings.*] Take heed in time, O man, unto thy head!

*Trim.* [*Sings.*] All is not gold that glistereth in bed.

*Rus.* Why, sir, — why, sir!

*Chough.* [*Sings.*] Look to't, I say, thy bride is a bronstrops.

*Trim.* [*Sings.*] And knows the thing that men wear in their slops.[g]

*Fitz.* How's this, sir?

*Chough.* [*Sings.*] A hippocrene, a tweak, for and a fucus.

*Trim.* [*Sings.*] Let not fond love with foretops[g] so rebuke us.

*Rus.* Good sir —

*Chough.* [*Sings.*] Behold a baby of this maid's begetting.

*Trim.* [*Sings.*] A deed of darkness after the sunsetting.

*Rus.* Your oath, sir!

*Chough.* [*Sings.*] I swear and sing thy bride has taken physic.

*Trim.* [*Sings.*] This was the doctor cur'd her of that phthisic.

*Chough.* [*Sings.*] If you'll believe me, I will say no more.

*Trim.* [*Sings.*] Thy bride's a tweak, as we do say that roar.

*Chough.* Bear witness, gentlemen, I have not spoke a word; my hilts are whole still.

*Fitz.* This is a sweet epithalamium
Unto the marriage-bed, a musical,
Harmonious Io ![g] Sir, you have wrong'd me,
And basely wrong'd me! was this your cunning fetch,
To fetch me out of prison, for ever to marry me
Unto a strumpet?

*Rus.* None of those words, good sir;
'Tis but a fault, and 'tis a sweet one too.
Come, sir, your means is short; lengthen your fortunes
With a fair proffer: I'll put a thousand pieces
Into the scale, to help her to weigh it up,
Above the first dowry.

*Fitz.* Ha? you say well;
Shame may be bought out at a dear rate;
A thousand pieces added to her dowry!

*Rus.* There's five hundred of 'em to make the bargain; [*Gives money.*
I've worthy guests coming, and would not delude 'em;
Say, speak like a son to me.

*Fitz.* Your blessing, sir;
We are both yours: — witness, gentlemen,
These must be made up a thousand pieces,
Added to a first thousand for her dowry,
To father that child.

*Phy.* O, is it out now?

*Chough.* For tother thousand, I'll do't myself yet.

*Trim.* Or I, if my master will.

*Fitz.* The bargain's made, sir; I have the tender
And possession both, and will keep my purchase.

*Chough.* Take her e'en to you with all her moveables;
I'll wear my bachelor's buttons still.

*Trim.* So will I, i'faith; they are the best flowers in any man's garden, next to heart's-ease.

*Fitz.* This is as welcome as the other, sir.
And both as the best bliss that e'er on earth
I shall enjoy. Sir, this is mine own child;
You could not have found out a fitter father;
Nor is it basely bred, as you imagine,
For we were wedded by the hand of heaven
Ere this work was begun.

*Chough.* At Pancridge,[n] I'll lay my life on't.

*Trim.* I'll lay my life on't too, 'twas there.

*Fitz.* Somewhere it was, sir.

*Rus.* Was't so, i'faith, son?

*Jane.* And that I must have reveal'd to you, sir,
Ere I had gone to church with this fair groom;
But, thank this gentleman, he prevented me. —
I am much bound unto your malice, sir.

*Phy.* I am asham'd.

*Jane.* Shame to amendment then.

*Rus.* Now get you together for a couple of cunning ones!
But son, a word; the latter thousand pieces
Is now more than the bargain.

*Fitz.* No, by my faith, sir,
Here's witness enough on it; it must serve
To pay my fees, imprisonment is costly.

*Chough.* By my troth, the old man has gulled himself finely! Well, sir, I'll bid myself a guest, though not a groom; I'll dine, and dance, and roar at the wedding for all this.

*Trim.* So will I, sir, if my master does.

*Rus.* Well, sir, you're welcome: but now no more words on't
Till we be set at dinner, for there will mirth
Be the most useful for digestion:
See, my best guests are coming.

*Enter* Lady AGER, *the* Colonel's Sister, Captain AGER, *his two* Friends, *and* Surgeon

*Cap. Ager.* Recover'd, sayst thou?

*Surg.* May I be excluded quite out of Surgeons' Hall[n] else! marry, I must tell you the wound was fain to be twice corroded,[g] 'twas a plain gastrolophe,[g] and a deep one; but I closed the lips on't with bandages and sutures, which is a kind conjunction[n] of the parts separated against the course of nature.

*Cap. Ager.* Well, sir, he is well.

*Surg.* I feared him, I assure you, captain; before the suture in the belly, it grew almost to a convulsion, and there was like to be a bloody issue from the hollow vessels of the kidneys.

*Cap. Ager.* There's that, to thank thy news and thy art together. [*Gives him money.*

*Surg.* And if your worship at any time stand in need of incision, if it be your fortune to light into my hands, I'll give you the best.

*Cap. Ager.* Uncle, the noble colonel's recover'd.

*Rus.* Recover'd?
Then honour is not dead in all parts, coz.

*Enter the* Colonel *and two* Friends

1*st Fr. of Cap.* Behold him yonder, sir.

*Cap. Ager.* My much unworthiness
Is now found out; thou'st not a face to fit it.

1*st Fr. of Col.* Sir, yonder's captain Ager.

*Col.* O lieutenant,
The wrong I've done his fame puts me to silence;
Shame so confounds me, that I dare not see him.

*Cap. Ager.* I never knew how poor my deserts were
Till he appear'd; no way to give requital!
Here shame me lastingly, do't with his own:
Return this to him; tell him I have riches

In that abundance in his sister's love,
These come but to oppress me, and confound
All my deservings everlastingly;
I never shall requite my wealth in her, say.
[*Giving the will to his* Friend, *who delivers it to the* Colonel.
How soon from virtue and an honour'd spirit
May man receive what he may never merit!
*Col.* This comes most happily, to express me better;
For since this will was made, there fell to me
The manor of Fitzdale; give him that too;
[*Returning the will with other papers.*
He's like to have charge,
There's fair hope of my sister's fruitfulness:
For me, I never mean to change my mistress,
And war is able to maintain her servant.
1*st Fr. of Cap.* Read there; a fair increase, sir, by my faith;
He has sent it back, sir, with new additions.
*Cap. Ager.* How miserable he makes me! this enforces me
To break through all the passages of shame,
And headlong fall —
*Col.* Into my arms, dear worthy!
*Cap. Ager.* You have a goodness
Has put me past my answers; you may speak
What you please now, I must be silent ever.
*Col.* This day has shown me joy's unvalu'd^g treasure;
I would not change this brotherhood with a monarch;
Into which blest alliance sacred heaven
Has plac'd my kinsman, and given him his ends:
Fair be that quarrel makes such happy friends!
[*Exeunt.*

# THE CHANGELING

## THE CHANGELING

THIS play was first published in 1653, and the same sheets with new title-page appeared in 1668. The date of performance is 1621 to 1623, as there was a performance at court 4 January 1623–4, and Reynolds' *God's Revenge against Murther*, the source of the main plot, appeared in 1621. Sources in old French tales for the substitution of Diaphanta, and other incidents are noted by Professor G. P. Baker, *Journal of Comparative Literature*, I, 87–8.

## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ*

Vermandero, Governor of the castle of Alicant.
Alonzo de Piracquo, } Brothers.
Tomaso de Piracquo, }
Alsemero.
Jasperino, his Friend.
Alibius, a Doctor, who undertakes the cure of fools and madmen.
Lollio, his Man.
Antonio, a pretended Changeling.[n]
Pedro, his Friend.
Franciscus, a counterfeit Madman.
De Flores, an Attendant on Vermandero.
Madmen.
Servants.

Beatrice-Joanna, Daughter of Vermandero.
Diaphanta, her Waiting-woman.
Isabella, Wife of Alibius.

Scene — Alicant

# THE CHANGELING

## ACT THE FIRST

### Scene I

*A Street*

*Enter* Alsemero

*Als.* 'Twas in the temple where I first beheld her,
And now again the same: what omen yet
Follows of that? none but imaginary;
Why should my hopes or fate be timorous?
The place is holy, so is my intent:
I love her beauties to the holy purpose;
And that, methinks, admits comparison
With man's first creation, the place blessed,[n]
And is his right home back, if he achieve it.
The church hath first begun our interview,
And that's the place must join us into one;
So there's beginning and perfection too.

*Enter* Jasperino

*Jas.* O sir, are you here? come, the wind's fair with you;
You're like to have a swift and pleasant passage.
*Als.* Sure, you're deceiv'd, friend, it is contrary,
In my best judgement.

*Jas.* What, for Malta?
If you could buy a gale[n] amongst the witches,
They could not serve you such a lucky[g] pennyworth
As comes a' God's name.
*Als.* Even now I observ'd
The temple's vane to turn full in my face;
I know it is against me.
*Jas.* Against you?
Then you know not where you are.
*Als.* Not well, indeed.
*Jas.* Are you not well, sir?
*Als.* Yes, Jasperino,
Unless there be some hidden malady
Within me, that I understand not.
*Jas.* And that
I begin to doubt,[g] sir: I never knew
Your inclination to travel at a pause,
With any cause to hinder it, till now.
Ashore you were wont to call your servants up,
And help to trap your horses for the speed;
At sea I've seen you weigh the anchor with 'em,
Hoist sails for fear to lose the foremost breath,
Be in continual prayers for fair winds;
And have you chang'd your orisons?
*Als.* No, friend;
I keep the same church, same devotion.
*Jas.* Lover I'm sure you're none; the stoic was
Found in you long ago; your mother nor
Best friends, who have set snares of beauty, ay,
And choice ones too, could never trap you that way:
What might be the cause?
*Als.* Lord, how violent
Thou art! I was but meditating of
Somewhat I heard within the temple.
*Jas.* Is this
Violence? 'tis but idleness compar'd
With your haste yesterday.

*Als.* I'm all this while
A-going, man.

*Jas.* Backwards, I think, sir. Look, your servants.

*Enter* Servants

1*st Ser.* The seamen call; shall we board your trunks?

*Als.* No, not to-day.

*Jas.* 'Tis the critical day, it seems, and the sign in Aquarius.[n]

2*nd Ser.* We must not to sea to-day; this smoke will bring forth fire.

*Als.* Keep all on shore; I do not know the end,
Which needs I must do, of an affair in hand
Ere I can go to sea.

1*st Ser.* Well, your pleasure.

2*nd Ser.* Let him e'en take his leisure too; we are safer on land. [*Exeunt* Servants.

*Enter* BEATRICE, DIAPHANTA, *and* Servants. ALSEMERO *accosts* BEATRICE *and then kisses her*

*Jas.* [*Aside.*] How now? the laws of the Medes are changed sure; salute a woman! he kisses too; wonderful! where learnt he this? and does it perfectly too; in my conscience,[n] he ne'er rehearsed it before. Nay, go on; this will be stranger and better news at Valencia than if he had ransomed half Greece from the Turk.[n]

*Beat.* You are a scholar, sir?

*Als.* A weak one, lady.

*Beat.* Which of the sciences is this love you speak of?

*Als.* From your tongue I take it to be music.

*Beat.* You're skilful in it, can sing at first sight.

*Als.* And I have show'd you all my skill at once;
I want more words to express me further,
And must be forc'd to repetition;
I love you dearly.

*Beat.* Be better advis'd, sir:
Our eyes are sentinels unto our judgements,
And should give certain judgement what they see;
But they are rash sometimes, and tell us wonders
Of common things, which when our judgements find,
They can then check the eyes, and call them blind.
*Als.* But I am further, lady; yesterday
Was mine eyes' employment, and hither now
They brought my judgement, where are both agreed:
Both houses[g] then consenting,[g] 'tis agreed;
Only there wants the confirmation
By the hand royal; that is your part, lady.
*Beat.* O, there's one above me, sir. — [*Aside.*] For five days past
To be recall'd! sure mine eyes were mistaken;
This was the man was meant me: that he should come
So near his time, and miss it!
*Jas.* We might have come by the carriers from Valencia, I see, and saved all our sea-provision; we are at farthest sure: methinks I should do something too;
I mean to be a venturer[g] in this voyage:
Yonder's another vessel, I'll board her;
If she be lawful prize, down goes her topsail.
[*Accosts* DIAPHANTA.

*Enter* DE FLORES

*De F.* Lady, your father —
*Beat.* Is in health, I hope.
*De F.* Your eye shall instantly instruct you, lady;
He's coming hitherward.
*Beat.* What needed then
Your duteous preface? I had rather
He had come unexpected; you must stall[g]
A good presence with unnecessary blabbing;
And how welcome for your part you are,
I'm sure you know.

*De F.* [*Aside.*] Will't never mend, this scorn,
One side nor other? must I be enjoin'd
To follow still whilst she flies from me? well,
Fates, do your worst, I'll please myself with sight
Of her at all opportunities,
If but to spite her anger: I know she had
Rather see me dead than living; and yet
She knows no cause for't but a peevish will.
*Als.* You seemed displeased, lady, on the sudden.
*Beat.* Your pardon, sir, 'tis my infirmity;
Nor can I other reason render you,
Than his or hers, of some particular thing
They must abandon as a deadly poison,
Which to a thousand other tastes were wholesome;
Such to mine eyes is that same fellow there,
The same that report speaks of the basilisk.
*Als.* This is a frequent frailty in our nature;
There's scarce a man amongst a thousand found
But hath his imperfection: one distastes
The scent of roses, which to infinites[g]
Most pleasing is and odoriferous;
One oil, the enemy of poison;
Another wine, the cheerer of the heart
And lively refresher of the countenance:
Indeed this fault, if so it be, is general;
There's scarce a thing but is both lov'd and loath'd:
Myself, I must confess, have the same frailty.
*Beat.* And what may be your poison, sir? I'm bold with you.
*Als.* What might be your desire, perhaps; a cherry.
*Beat.* I am no enemy to any creature
My memory has, but yon gentleman.
*Als.* He does ill to tempt your sight, if he knew it.
*Beat.* He cannot be ignorant of that, sir,
I have not spar'd to tell him so; and I want
To help myself,[n] since he's a gentleman
In good respect with my father, and follows him.

*Als.* He's out of his place then, now. [*They talk apart.*

*Jas.* I am a mad wag, wench.

*Dia.* So methinks; but for your comfort, I can tell you, we have a doctor in the city that undertakes the cure of such.

*Jas.* Tush, I know what physic is best for the state of mine own body.

*Dia.* 'Tis scarce a well-governed state, I believe.

*Jas.* I could show thee such a thing with an ingredience[g] that we two would compound together, and if it did not tame the maddest blood i' th' town for two hours after, I'll ne'er profess physic again.

*Dia.* A little poppy, sir, were good to cause you sleep.

*Jas.* Poppy? I'll give thee a pop i' th' lips for that first, and begin there: poppy is one simple indeed, and cuckoo-what-you-call't another: I'll discover no more now; another time I'll show thee all. [*Exit.*

*Beat.* My father, sir.

*Enter* VERMANDERO *and* Servants

*Ver.* O Joanna, I came to meet thee;
Your devotion's ended?

*Beat.* For this time, sir. —
[*Aside.*] I shall change my saint,[n] I fear me; I find
A giddy turning in me. — Sir, this while
I am beholding to this gentleman, who
Left his own way to keep me company,
And in discourse I find him much desirous
To see your castle; he hath deserv'd it, sir,
If ye please to grant it.

*Ver.* With all my heart, sir:
Yet there's an article between; I must know
Your country; we use not to give survey
Of our chief strengths to strangers; our citadels
Are plac'd conspicuous to outward view,
On promonts'[g] tops, but within are secrets.

*Als.* A Valencian, sir.

*Ver.* A Valencian?
That's native, sir: of what name, I beseech you?
*Als.* Alsemero, sir.
*Ver.* Alsemero? not the son
Of John de Alsemero?
*Als.* The same, sir.
*Ver.* My best love bids you welcome.
*Beat.* [*Aside.*] He was wont
To call me so, and then[n] he speaks a most
Unfeigned truth.
*Ver.* O sir, I knew your father;
We two were in acquaintance long ago,
Before our chins were worth iulan[n] down,
And so continued till the stamp of time
Had coin'd us into silver: well, he's gone;
A good soldier went with him.
*Als.* You went together in that, sir.
*Ver.* No, by Saint Jacques,[n] I came behind him;
Yet I've done somewhat too: an unhappy day
Swallowed him at last at Gibraltar,
In fight with those rebellious Hollanders;
Was it not so?
*Als.* Whose death I had reveng'd,
Or follow'd him in fate, had not the late league[n]
Prevented me.
*Ver.* Ay, ay, 'twas time to breathe. —
O Joanna, I should ha' told thee news;
I saw Piracquo lately.
*Beat.* [*Aside.*] That's ill news.
*Ver.* He's hot preparing for his day of triumph:
Thou must be a bride within this sevennight.
*Als.* [*Aside.*] Ha!
*Beat.* Nay, good sir, be not so violent; with speed
I cannot render satisfaction
Unto the dear companion of my soul,
Virginity, whom I thus long have liv'd with,
And part with it so rude and suddenly;

Can such friends divide, never to meet again,
Without a solemn farewell?
*Ver.* Tush, tush! there's a toy.[g]
*Als.* [*Aside.*] I must now part, and never meet again
With any joy on earth. — Sir, your pardon;
My affairs call on me.
*Ver.* How, sir? by no means:
Not chang'd so soon, I hope? you must see my castle,
And her best entertainment, e'er we part,
I shall think myself unkindly used else.
Come, come, let's on; I had good hope your stay
Had been a while with us in Alicant;[n]
I might have bid you to my daughter's wedding.
*Als.* [*Aside.*] He means to feast me, and poisons me beforehand. —
I should be dearly glad to be there, sir,
Did my occasions suit as I could wish.
*Beat.* I shall be sorry if you be not there
When it is done, sir; but not so suddenly.
*Ver.* I tell you, sir, the gentleman's complete,[g]
A courtier and a gallant, enrich'd
With many fair and noble ornaments;
I would not change him for a son-in-law
For any he in Spain, the proudest he,
And we have great ones, that you know.
*Als.* He's much
Bound to you, sir.
*Ver.* He shall be bound to me
As fast as this tie can hold him; I'll want
My will[n] else.
*Beat.* [*Aside.*] I shall want mine, if you do it.
*Ver.* But come, by the way I'll tell you more of him.
*Als.* [*Aside.*] How shall I dare to venture in his castle,
When he discharges murderers[g] at the gate?
But I must on, for back I cannot go.
*Beat.* [*Aside.*] Not this serpent gone yet?
[*Drops a glove.*[n]

*Ver.* Look, girl, thy glove's fallen.
Stay, stay; De Flores, help a little.
[*Exeunt* VERMANDERO, ALSEMERO, *and* Servants.
*De F.* Here, lady. [*Offers her the glove.*
*Beat.* Mischief on your officious forwardness;
Who bade you stoop? they touch my hand no more:
There! for the other's sake I part with this;
[*Takes off and throws down the other glove.*
Take 'em, and draw thine own skin off with 'em!
[*Exit with* DIAPHANTA *and* Servants.
*De F.* Here's a favour come with a mischief now! I know
She had rather wear my pelt tann'd in a pair
Of dancing pumps, than I should thrust my fingers
Into her sockets here. I know she hates me,
Yet cannot choose but love her: no matter,
If but to vex her, I will haunt her still;
Though I get nothing else, I'll have my will. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II

*A Room in the House of* ALIBIUS

*Enter* ALIBIUS *and* LOLLIO

*Alib.* Lollio, I must trust thee with a secret,
But thou must keep it.
*Lol.* I was ever close to a secret, sir.
*Alib.* The diligence that I have found in thee,
The care and industry already past,
Assures me of thy good continuance.
Lollio, I have a wife.
*Lol.* Fie, sir, 'tis too late to keep her secret; she's known to be married all the town and country over.
*Alib.* Thou goest too fast, my Lollio; that knowledge
I allow no man can be barred it;

But there is a knowledge which is nearer,
Deeper, and sweeter, Lollio.

*Lol.* Well, sir, let us handle that between you and I.

*Alib.* 'Tis that I go about, man: Lollio,
My wife is young.

*Lol.* So much the worse to be kept secret, sir.

*Alib.* Why, now thou meet'st the substance of the point;
I am old, Lollio.

*Lol.* No, sir, 'tis I am old Lollio.

*Alib.* Yet why may not this concord and sympathize?
Old trees and young plants often grow together,
Well enough agreeing.

*Lol.* Ay, sir, but the old trees raise themselves higher and broader than the young plants.

*Alib.* Shrewd application! there's the fear, man;
I would wear my ring on my own finger;
Whilst it is borrow'd, it is none of mine,
But his that useth it.

*Lol.* You must keep it on still then: if it but lie by, one or other will be thrusting into't.

*Alib.* Thou conceiv'st me, Lollio; here thy watchful eye
Must have employment; I cannot always be
At home.

*Lol.* I dare swear you cannot.

*Alib.* I must look out.

*Lol.* I know't, you must look out, 'tis every man's case.

*Alib.* Here, I do say, must thy employment be;
To watch her treadings, and in my absence
Supply my place.

*Lol.* I'll do my best, sir; yet surely I cannot see who you should have cause to be jealous of.

*Alib.* Thy reason for that, Lollio? it is
A comfortable question.

*Lol.* We have but two sorts of people in the house,

and both under the whip, that's fools and madmen; the one has not wit enough to be knaves, and the other not knavery enough to be fools.

*Alib.* Ay, those are all my patients, Lollio;
I do profess the cure of either sort,
My trade, my living 'tis, I thrive by it;
But here's the care that mixes with my thrift;
The daily visitants, that come to see
My brainsick patients, I would not have
To see my wife: gallants I do observe
Of quick enticing eyes, rich in habits,
Of stature and proportion very comely:
These are most shrewd temptations, Lollio.

*Lol.* They may be easily answered, sir; if they come to see the fools and madmen, you and I may serve the turn, and let my mistress alone, she's of neither sort.

*Alib.* 'Tis a good ward;[g] indeed, come they to see
Our madmen or our fools, let 'em see no more
Than what they come for; by that consequent
They must not see her, I'm sure she's no fool.

*Lol.* And I'm sure she's no madman.

*Alib.* Hold that buckler fast; Lollio, my trust
Is on thee, and I account it firm and strong.
What hour is't, Lollio?

*Lol.* Towards belly-hour, sir.

*Alib.* Dinner-time?[n] thou mean'st twelve o'clock?

*Lol.* Yes, sir, for every part has his hour: we wake at six and look about us, that's eye-hour; at seven we should pray, that's knee-hour; at eight walk, that's leg-hour; at nine gather flowers and pluck a rose, that's nose-hour; at ten we drink, that's mouth-hour; at eleven lay about us for victuals, that's hand-hour; at twelve go to dinner, that's belly-hour.

*Alib.* Profoundly, Lollio! it will be long
Ere all thy scholars learn this lesson, and
I did look to have a new one enter'd; — stay,
I think my expectation is come home.

*Enter* PEDRO, *and* ANTONIO *as an idiot*[n]

*Ped.* Save you, sir; my business speaks itself,
This sight takes off the labour of my tongue.
*Alib.* Ay, ay, sir, it is plain enough, you mean
Him for my patient.
*Ped.* And if your pains prove but commodious,[g] to give but some little strength to the sick and weak part of nature in him, these are [*Gives him money.*] but patterns to show you of the whole pieces that will follow to you, beside the charge of diet, washing, and other necessaries, fully defrayed.
*Alib.* Believe it, sir, there shall no care be wanting.
*Lol.* Sir, an officer in this place may deserve something, the trouble will pass through my hands.
*Ped.* 'Tis fit something should come to your hands then, sir. [*Gives him money.*
*Lol.* Yes, sir, 'tis I must keep him sweet,[g] and read to him: what is his name?
*Ped.* His name is Antonio; marry, we use but half to him, only Tony.
*Lol.* Tony, Tony, 'tis enough, and a very good name for a fool.[n] — What's your name, Tony?
*Ant.* He, he, he! well, I thank you, cousin; he, he, he!
*Lol.* Good boy! hold up your head. — He can laugh; I perceive by that he is no beast.[n]
*Ped.* Well, sir,
If you can raise him but to any height,
Any degree of wit, might he attain,
As I might say, to creep but on all four
Towards the chair of wit, or walk on crutches,
'Twould add an honour to your worthy pains,
And a great family might pray for you,
To which he should be heir, had he discretion
To claim and guide his own: assure you, sir,
He is a gentleman.

*Lol.* Nay, there's nobody doubted that; at first sight I knew him for a gentleman, he looks no other yet.

*Ped.* Let him have good attendance and sweet lodging.

*Lol.* As good as my mistress lies in, sir; and as you allow us time and means, we can raise him to the higher degree of discretion.

*Ped.* Nay, there shall no cost want, sir.

*Lol.* He will hardly be stretched up to the wit of a magnifico.[g]

*Ped.* O no, that's not to be expected; far shorter will be enough.

*Lol.* I'll warrant you I'll make him fit to bear office in five weeks; I'll undertake to wind him up to the wit of a constable.[n]

*Ped.* If it be lower than that, it might serve turn.

*Lol.* No, fie; to level him with a headborough,[g] beadle, or watchman, were but little better than he is: constable I'll able him;[n] if he do come to be a justice afterwards, let him thank the keeper: or I'll go further with you; say I do bring him up to my own pitch, say I make him as wise as myself.

*Ped.* Why, there I would have it.

*Lol.* Well, go to; either I'll be as arrant a fool as he, or he shall be as wise as I, and then I think 'twill serve his turn.

*Ped.* Nay, I do like thy wit passing well.

*Lol.* Yes, you may; yet if I had not been a fool, I had had more wit than I have too; remember what state you find me in.[n]

*Ped.* I will, and so leave you: your best cares, I beseech you.

*Alib.* Take you none with you, leave 'em all with us.

[*Exit* PEDRO.

*Ant.* O, my cousin's gone! cousin, cousin, O!

*Lol.* Peace, peace, Tony; you must not cry, child, you must be whipped if you do; your cousin is here still; I am your cousin, Tony.

*Ant.* He, he! then I'll not cry, if thou be'st my cousin; he, he, he!

*Lol.* I were best try his wit a little, that I may know what form to place him in.

*Alib.* Ay, do, Lollio, do.

*Lol.* I must ask him easy questions at first. — Tony, how many true fingers has a tailor[n] on his right hand?

*Ant.* As many as on his left, cousin.

*Lol.* Good: and how many on both?

*Ant.* Two less than a deuce, cousin.

*Lol.* Very well answered: I come to you again, cousin Tony; how many fools goes to[n] a wise man?

*Ant.* Forty in a day sometimes, cousin.

*Lol.* Forty in a day? how prove you that?

*Ant.* All that fall out amongst themselves, and go to a lawyer to be made friends.

*Lol.* A parlous fool! he must sit in the fourth form at least, I perceive that. — I come again, Tony; how many knaves make an honest man?

*Ant.* I know not that, cousin.

*Lol.* No, the question is too hard for you: I'll tell you, cousin; there's three knaves may make an honest man, a sergeant, a jailor, and a beadle; the sergeant catches him, the jailor holds him, and the beadle lashes him; and if he be not honest then, the hangman must cure him.

*Ant.* Ha, ha, ha! that's fine sport, cousin.

*Alib.* This was too deep a question for the fool, Lollio.

*Lol.* Yes, this might have served yourself, though I say't. — Once more and you shall go play, Tony.

*Ant.* Ay, play at push-pin,[g] cousin; ha, he!

*Lol.* So thou shalt: say how many fools are here —

*Ant.* Two, cousin; thou and I.

*Lol.* Nay, you're too forward there, Tony: mark my question; how many fools and knaves are here: a fool before a knave, a fool behind a knave, between every two fools a knave; how many fools, how many knaves?

*Ant.* I never learnt so far, cousin.

*Alib.* Thou puttest too hard questions to him, Lollio.

*Lol.* I'll make him understand it easily. — Cousin, stand there.

*Ant.* Ay, cousin.

*Lol.* Master, stand you next the fool.

*Alib.* Well, Lollio.

*Lol.* Here's my place: mark now, Tony, there's a fool before a knave.

*Ant.* That's I, cousin.

*Lol.* Here's a fool behind a knave, that's I; and between us two fools there is a knave, that's my master, 'tis but we three,[n] that's all.

*Ant.* We three, we three, cousin.

*1st Mad.* [*Within.*] Put's head i' th' pillory, the bread's too little.

*2nd Mad.* [*Within.*] Fly, fly, and he catches the swallow.

*3rd Mad.* [*Within.*] Give her more onion, or the devil put the rope about her crag.[g]

*Lol.* You may hear what time of day it is, the chimes of Bedlam[n] goes.

*Alib.* Peace, peace, or the wire[g] comes!

*3rd Mad.* [*Within.*] Cat whore, cat whore! her[n] parmasant,[g] her parmasant!

*Alib.* Peace, I say! — Their hour's come, they must be fed, Lollio.

*Lol.* There's no hope of recovery of that Welsh madman; was undone by a mouse that spoiled him a parmasant; lost his wits for't.

*Alib.* Go to your charge, Lollio; I'll to mine.

*Lol.* Go you to your madman's ward, let me alone with your fools.

*Alib.* And remember my last charge, Lollio. [*Exit.*

*Lol.* Of which your patients do you think I am? — Come, Tony, you must amongst your schoolfellows now;

there's pretty scholars amongst 'em, I can tell you; there's some of 'em at *stultus*, *stulta*, *stultum*.

*Ant.* I would see the madmen, cousin, if they would not bite me.

*Lol.* No, they shall not bite thee, Tony.

*Ant.* They bite when they are at dinner, do they not, coz?

*Lol.* They bite at dinner indeed, Tony. Well, I hope to get credit by thee; I like thee the best of all the scholars that ever I brought up, and thou shalt prove a wise man, or I'll prove a fool myself. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT THE SECOND

### Scene I

*An Apartment in the Castle*

*Enter* Beatrice *and* Jasperino *severally*

*Beat.* O sir, I'm ready now for that fair service
Which makes the name of friend sit glorious on you!
Good angels and this conduct be your guide!
Fitness of time and place is there set down, sir.
[*Giving a paper.*

*Jas.* The joy I shall return rewards my service. [*Exit.*

*Beat.* How wise is Alsemero in his friend!
It is a sign he makes his choice with judgement;
Then I appear in nothing more approv'd
Than making choice of him; for 'tis a principle,
He that can choose
That bosom well who of his thoughts partakes,
Proves most discreet in every choice he makes.
Methinks I love now with the eyes of judgement,
And see the way to merit, clearly see it.
A true deserver like a diamond sparkles;
In darkness you may see him, that's in absence,
Which is the greatest darkness falls on love;
Yet is he best discern'd then
With intellectual eyesight. What's Piracquo,
My father spends his breath for? and his blessing
Is only mine as I regard his name,
Else it goes from me, and turns head against me,
Transform'd into a curse: some speedy way

Must be remember'd;[g] he's so forward too,
So urgent that way, scarce allows me breath
To speak to my new comforts.

*Enter* DE FLORES

*De F.* [*Aside.*] Yonder's she;
Whatever ails me, now a-late especially,
I can as well be hang'd as refrain seeing her;
Some twenty times a day, nay, not so little,
Do I force errands, frame ways and excuses,
To come into her sight; and I've small reason for't,
And less encouragement, for she baits me still
Every time worse than other; does profess herself
The cruellest enemy to my face in town;
At no hand can abide the sight of me,
As if danger or ill-luck hung in my looks.
I must confess my face is bad enough,
But I know far worse has better fortune,
And not endur'd alone, but doted on;
And yet such pick-hair'd[g] faces, chins like witches',
Here and there five hairs whispering in a corner,
As if they grew in fear one of another,
Wrinkles like troughs, where swine-deformity swills
The tears of perjury, that lie there like wash
Fallen from the slimy and dishonest eye, —
Yet such a one plucks sweets without restraint,
And has the grace of beauty to his sweet.
Though my hard fate has thrust me out to servitude,
I tumbled into th' world a gentleman.
She turns her blessed eye upon me now,
And I'll endure all storms before I part with't.

*Beat.* [*Aside.*] Again?
This ominous ill-fac'd fellow more disturbs me
Than all my other passions.[g]

*De F.* [*Aside.*] Now 't begins again;
I'll stand this storm of hail, though the stones pelt me.

*Beat.* Thy business? what's thy business?
*De F.* [*Aside.*] Soft and fair!
I cannot part so soon now.
*Beat.* [*Aside.*] The villain's fixed. —
Thou standing toad-pool —
*De F.* [*Aside.*] The shower falls amain now.
*Beat.* Who sent thee? what's thy errand? leave my sight!
*De F.* My lord, your father, charg'd me to deliver
A message to you.
*Beat.* What, another since?
Do't, and be hang'd then; let me be rid of thee.
*De F.* True service merits mercy.
*Beat.* What's thy message?
*De F.* Let beauty settle but in patience,
You shall hear all.
*Beat.* A dallying, trifling torment!
*De F.* Signor Alonzo de Piracquo, lady,
Sole brother to Tomaso de Piracquo —
*Beat.* Slave, when wilt make an end?
*De F.* Too soon I shall.
*Beat.* What all this while of him?
*De F.* The said Alonzo,
With the foresaid Tomaso —
*Beat.* Yet again?
*De F.* Is new alighted.
*Beat.* Vengeance strike the news!
Thou thing most loath'd, what cause was there in this
To bring thee to my sight?
*De F.* My lord, your father,
Charg'd me to seek you out.
*Beat.* Is there no other
To send his errand by?
*De F.* It seems 'tis my luck
To be i' th' way still.
*Beat.* Get thee from me!

*De F.* So.—
[*Aside.*] Why, am not I an ass to devise ways
Thus to be rail'd at? I must see her still!
I shall have a mad qualm within this hour again,
I know't; and, like a common Garden-bull,[n]
I do but take breath to be lugg'd[g] again.
What this may bode I know not; I'll despair the less,
Because there's daily precedents of bad faces
Belov'd beyond all reason; these foul chops
May come into favour one day 'mongst their fellows:
Wrangling has prov'd the mistress of good pastime;
As children cry themselves asleep, I ha' seen
Women have chid themselves a-bed to men. [*Exit.*

*Beat.* I never see this fellow but I think
Of some harm towards me, danger's in my mind still;
I scarce leave trembling of an hour after:
The next good mood I find my father in,
I'll get him quite discarded. O, I was
Lost in this small disturbance, and forgot
Affliction's fiercer torrent that now comes
To bear down all my comforts!

*Enter* VERMANDERO, ALONZO, *and* TOMASO

*Ver.* You're both welcome,
But an especial one[n] belongs to you, sir,
To whose most noble name our love presents
Th' addition[g] of a son, our son Alonzo.

*Alon.* The treasury of honour cannot bring forth
A title I should more rejoice in, sir.

*Ver.* You have improv'd it well. — Daughter, prepare;
The day will steal upon thee suddenly.

*Beat.* [*Aside.*] Howe'er, I will be sure to keep the night,[n]
If it should come so near me.

[BEATRICE *and* VERMANDERO *talk apart.*

*Tom.* Alonzo.
*Alon.* Brother?

*Tom.* In troth I see small welcome in her eye.
*Alon.* Fie, you are too severe a censurer[g]
Of love in all points, there's no bringing on you:[n]
If lovers should mark everything a fault,
Affection would be like an ill-set[g] book,
Whose faults[g] might prove as big as half the volume.
*Beat.* That's all I do entreat.
*Ver.* It is but reasonable;
I'll see what my son says to't. — Son Alonzo,
Here is a motion made but to reprieve
A maidenhead three days longer; the request
Is not far out of reason, for indeed
The former time is pinching.
*Alon.* Though my joys
Be set back so much time as I could wish
They had been forward, yet since she desires it,
The time is set as pleasing as before,
I find no gladness wanting.
*Ver.* May I ever
Meet it in that point still! you're nobly welcome, sirs.
[*Exit with* BEATRICE.
*Tom.* So; did you mark the dullness of her parting now?
*Alon.* What dullness? thou art so exceptious still!
*Tom.* Why, let it go then; I am but a fool
To mark your harms so heedfully.
*Alon.* Where's the oversight?
*Tom.* Come, your faith's cozen'd in her, strongly cozen'd:
Unsettle your affection with all speed
Wisdom can bring it to; your peace is ruin'd else.
Think what a torment 'tis to marry one
Whose heart is leap'd into another's bosom:
If ever pleasure she receive from thee,
It comes not in thy name, or of thy gift;
She lies but with another in thine arms,
He the half-father unto all thy children

In the conception; if he get 'em not,
She helps to get 'em for him;[n] and how dangerous
And shameful her restraint may go in time to,
It is not to be thought on without sufferings.
*Alon.* You speak as if she lov'd some other, then.
*Tom.* Do you apprehend so slowly?
*Alon.* Nay, and that
Be your fear only, I am safe enough:
Preserve your friendship and your counsel, brother,
For times of more distress; I should depart
An enemy, a dangerous, deadly one,
To any but thyself, that should but think
She knew the meaning of inconstancy,
Much less the use and practice: yet we're friends;
Pray, let no more be urg'd; I can endure
Much, till I meet an injury to her,
Then I am not myself. Farewell, sweet brother;
How much we're bound to heaven to depart lovingly!
[*Exit.*
*Tom.* Why, here is love's tame madness; thus a man
Quickly steals into his vexation. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II

*Another Apartment in the Castle*

*Enter* DIAPHANTA *and* ALSEMERO

*Dia.* The place is my charge; you have kept your hour,
And the reward of a just meeting bless you!
I hear my lady coming: complete gentleman,[n]
I dare not be too busy with my praises,
They're dangerous things to deal with. [*Exit.*
*Als.* This goes well;
These women are the ladies' cabinets,
Things of most precious trust are lock'd into 'em.

*Enter* BEATRICE

*Beat.* I have within mine eye all my desires:
Requests that holy prayers ascend heaven for,
And brings 'em down to furnish our defects,[n]
Come not more sweet to our necessities
Than thou unto my wishes.
*Als.* We're so like
In our expressions, lady, that unless I borrow
The same words, I shall never find their equals.
*Beat.* How happy were this meeting, this embrace,
If it were free from envy! this poor kiss
It has an enemy, a hateful one,
That wishes poison to't:[n] how well were I now,
If there were none such name known as Piracquo,
Nor no such tie as the command of parents!
I should be but too much bless'd.
*Als.* One good service
Would strike off both your fears, and I'll go near't too,
Since you are so distress'd; remove the cause,
The command ceases; so there's two fears blown out
With one and the same blast.[n]
*Beat.* Pray, let me find you,[n] sir:
What might that service be, so strangely happy?
*Als.* The honourablest piece about man, valour:
I'll send a challenge to Piracquo instantly.
*Beat.* How? call you that extinguishing of fear,
When 'tis the only way to keep it flaming?
Are not you ventur'd in the action,
That's all my joys and comforts? pray, no more, sir:
Say you prevail'd, you're danger's and not mine then;
The law would claim you from me, or obscurity
Be made the grave to bury you alive.
I'm glad these thoughts come forth; O, keep not one
Of this condition, sir! here was a course
Found to bring sorrow on her way to death;
The tears would ne'er ha' dried, till dust had chok'd 'em.

Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage; —
[*Aside.*] And now I think on one; I was to blame,
I ha' marr'd so good a market with my scorn;
'T had been done questionless: the ugliest creature
Creation fram'd for some use: yet to see
I could not mark so much where it should be!
*Als.* Lady —
*Beat.* [*Aside.*] Why, men of art make much of poison,
Keep one to expel another; where was my art?[g]
*Als.* Lady, you hear not me.
*Beat.* I do especially, sir:
The present times are not so sure of our side
As those hereafter may be; we must use 'em then
As thrifty folks their wealth, sparingly now,
Till the time opens.
*Als.* You teach wisdom, lady.
*Beat.* Within there! Diaphanta!

*Re-enter* DIAPHANTA

*Dia.* Do you call, madam?
*Beat.* Perfect your service, and conduct this gentleman
The private way you brought him.
*Dia.* I shall, madam.
*Als.* My love's as firm as love e'er built upon.
[*Exit with* DIAPHANTA.

*Enter* DE FLORES

*De F.* [*Aside.*] I've watch'd this meeting, and do wonder much
What shall become of tother; I'm sure both
Cannot be serv'd unless she transgress; haply
Then I'll put in for one; for if a woman
Fly from one point, from him she makes a husband,
She spreads and mounts then like arithmetic;
One, ten, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand,
Proves in time sutler to an army royal.

Now do I look to be most richly rail'd at,
Yet I must see her.
*Beat.* [*Aside.*] Why, put case I loath'd him
As much as youth and beauty hates a sepulchre,
Must I needs show it? cannot I keep that secret,
And serve my turn upon him? See, he's here. —
De Flores.
*De F.* [*Aside.*] Ha, I shall run mad with joy!
She call'd me fairly by my name De Flores,
And neither rogue nor rascal.
*Beat.* What ha' you done
To your face a' late? you've met with some good physician;
You've prun'd[g] yourself, methinks: you were not wont
To look so amorously.[n]
*De F.* Not I; —
[*Aside.*] 'Tis the same physnomy, to a hair and pimple,
Which she call'd scurvy scarce an hour ago:
How is this?
*Beat.* Come hither; nearer, man.
*De F.* [*Aside.*] I'm up to the chin in heaven!
*Beat.* Turn, let me see;
Faugh, 'tis but the heat of the liver, I perceive't;
I thought it had been worse.
*De F.* [*Aside.*] Her fingers touch'd me!
She smells all amber.[g]
*Beat.* I'll make a water[n] for you shall cleanse this
Within a fortnight.
*De F.* With your own hands, lady?
*Beat.* Yes, mine own, sir; in a work of cure
I'll trust no other.
*De F.* [*Aside.*] 'Tis half an act of pleasure
To hear her talk thus to me.
*Beat.* When we're us'd
To a hard face, it is not so unpleasing;
It mends still in opinion, hourly mends;
I see it by experience.

*De F.* [*Aside.*] I was bless'd
To light upon this minute; I'll make use on't.
*Beat.* Hardness becomes the visage of a man well;
It argues service, resolution, manhood,
If cause were of employment.
*De F.* 'Twould be soon seen
If e'er your ladyship had cause to use it;
I would but wish the honour of a service
So happy as that mounts to.
*Beat.* We shall try you:
O my De Flores!
*De F.* [*Aside.*] How's that? she calls me hers!
Already, my De Flores! — You were about
To sigh out somewhat, madam?
*Beat.* No, was I?
I forgot, — O! —
*De F.* There 'tis again, the very fellow on't.
*Beat.* You are too quick, sir.
*De F.* There's no excuse for't now; I heard it twice, madam;
That sigh would fain have utterance: take pity on't,
And lend it a free word; 'las, how it labours
For liberty! I hear the murmur yet
Beat at your bosom.
*Beat.* Would creation —
*De F.* Ay, well said, that is it.
*Beat.* Had form'd me man!
*De F.* Nay, that's not it.
*Beat.* O, 'tis the soul of freedom!
I should not then be forc'd to marry one
I hate beyond all depths; I should have power
Then to oppose my loathings, nay, remove 'em
For ever from my sight.
*De F.* [*Aside.*] O bless'd occasion! —
Without change to your sex you have your wishes;
Claim so much man in me.

*Beat.* In thee, De Flores?
There is small cause for that.
*De F.* Put it not from me,
It is a service that I kneel for to you. [*Kneels.*
*Beat.* You are too violent to mean faithfully:
There's horror in my service, blood, and danger;
Can those be things to sue for?
*De F.* If you knew
How sweet it were to me to be employ'd
In any act of yours, you would say then
I fail'd, and us'd not reverence enough
When I receiv'd the charge on't.
*Beat.* [*Aside.*] This is much, methinks;
Belike his wants are greedy; and to such
Gold tastes like angel's food. — Rise.
*De F.* I'll have the work first.
*Beat.* [*Aside.*] Possible his need
Is strong upon him. — There's to encourage thee;
[*Gives money.*
As thou art forward, and thy service dangerous,
Thy reward shall be precious.
*De F.* That I've thought on;
I have assur'd myself of that beforehand,
And know it will be precious; the thought ravishes!
*Beat.* Then take him to thy fury!
*De F.* I thirst for him.
*Beat.* Alonzo de Piracquo.
*De F.* [*Rising.*] His end's upon him;
He shall be seen no more.
*Beat.* How lovely now
Dost thou appear to me! never was man
Dearlier rewarded.
*De F.* I do think of that.
*Beat.* Be wondrous careful in the execution.
*De F.* Why, are not both our lives upon the cast?
*Beat.* Then I throw all my fears upon thy service.
*De F.* They ne'er shall rise to hurt you.

*Beat.* When the deed's done,
I'll furnish thee with all things for thy flight;
Thou may'st live bravely in another country.
*De F.* Ay, ay;
We'll talk of that hereafter.
*Beat.* [*Aside.*] I shall rid myself
Of two inveterate loathings at one time,
Piracquo, and his dog-face. [*Exit.*
*De F.* O my blood!
Methinks I feel her in mine arms already;
Her wanton fingers combing out this beard,
And, being pleased, praising this bad face.
Hunger and pleasure,[g] they'll commend sometimes
Slovenly dishes, and feed heartily on 'em.
Nay, which is stranger, refuse daintier for 'em:
Some women are odd feeders. — I am too loud.
Here comes the man goes supperless to bed,
Yet shall not rise to-morrow to his dinner.

*Enter* ALONZO

*Alon.* De Flores.
*De F.* My kind, honourable lord?
*Alon.* I'm glad I ha' met with thee.
*De F.* Sir?
*Alon.* Thou canst show me
The full strength of the castle?
*De F.* That I can, sir.
*Alon.* I much desire it.
*De F.* And if the ways and straits
Of some of the passages be not too tedious for you,
I'll assure you, worth your time and sight, my lord.
*Alon.* Pooh, that shall be no hindrance.
*De F.* I'm your servant, then:
'Tis now near dinner-time; 'gainst your lordship's rising
I'll have the keys about me.
*Alon.* Thanks, kind De Flores.
*De F.* [*Aside.*] He's safely thrust upon me beyond hopes. [*Exeunt severally.*

## ACT THE THIRD

### Scene I

*A Narrow Passage in the Castle*

*Enter* Alonzo *and* De Flores. (*In the act-time*[n] De Flores *hides a naked rapier behind a door.*)

*De F.* Yes, here are all the keys; I was afraid, my lord,
I'd wanted for the postern, this is it:
I've all, I've all, my lord: this for the sconce.[g]
*Alon.* 'Tis a most spacious and impregnable fort.
*De F.* You will tell me more, my lord: this descent
Is somewhat narrow, we shall never pass
Well with our weapons, they'll but trouble us.
*Alon.* Thou sayest true.
*De F.* Pray, let me help your lordship.
*Alon.* 'Tis done: thanks, kind De Flores.
*De F.* Here are hooks, my lord,
To hang such things on purpose.
[*Hanging up his own sword and that of* Alonzo.
*Alon.* Lead, I'll follow thee. [*Exeunt.*[n]

### Scene II

*A Vault*

*Enter* Alonzo *and* De Flores

*De F.* All this is nothing; you shall see anon
A place you little dream on.

*Alon.* I am glad
I have this leisure; all your master's house
Imagine I ha' taken a gondola.
*De F.* All but myself, sir, — [*Aside.*] which makes up my safety. —
My lord, I'll place you at a casement here
Will show you the full strength of all the castle.
Look, spend your eye awhile upon that object.
*Alon.* Here's rich variety, De Flores.
*De F.* Yes, sir.
*Alon.* Goodly munition.
*De F.* Ay, there's ordnance, sir,
No bastard metal,[n] will ring you a peal like bells
At great men's funerals: keep your eye straight, my lord;
Take special notice of that sconce before you.
There you may dwell awhile.
[*Takes the rapier which he had hid behind the door.*
*Alon.* I am upon't.
*De F.* And so am I. [*Stabs him.*
*Alon.* De Flores! O De Flores!
Whose malice hast thou put on?
*De F.* Do you question
A work of secrecy? I must silence you. [*Stabs him.*
*Alon.* O, O, O!
*De F.* I must silence you. [*Stabs him.*
So here's an undertaking well accomplish'd:
This vault serves to good use now: ha, what's that
Threw sparkles in my eye? O, 'tis a diamond
He wears upon his finger; 'twas well found,
This will approve[g] the work. What, so fast on?
Not part in death? I'll take a speedy course then.
Finger and all shall off. [*Cuts off the finger.*] So, now I'll clear
The passages from all suspect or fear. [*Exit with body.*

## SCENE III

*An Apartment in the House of* ALIBIUS

*Enter* ISABELLA *and* LOLLIO

*Isa.* Why, sirrah, whence have you commission
To fetter the doors against me?
If you keep me in a cage, pray, whistle to me,
Let me be doing something.

*Lol.* You shall be doing, if it please you; I'll whistle to you, if you'll pipe after.

*Isa.* Is it your master's pleasure, or your own,
To keep me in this pinfold?[g]

*Lol.* 'Tis for my master's pleasure, lest being taken in another man's corn, you might be pounded in another place.

*Isa.* 'Tis very well, and he'll prove very wise.

*Lol.* He says you have company enough in the house, if you please to be sociable, of all sorts of people.

*Isa.* Of all sorts? why, here's none but fools and madmen.

*Lol.* Very well: and where will you find any other, if you should go abroad? there's my master, and I to boot too.

*Isa.* Of either sort one, a madman and a fool.

*Lol.* I would even participate of both then if I were as you; I know you're half mad already, be half foolish too.

*Isa.* You're a brave saucy rascal! come on, sir,
Afford me then the pleasure of your bedlam;
You were commending once to-day to me
Your last-come lunatic; what a proper
Body there was without brains to guide it,
And what a pitiful delight appear'd
In that defect, as if your wisdom had found
A mirth in madness; pray, sir, let me partake,
If there be such a pleasure.

*Lol.* If I do not show you the handsomest, discreetest madman, one that I may call the understanding madman, then say I am a fool.

*Isa.* Well, a match,[g] I will say so.

*Lol.* When you have a taste of the madman, you shall, if you please, see Fool's College, o' th' other side. I seldom lock there; 'tis but shooting a bolt or two, and you are amongst 'em.[n] [*Exit, and brings in* FRANCISCUS.] — Come on, sir; let me see how handsomely you'll behave yourself now.

*Fran.* How sweetly she looks! O, but there's a wrinkle in her brow as deep as philosophy. Anacreon, drink to my mistress' health, I'll pledge it; stay, stay, there's a spider[n] in the cup! no, 'tis but a grape-stone; swallow it, fear nothing, poet; so, so, lift higher.

*Isa.* Alack, alack, it is too full of pity
To be laugh'd at! How fell he mad? canst thou tell?

*Lol.* For love, mistress: he was a pretty poet too, and that set him forwards first: the muses then forsook him; he ran mad for a chambermaid, yet she was but a dwarf neither.

*Fran.* Hail, bright Titania!
Why stand'st thou idle on these flowery banks?
Oberon is dancing with his Dryades;
I'll gather daisies, primrose, violets,
And bind them in a verse of poesy.

*Lol.* [*Holding up a whip.*] Not too near! you see your danger.

*Fran.* O, hold thy hand, great Diomede!
Thou feed'st thy horses well, they shall obey thee:
Get up, Bucephalus kneels. [*Kneels.*

*Lol.* You see how I awe my flock; a shepherd has not his dog at more obedience.

*Isa.* His conscience is unquiet; sure that was
The cause of this: a proper gentleman!

*Fran.* Come hither, Æsculapius; hide the poison.

*Lol.* Well, 'tis hid. [*Hides the whip.*

*Fran.* Didst thou ne'er hear of one Tiresias,
A famous poet?

*Lol.* Yes, that kept tame wild geese.

*Fran.* That's he; I am the man.

*Lol.* No?

*Fran.* Yes; but make no words on't: I was a man
Seven years ago.

*Lol.* A stripling, I think, you might.

*Fran.* Now I'm a woman, all feminine.

*Lol.* I would I might see that!

*Fran.* Juno struck me blind.

*Lol.* I'll ne'er believe that: for a woman, they say, has an eye more than a man.

*Fran.* I say she struck me blind.

*Lol.* And Luna made you mad: you have two trades to beg with.[n]

*Fran.* Luna is now big-bellied, and there's room
For both of us to ride with Hecate;
I'll drag thee up into her silver sphere,
And there we'll kick the dog — and beat the bush —
That barks against the witches of the night;
The swift lycanthropi[n] that walks the round,
We'll tear their wolvish skins, and save the sheep.

[*Attempts to seize* LOLLIO.

*Lol.* Is't come to this? nay, then, my poison comes forth again [*Showing the whip.*]: mad slave, indeed, abuse your keeper!

*Isa.* I prithee, hence with him, now he grows dangerous.

*Fran.* [*Sings.*] *Sweet love, pity me,*
*Give me leave to lie with thee.*

*Lol.* No, I'll see you wiser first: to your own kennel!

*Fran.* No noise, she sleeps; draw all the curtains round,
Let no soft sound molest the pretty soul,
But love, and love creeps in at a mouse-hole.

*Lol.* I would you would get into your hole! [*Exit* FRANCISCUS.] — Now, mistress, I will bring you another sort; you shall be fooled another while. [*Exit, and*

*brings in* ANTONIO.] — Tony, come hither, Tony: look who's yonder, Tony.

*Ant.* Cousin, is it not my aunt?[g]

*Lol.* Yes, 'tis one of 'em, Tony.

*Ant.* He, he! how do you, uncle?

*Lol.* Fear him not, mistress, 'tis a gentle nigget;[g] you may play with him, as safely with him as with his bauble.

*Isa.* How long hast thou been a fool?

*Ant.* Ever since I came hither, cousin.

*Isa.* Cousin? I'm none of thy cousins, fool.

*Lol.* O, mistress, fools have always so much wit as to claim their kindred.

*Madman.* [*Within.*] Bounce, bounce! he falls, he falls!

*Isa.* Hark you, your scholars in the upper room
Are out of order.

*Lol.* Must I come amongst you there? — Keep you the fool, mistress; I'll go up and play left-handed Orlando[n] amongst the madmen. [*Exit.*

*Isa.* Well, sir.

*Ant.* 'Tis opportuneful now, sweet lady! nay,
Cast no amazing eye upon this change.

*Isa.* Ha!

*Ant.* This shape of folly shrouds your dearest love,
The truest servant to your powerful beauties,
Whose magic had this force thus to transform me.

*Isa.* You're a fine fool indeed!

*Ant.* O, 'tis not strange!
Love has an intellect that runs through all
The scrutinous sciences, and, like a cunning poet,
Catches a quantity of every knowledge,
Yet brings all home into one mystery,
Into one secret, that he proceeds in.

*Isa.* You're a parlous[g] fool.

*Ant.* No danger in me; I bring nought but love
And his soft-wounding shafts to strike you with:
Try but one arrow;[n] if it hurt you, I
Will stand you twenty back in recompense.

*Isa.* A forward fool too!
*Ant.* This was love's teaching:
A thousand ways he fashion'd out my way,
And this I found the safest and the nearest,
To tread the galaxia[8] to my star.
*Isa.* Profound withal! certain you dream'd of this,
Love never taught it waking.
*Ant.* Take no acquaintance
Of these outward follies, there's within
A gentleman that loves you.
*Isa.* When I see him,
I'll speak with him; so, in the meantime, keep
Your habit, it becomes you well enough:
As you're a gentleman, I'll not discover you;
That's all the favour that you must expect:
When you are weary, you may leave the school,
For all this while you have but play'd the fool.

*Re-enter* LOLLIO

*Ant.* And must again. — He, he! I thank you, cousin; I'll be your valentine to-morrow morning.
*Lol.* How do you like the fool, mistress?
*Isa.* Passing well, sir.
*Lol.* Is he not witty, pretty well, for a fool?
*Isa.* If he holds on as he begins, he's like
To come to something.
*Lol.* Ay, thank a good tutor: you may put him to't; he begins to answer pretty hard questions. — Tony, how many is five times six?
*Ant.* Five times six is six times five.
*Lol.* What arithmetician could have answered better? How many is one hundred and seven?
*Ant.* One hundred and seven is seven hundred and one, cousin.
*Lol.* This is no wit to speak on! — Will you be rid of the fool now?

*Isa.* By no means; let him stay a little.

*Madman.* [*Within.*] Catch there, catch the last couple in hell![n]

*Lol.* Again! must I come amongst you? Would my master were come home! I am not able to govern both these wards together. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* Why should a minute of love's hour be lost?

*Isa.* Fie, out again! I had rather you kept
Your other posture; you become not your tongue
When you speak from[n] your clothes.

*Ant.* How can he freeze
Lives near so sweet a warmth? shall I alone
Walk through the orchard of th' Hesperides,
And, cowardly, not dare to pull an apple?

*Enter* LOLLIO *above*

This with the red cheeks I must venture for.
[*Attempts to kiss her.*

*Isa.* Take heed, there's giants keep 'em.

*Lol.* [*Aside.*] How now, fool, are you good at that? have you read Lipsius?[n] he's past *Ars Amandi*;[n] I believe I must put harder questions to him, I perceive that.

*Isa.* You're bold without fear, too.

*Ant.* What should I fear,
Having all joys about me? Do you but smile,
And love shall play the wanton on your lip,
Meet and retire, retire and meet again;
Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes
I shall behold mine own deformity,
And dress myself up fairer: I know this shape
Becomes me not, but in those bright mirrors
I shall array me handsomely.

[*Cries of Madmen are heard within, like those of birds and beasts.*

*Lol.* Cuckoo, cuckoo! [*Exit above.*

*Ant.* What are these?

*Isa.* Of fear enough to part us;
Yet are they but our schools of lunatics,
That act their fantasies in any shapes,
Suiting their present thoughts: if sad, they cry;
If mirth be their conceit, they laugh again:
Sometimes they imitate the beasts and birds,
Singing or howling, braying, barking; all
As their wild fancies prompt 'em.

*Ant.* These are no fears.

*Isa.* But here's a large one, — my man.

*Re-enter* LOLLIO

*Ant.* He, he! that's fine sport indeed, cousin.

*Lol.* I would my master were come home! 'tis too much for one shepherd to govern two of these flocks; nor can I believe that one churchman can instruct two benefices at once; there will be some incurable mad of the one side, and very fools on the other. — Come, Tony.

*Ant.* Prithee, cousin, let me stay here still.

*Lol.* No, you must to your book now; you have played sufficiently.

*Isa.* Your fool has grown wondrous witty.

*Lol.* Well, I'll say nothing: but I do not think but he will put you down one of these days.

[*Exit with* ANTONIO.

*Isa.* Here the restrained current might make breach,
Spite of the watchful bankers: would a woman stray,
She need not gad abroad to seek her sin,
It would be brought home one way or other:
The needle's point will to the fixed north;
Such drawing arctics women's beauties are.

*Re-enter* LOLLIO

*Lol.* How dost thou, sweet rogue?

*Isa.* How now?

*Lol.* Come, there are degrees; one fool may be better than another.

*Isa.* What's the matter?

*Lol.* Nay, if thou givest thy mind to fool's flesh, have at thee! [*Attempts to kiss her.*

*Isa.* You bold slave, you!

*Lol.* I could follow now as tother fool did:
"What should I fear,
Having all joys about me? Do you but smile,
And love shall play the wanton on your lip,
Meet and retire, retire and meet again;
Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes
I shall behold my own deformity,
And dress myself up fairer; I know this shape
Becomes me not —"
And so as it follows: but is not this the more foolish way? Come, sweet rogue; kiss me, my little Lacedæmonian;[n] let me feel how thy pulses beat; thou hast a thing about thee would do a man pleasure, I'll lay my hand on't.

*Isa.* Sirrah, no more! I see you have discover'd
This love's knight errant, who hath made adventure
For purchase of my love: be silent, mute,
Mute as a statue, or his injunction
For me enjoying, shall be to cut thy throat;
I'll do it, though for no other purpose; and
Be sure he'll not refuse it.

*Lol.* My share, that's all;
I'll have my fool's part with you.

*Isa.* No more! your master.

*Enter* ALIBIUS

*Alib.* Sweet, how dost thou?

*Isa.* Your bounden servant, sir.

*Alib.* Fie, fie, sweetheart,
No more of that.

*Isa.* You were best lock me up.

*Alib.* In my arms and bosom, my sweet Isabella,
I'll lock thee up most nearly. — Lollio,
We have employment, we have task in hand:
At noble Vermandero's, our castle's captain,
There is a nuptial to be solemniz'd —
Beatrice-Joanna, his fair daughter, bride —
For which the gentleman hath bespoke our pains,
A mixture of our madmen and our fools,[n]
To finish, as it were, and make the fag[g]
Of all the revels, the third night from the first;
Only an unexpected passage over,[n]
To make a frightful pleasure, that is all,
But not the all I aim at; could we so act it,
To teach it in a wild distracted measure,
Though out of form and figure, breaking time's head,
It were no matter, 'twould be heal'd again
In one age or other, if not in this:
This, this, Lollio, there's a good reward begun,
And will beget a bounty, be it known.

*Lol.* This is easy, sir, I'll warrant you: you have about you fools and madmen that can dance very well; and 'tis no wonder, your best dancers are not the wisest men; the reason is, with often jumping they jolt their brains down into their feet, that their wits lie more in their heels than in their heads.

*Alib.* Honest Lollio, thou giv'st me a good reason,
And a comfort in it.

*Isa.* You've a fine trade on't;
Madmen and fools are a staple commodity.

*Alib.* O wife, we must eat, wear clothes, and live:
Just at the lawyer's haven we arrive,
By madmen and by fools we both do thrive. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV

*An Apartment in the Castle*

*Enter* VERMANDERO, BEATRICE, ALSEMERO, *and* JASPERINO

*Ver.* Valencia speaks so nobly of you, sir,
I wish I had a daughter now for you.
*Als.* The fellow of this creature were a partner
For a king's love.
*Ver.* I had her fellow once, sir,
But heaven has married her to joys eternal;
'Twere sin to wish her in this vale again.
Come, sir, your friend and you shall see the pleasures
Which my health chiefly joys in.
*Als.* I hear
The beauty of this seat largely commended.
*Ver.* It falls much short of that.
[*Exit with* ALSEMERO *and* JASPERINO.
*Beat.* So, here's one step
Into my father's favour; time will fix him;
I've got him now the liberty of the house;
So wisdom, by degrees, works out her freedom:
And if that eye be darken'd that offends me, —
I wait but that eclipse, — this gentleman
Shall soon shine glorious in my father's liking,
Through the refulgent virtue of my love.

*Enter* DE FLORES

*De F.* [*Aside.*] My thoughts are at a banquet; for the deed,
I feel no weight in't; 'tis but light and cheap
For the sweet recompense that I set down for't.
*Beat.* De Flores?

*De F.* Lady?
*Beat.* Thy looks promise cheerfully.
*De F.* All things are answerable, time, circumstance,
Your wishes, and my service.
*Beat.* It is done, then?
*De F.* Piracquo is no more.
*Beat.* My joys start at mine eyes; our sweet'st delights
Are evermore born weeping.
*De F.* I've a token for you.
*Beat.* For me?
*De F.* But it was sent somewhat unwillingly;
I could not get the ring without the finger. [*Producing them.*
*Beat.* Bless me, what hast thou done?
*De F.* Why, is that more
Than killing the whole man? I cut his heart-strings;
A greedy hand thrust in a dish at court,
In a mistake hath had as much as this.
*Beat.* 'Tis the first token my father made me send him.
*De F.* And I have made him send it back again
For his last token; I was loath to leave it,
And I'm sure dead men have no use of jewels;
He was as loath to part with't, for it stuck
As if the flesh and it were both one substance.
*Beat.* At the stag's fall, the keeper has his fees;
'Tis soon applied, all dead men's fees are yours, sir:
I pray, bury the finger, but the stone
You may make use on shortly; the true value,
Tak't of my truth, is near three hundred ducats.[g]
*De F.* 'Twill hardly buy a capcase[g] for one's conscience though,
To keep it from the worm, as fine as 'tis:
Well, being my fees, I'll take it;
Great men have taught me that, or else my merit
Would scorn the way on't.

*Beat.* It might justly, sir;
Why, thou mistak'st, De Flores, 'tis not given
In state of recompense.
*De F.* No, I hope so, lady;
You should soon witness my contempt to't then.
*Beat.* Prithee, — thou look'st as if thou wert offended.
*De F.* That were strange, lady; 'tis not possible
My service should draw such a cause from you:
Offended! could you think so? that were much
For one of my performance, and so warm
Yet in my service.
*Beat.* 'Twere misery in me to give you cause, sir.
*De F.* I know so much, it were so; misery
In her most sharp condition.
*Beat.* 'Tis resolv'd then;
Look you, sir, here's three thousand golden florins;[g]
I have not meanly[n] thought upon thy merit.
*De F.* What! salary? now you move me.
*Beat.* How, De Flores?
*De F.* Do you place me in the rank of verminous fellows,
To destroy things for wages? offer gold
For the life-blood of man? is anything
Valued too precious for my recompense?
*Beat.* I understand thee not.
*De F.* I could ha' hir'd
A journeyman in murder at this rate,
And mine own conscience might have slept at ease,[n]
And have had the work brought home.
*Beat.* [*Aside.*] I'm in a labyrinth;
What will content him? I'd fain be rid of him. —
I'll double the sum, sir.
*De F.* You take a course
To double my vexation, that's the good you do.
*Beat.* [*Aside.*] Bless me, I'm now in worse plight than I was;
I know not what will please him. — For my fear's sake,

I prithee, make away with all speed possible;
And if thou be'st so modest not to name
The sum that will content thee, paper blushes not,
Send thy demand in writing, it shall follow thee;
But, prithee, take thy flight.
*De F.* You must fly too then.
*Beat.* I?
*De F.* I'll not stir a foot else.
*Beat.* What's your meaning?
*De F.* Why, are not you as guilty? in, I'm sure,
As deep as I; and we should stick together:
Come, your fears counsel you but ill; my absence
Would draw suspect[g] upon you instantly;
There were no rescue for you.
*Beat.* [*Aside.*] He speaks home![n]
*De F.* Nor is it fit we two, engag'd so jointly,
Should part and live asunder.
*Beat.* How now, sir?
This shows not well.
*De F.* What makes your lip so strange?
This must not be betwixt us.
*Beat.* The man talks wildly!
*De F.* Come, kiss me with a zeal now.
*Beat.* [*Aside.*] Heaven, I doubt[g] him!
*De F.* I will not stand so long to beg 'em shortly.
*Beat.* Take heed, De Flores, of forgetfulness,
'Twill soon betray us.
*De F.* Take you heed first;
Faith, you're grown much forgetful, you're to blame in't.
*Beat.* [*Aside.*] He's bold, and I am blam'd for't.
*De F.* I have eas'd you
Of your trouble, think on it; I am in pain,
And must be eas'd of you; 'tis a charity,
Justice invites your blood to understand me.
*Beat.* I dare not.
*De F.* Quickly!

*Beat.* O, I never shall!
Speak it yet further off, that I may lose
What has been spoken, and no sound remain on't;
I would not hear so much offence again
For such another deed.
*De F.* Soft, lady, soft!
The last is not yet paid for: O, this act
Has put me into spirit; I was as greedy on't
As the parch'd earth of moisture, when the clouds weep:
Did you not mark, I wrought myself into't,
Nay, sued and kneel'd for't? why was all that pains took?
You see I've thrown contempt upon your gold;
Not that I want it not, for I do piteously;
In order I'll come unto't, and make use on't;
But 'twas not held so precious to begin with,
For I place wealth after the heels of pleasure;
And were not I resolv'd in my belief
That thy virginity were perfect in thee,
I should but take my recompense with grudging,
As if I had but half my hopes I agreed for.
*Beat.* Why, 'tis impossible thou canst be so wicked,
Or shelter such a cunning cruelty,
To make his death the murderer of my honour!
Thy language is so bold and vicious,
I cannot see which way I can forgive it
With any modesty.
*De F.* Push! you forget yourself;
A woman dipp'd in blood, and talk of modesty!
*Beat.* O misery of sin! would I'd been bound
Perpetually unto my living hate
In that Piracquo, than to hear these words!
Think but upon the distance that creation
Set 'twixt thy blood and mine, and keep thee there.
*De F.* Look but into your conscience, read me there;
'Tis a true book, you'll find me there your equal:
Push! fly not to your birth, but settle you

In what the act has made you; you're no more now.
You must forget your parentage[g] to me;
You are the deed's creature; by that name
You lost your first condition, and I challenge you,
As peace and innocency has turn'd you out,
And made you one with me.
*Beat.* With thee, foul villain!
*De F.* Yes, my fair murderess; do you urge me,
Though thou writ'st maid, thou whore in thy affection?
'Twas chang'd from thy first love, and that's a kind
Of whoredom in thy heart; and he's chang'd now
To bring thy second on, thy Alsemero,
Whom by all sweets that ever darkness tasted,
If I enjoy thee not, thou ne'er enjoyest!
I'll blast the hopes and joys of marriage,
I'll confess all; my life I rate at nothing.
*Beat.* De Flores!
*De F.* I shall rest from all plagues then;
I live in pain now; that love-shooting eye[n]
Will burn my heart to cinders.
*Beat.* O sir, hear me!
*De F.* She that in life and love refuses me,
In death and shame my partner she shall be.
*Beat.* [*Kneeling.*] Stay, hear me once for all; I make thee master
Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels;
Let me go poor unto my bed with honour,
And I am rich in all things!
*De F.* Let this silence thee:
The wealth of all Valencia shall not buy
My pleasure from me;
Can you weep fate from its determined purpose?
So soon may you weep me.
*Beat.* Vengeance begins;
Murder, I see, is follow'd by more sins:
Was my creation in the womb so curs'd,
It must engender with a viper first?

*De F.* [*Raising her.*] Come, rise and shroud your blushes[n] in my bosom;
Silence is one of pleasure's best receipts:
Thy peace is wrought for ever in this yielding.
'Las! how the turtle pants! thou'lt love anon
What thou so fear'st and faint'st to venture on.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT THE FOURTH

*Dumb Show*

*Enter Gentlemen,* VERMANDERO *meeting them with action of wonderment at the disappearance of* PIRACQUO. *Enter* ALSEMERO *with* JASPERINO *and Gallants:* VERMANDERO *points to him, the Gentlemen seeming to applaud the choice.* ALSEMERO, VERMANDERO, JASPERINO, *and the others pass over the stage with much pomp,* BEATRICE *as a bride following in great state, attended by* DIAPHANTA, ISABELLA, *and other Gentlewomen;* DE FLORES *after all, smiling at the accident:* ALONZO'S *ghost appears to him in the midst of his smile, and startles him, showing the hand whose finger he had cut off*

### SCENE I

ALSEMERO'S *Apartment in the Castle*

*Enter* BEATRICE

*Beat.* This fellow has undone me endlessly;
Never was bride so fearfully distress'd:
The more I think upon th' ensuing night,
And whom I am to cope with in embraces,
One who's ennobled both in blood and mind,
So clear in understanding, — that's my plague now —
Before whose judgement will my fault appear
Like malefactors' crimes before tribunals,
There is no hiding on't, the more I dive

Into my own distress: how a wise man
Stands for a great calamity! there's no venturing
Into his bed, what course soe'er I light upon,
Without my shame, which may grow up to danger;
He cannot but in justice strangle me
As I lie by him, as a cheater use me;
'Tis a precious craft to play with a false die
Before a cunning gamester. Here's his closet;
The key left in't, and he abroad i' th' park!
Sure 'twas forgot; I'll be so bold as look in't.
[*Opens closet.*
Bless me! a right physician's closet 'tis,
Set round with vials; every one her mark too:
Sure he does practise physic for his own use,
Which may be safely call'd your great man's wisdom.
What manuscript lies here?
[*Reads.*] "The Book of Experiment, called Secrets in Nature:"[n]
So 'tis, 'tis so:
[*Reads.*] "How to know whether a woman be with child or no:"
I hope I am not yet; if he should try though!
Let me see [*Reads.*] "folio forty-five," here 'tis,
The leaf tuck'd down upon't, the place suspicious:
[*Reads.*] "If you would know whether a woman be with child or not, give her two spoonfuls of the white water in glass C ——"
Where's that glass C? O yonder, I see 't now —
[*Reads.*] "and if she be with child, she sleeps full twelve hours after; if not, not."
None of that water comes into my belly;
I'll know you from a hundred; I could break you now,
Or turn you into milk, and so beguile
The master of the mystery; but I'll look to you.
Ha! that which is next is ten times worse:
[*Reads.*] "How to know whether a woman be a maid or not:"

If that should be applied, what would become of me?
Belike he has a strong faith of my purity,
That never yet made proof; but this he calls
[*Reads.*] "A merry slight,[g] but true experiment; the author, Antonius Mizaldus. Give the party you suspect the quantity of a spoonful of the water in the glass M, which, upon her that is a maid, makes three several effects; 'twill make her incontinently[g] gape, then fall into a sudden sneezing, last into a violent laughing; else, dull, heavy, and lumpish."
Where had I been?
I fear it, yet 'tis seven hours to bedtime.

*Enter* DIAPHANTA

*Dia.* Cuds,[g] madam, are you here?
*Beat.* [*Aside.*] Seeing that wench now,
A trick comes in my mind; 'tis a nice piece[n]
Gold cannot purchase. — I come hither, wench,
To look my lord.
*Dia.* [*Aside.*] Would I had such a cause
To look him too! — Why, he's i' th' park, madam.
*Beat.* There let him be.
*Dia.* Ay, madam, let him compass
Whole parks and forests, as great rangers do,
At roosting-time a little lodge can hold 'em:
Earth-conquering Alexander, that thought the world
Too narrow for him, in th' end had but his pit-hole.
*Beat.* I fear thou art not modest, Diaphanta.
*Dia.* Your thoughts are so unwilling to be known, madam!
'Tis ever the bride's fashion, towards bedtime,
To set light by her joys, as if she ow'd[g] 'em not.
*Beat.* Her joys? her fears thou wouldst say.
*Dia.* Fear of what?
*Beat.* Art thou a maid, and talk'st so to a maid?
You leave a blushing business behind;
Beshrew your heart for't!

*Dia.* Do you mean good sooth, madam?
*Beat.* Well, if I'd thought upon the fear at first,
Man should have been unknown.
*Dia.* Is't possible?
*Beat.* I will give a thousand ducats to that woman
Would try what my fear were, and tell me true
To-morrow, when she gets from't; as she likes,
I might perhaps be drawn to't.
*Dia.* Are you in earnest?
*Beat.* Do you get the woman, then challenge me,
And see if I'll fly from't; but I must tell you
This by the way, she must be a true maid,
Else there's no trial, my fears are not her's else.
*Dia.* Nay, she that I would put into your hands, madam,
Shall be a maid.
*Beat.* You know I should be sham'd else,
Because she lies for me.
*Dia.* 'Tis a strange humour!
But are you serious still? would you resign
Your first night's pleasure, and give money too?
*Beat.* As willingly as live. — [*Aside.*] Alas, the gold
Is but a by-bet to wedge in the honour!
*Dia.* I do not know how the world goes abroad
For faith or honesty; there's both requir'd in this.
Madam, what say you to me, and stray no further?
I've a good mind, in troth, to earn your money.
*Beat.* You are too quick, I fear, to be a maid.
*Dia.* How? not a maid? nay, then you urge me, madam;
Your honourable self is not a truer,
With all your fears upon you —
*Beat.* [*Aside.*] Bad enough then.
*Dia.* Than I with all my lightsome joys about me.
*Beat.* I'm glad to hear't: then you dare put your honesty
Upon an easy trial.

*Dia.* Easy? anything.
*Beat.* I'll come to you straight. [*Goes to the closet.*
*Dia.* She will not search me, will she,
Like the forewoman of a female jury?[n]
*Beat.* Glass M: ay, this is it. [*Brings vial.*] — Look, Diaphanta,
You take no worse than I do. [*Drinks.*
*Dia.* And in so doing,
I will not question what it is, but take it. [*Drinks.*
*Beat.* [*Aside.*] Now if th' experiment be true, 'twill praise itself,
And give me noble ease: begins already; [DIAPHANTA *gapes.*
There's the first symptom; and what haste it makes
To fall into the second, there by this time! [DIAPHANTA *sneezes.*
Most admirable secret! on the contrary,
It stirs not me a whit, which most concerns it.
*Dia.* Ha, ha, ha!
*Beat.* [*Aside.*] Just in all things, and in order
As if 'twere circumscrib'd; one accident[g]
Gives way unto another.
*Dia.* Ha, ha, ha!
*Beat.* How now, wench?
*Dia.* Ha, ha, ha! I'm so, so light
At heart — ha, ha, ha! — so pleasurable!
But one swig more, sweet madam.
*Beat.* Ay, to-morrow,
We shall have time to sit by't.
*Dia.* Now I'm sad again.
*Beat.* [*Aside.*] It lays itself so gently too! — Come, wench.
Most honest Diaphanta I dare call thee now.
*Dia.* Pray, tell me, madam, what trick call you this?
*Beat.* I'll tell thee all hereafter; we must study
The carriage of this business.

*Dia.* I shall carry't well,
Because I love the burthen.
*Beat.* About midnight
You must not fail to steal forth gently,
That I may use the place.
*Dia.* O, fear not, madam,
I shall be cool by that time: the bride's place,
And with a thousand ducats! I'm for a justice now,
I bring a portion with me; I scorn small fools. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

*Another Apartment in the Castle*

*Enter* VERMANDERO *and* Servant

*Ver.* I tell thee, knave, mine honour is in question,
A thing till now free from suspicion,
Nor ever was there cause. Who of my gentlemen
Are absent?
Tell me, and truly, how many, and who?
*Ser.* Antonio, sir, and Franciscus.
*Ver.* When did they leave the castle?
*Ser.* Some ten days since, sir; the one intending to Briamata,[a] th' other for Valencia.
*Ver.* The time accuses 'em; a charge of murder
Is brought within my castle-gate, Piracquo's murder;
I dare not answer faithfully their absence:
A strict command of apprehension
Shall pursue 'em suddenly, and either wipe
The stain off clear, or openly discover it.
Provide me winged warrants for the purpose.
[*Exit* Servant.
See, I am set on again.

*Enter* TOMASO

*Tom.* I claim a brother of you.
*Ver.* You're too hot;
Seek him not here.
*Tom.* Yes, 'mongst your dearest bloods,
If my peace find no fairer satisfaction:
This is the place must yield account for him,
For here I left him; and the hasty tie
Of this snatch'd marriage gives strong testimony
Of his most certain ruin.
*Ver.* Certain falsehood!
This is the place indeed; his breach of faith
Has too much marr'd both my abused love,
The honourable love I reserv'd for him,
And mock'd my daughter's joy; the prepar'd morning
Blush'd at his infidelity; he left
Contempt and scorn to throw upon those friends
Whose belief hurt 'em: O, 'twas most ignoble
To take his flight so unexpectedly,
And throw such public wrongs on those that lov'd him!
*Tom.* Then this is all your answer?
*Ver.* 'Tis too fair
For one of his alliance;[g] and I warn you
That this place no more see you. [*Exit.*

*Enter* DE FLORES

*Tom.* The best is,
There is more ground to meet a man's revenge on. —
Honest De Flores?
*De F.* That's my name indeed.
Saw you the bride? good sweet sir, which way took she?
*Tom.* I've bless'd mine eyes from seeing such a false one.
*De F.* [*Aside.*] I'd fain get off, this man's not for my company;
I smell his brother's blood when I come near him.

*Tom.* Come hither, kind and true one; I remember
My brother lov'd thee well.
*De F.* O, purely, dear sir! —
[*Aside.*] Methinks I'm now again a-killing on him,
He brings it so fresh to me.
*Tom.* Thou canst guess, sirrah —
An honest friend has an instinct of jealousy —
At some foul guilty person.
*De F.* Alas! sir,
I am so charitable, I think none
Worse than myself! you did not see the bride then?
*Tom.* I prithee, name her not: is she not wicked?
*De F.* No, no; a pretty, easy, round-pack'd[n] sinner,
As your most ladies are, else you might think
I flatter'd her; but, sir, at no hand wicked,
Till they're so old their chins and noses[n] meet,
And they salute witches. I'm call'd, I think, sir. —
[*Aside.*] His company even overlays my conscience.
[*Exit.*
*Tom.* That De Flores has a wondrous honest heart;
He'll bring it out in time, I'm assured on't.
O, here's the glorious master of the day's joy!
'Twill not be long till he and I do reckon.

*Enter* ALSEMERO

Sir.
*Als.* You're most welcome.
*Tom.* You may call that word back;
I do not think I am, nor wish to be.
*Als.* 'Tis strange you found the way to this house, then.
*Tom.* Would I'd ne'er known the cause! I'm none of those, sir,
That come to give you joy, and swill your wine;
'Tis a more precious liquor that must lay
The fiery thirst I bring.

*Als.* Your words and you
Appear to me great strangers.
*Tom.* Time and our swords
May make us more acquainted; this the business:
I should have a brother in your place;
How treachery and malice have dispos'd of him,
I'm bound to inquire of him which holds his right,
Which never could come fairly.
*Als.* You must look
To answer for that word, sir.
*Tom.* Fear you not,
I'll have it ready drawn at our next meeting.
Keep your day solemn; farewell, I disturb it not;
I'll bear the smart with patience for a time. [*Exit.*
*Als.* 'Tis somewhat ominous this; a quarrel enter'd
Upon this day; my innocence relieves me,

*Enter* JASPERINO

I should be wondrous sad else. — Jasperino,
I've news to tell thee, strange news.
*Jas.* I ha' some too,
I think as strange as yours: would I might keep
Mine, so my faith and friendship might be kept in't!
Faith, sir, dispense a little with my zeal,
And let it cool in this.
*Als.* This puts me on,
And blames thee for thy slowness.
*Jas.* All may prove nothing,
Only a friendly fear that leap'd from me, sir.
*Als.* No question, 't may prove nothing; let's partake it though.
*Jas.* 'Twas Diaphanta's chance — for to that wench
I pretend[g] honest love, and she deserves it —
To leave me in a back part of the house,
A place we chose for private conference;
She was no sooner gone, but instantly

I heard your bride's voice in the next room to me;
And lending more attention, found De Flores
Louder than she.
*Als.* De Flores! thou art out now.
*Jas.* You'll tell me more anon.
*Als.* Still I'll prevent[g] thee,
The very sight of him is poison to her.
*Jas.* That made me stagger too; but Diaphanta
At her return confirm'd it.
*Als.* Diaphanta!
*Jas.* Then fell we both to listen, and words pass'd
Like those that challenge interest in a woman.
*Als.* Peace; quench thy zeal, 'tis dangerous to thy bosom.
*Jas.* Then truth is full of peril.
*Als.* Such truths are.
O, were she the sole glory of the earth,
Had eyes that could shoot fire into king's breasts,
And touch'd,[g] she sleeps not here! yet I have time,
Though night be near, to be resolv'd hereof;
And, prithee, do not weigh me by my passions.
*Jas.* I never weigh'd friend so.
*Als.* Done charitably!
That key will lead thee to a pretty secret, [*Giving key.*
By a Chaldean taught me, and I have[n]
My study upon some: bring from my closet
A glass inscrib'd there with the letter M,
And question not my purpose.
*Jas.* It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*
*Als.* How can this hang together? not an hour since
Her woman came pleading her lady's fears,
Deliver'd her for the most timorous virgin
That ever shrunk at man's name, and so modest,
She charg'd her weep out her request to me,
That she might come obscurely to my bosom.

*Enter* BEATRICE

*Beat.* [*Aside.*] All things go well; my woman's preparing yonder
For her sweet voyage, which grieves me to lose;
Necessity compels it; I lose all else.
*Als.* [*Aside.*] Tush! modesty's shrine is set in yonder forehead:
I cannot be too sure though. — My Joanna!
*Beat.* Sir, I was bold to weep a message to you;
Pardon my modest fears.
*Als.* [*Aside.*] The dove's not meeker;
She's abused, questionless. —

*Re-enter* JASPERINO *with vial*

O, are you come, sir?
*Beat.* [*Aside.*] The glass, upon my life! I see the letter.
*Jas.* Sir, this is M. [*Giving vial.*
*Als.* 'Tis it.
*Beat.* [*Aside.*] I am suspected.
*Als.* How fitly our bride comes to partake with us!
*Beat.* What is't, my lord?
*Als.* No hurt.
*Beat.* Sir, pardon me,
I seldom taste of any composition.
*Als.* But this, upon my warrant, you shall venture on.
*Beat.* I fear 'twill make me ill.
*Als.* Heaven forbid that.
*Beat.* [*Aside.*] I'm put now to my cunning: th' effects I know,
If I can now but feign 'em handsomely. [*Drinks.*
*Als.* It has that secret virtue, it ne'er miss'd, sir,
Upon a virgin.
*Jas.* Treble-qualitied?
[BEATRICE *gapes and sneezes.*
*Als.* By all that's virtuous it takes there! proceeds!

*Jas.* This is the strangest trick to know a maid by.
*Beat.* Ha, ha, ha!
You have given me joy of heart to drink, my lord.
*Als.* No, thou hast given me such joy of heart,
That never can be blasted.
*Beat.* What's the matter, sir?
*Als.* [*Aside.*] See now 'tis settled in a melancholy;
Keeps both the time and method. — My Joanna,
Chaste as the breath of Heaven, or morning's womb,
That brings the day forth! thus my love encloses thee.
[*Exeunt.*

## Scene III

*A Room in the House of* Alibius

*Enter* Isabella *and* Lollio

*Isa.* O Heaven! is this the waning[n] moon?
Does love turn fool, run mad, and all at once?
Sirrah, here's a madman, akin to the fool too,
A lunatic lover.
*Lol.* No, no, not he I brought the letter from.
*Isa.* Compare his inside with his out, and tell me.
*Lol.* The out's mad, I'm sure of that; I had a taste on't.
*Isa.* [*Reads letter.*] "To the bright Andromeda, chief chambermaid to the Knight of the Sun, at the sign of Scorpio, in the middle region, sent by the bellows-mender of Æolus. Pay the post."
*Lol.* This is stark madness!
*Isa.* Now mark the inside.
[*Reads.*] "Sweet lady, having now cast off this counterfeit cover of a madman, I appear to your best judgement a true and faithful lover of your beauty."
*Lol.* He is mad still.

*Isa.* [*Reads.*] "If any fault you find, chide those perfections in you which have made me imperfect; 'tis the same sun that causeth to grow and enforceth to wither —"

*Lol.* O rogue!

*Isa.* [*Reads.*] "Shapes and transhapes, destroys and builds again: I come in winter to you, dismantled of my proper ornaments; by the sweet splendour of your cheerful smiles, I spring and live a lover."

*Lol.* Mad rascal still!

*Isa.* [*Reads.*] "Tread him not under foot, that shall appear an honour to your bounties. I remain — mad till I speak with you, from whom I expect my cure, yours all, or one beside himself, FRANCISCUS."

*Lol.* You are like to have a fine time on't; my master and I may give over our professions; I do not think but you can cure fools and madmen faster than we, with little pains too.

*Isa.* Very likely.

*Lol.* One thing I must tell you, mistress; you perceive that I am privy to your skill; if I find you minister once, and set up the trade, I put in for my thirds; I shall be mad or fool else.

*Isa.* The first place is thine, believe it, Lollio,
If I do fall.

*Lol.* I fall upon you.

*Isa.* So.

*Lol.* Well, I stand to my venture.

*Isa.* But thy counsel now; how shall I deal with 'em?

*Lol.* Why, do you mean to deal with 'em?

*Isa.* Nay, the fair understanding, how to use 'em.

*Lol.* Abuse 'em! that's the way to mad the fool, and make a fool of the madman, and then you use 'em kindly.

*Isa.* 'Tis easy, I'll practise; do thou observe it;
The key of thy wardrobe.

*Lol.* There [*Gives key.*]; fit yourself for 'em, and I'll fit 'em both for you.

*Isa.* Take thou no further notice than the outside.

*Lol.* Not an inch; [*Exit* ISABELLA.] I'll put you to the inside.

*Enter* ALIBIUS

*Alib.* Lollio, art there? will all be perfect, think'st thou?
To-morrow night, as if to close up the
Solemnity, Vermandero expects us.

*Lol.* I mistrust the madmen most; the fools will do well enough; I have taken pains with them.

*Alib.* Tush! they cannot miss; the more absurdity,
The more commends it, so no rough behaviours
Affright the ladies; they're nice[g] things, thou knowest.

*Lol.* You need not fear, sir; so long as we are there with our commanding pizzles,[n] they'll be as tame as the ladies themselves.

*Alib.* I'll see them once more rehearse before they go.

*Lol.* I was about it, sir: look you to the madmen's morris,[g] and let me alone with the other: there is one or two that I mistrust their fooling; I'll instruct them, and then they shall rehearse the whole measure.

*Alib.* Do so; I'll see the music prepar'd: but, Lollio,
By the way, how does my wife brook her restraint?
Does she not grudge at it?

*Lol.* So, so; she takes some pleasure in the house, she would abroad else; you must allow her a little more length, she's kept too short.

*Alib.* She shall along to Vermandero's with us,
That will serve her for a month's liberty.

*Lol.* What's that on your face, sir?

*Alib.* Where, Lollio? I see nothing.

*Lol.* Cry you mercy, sir, 'tis your nose; it showed like the trunk of a young elephant.

*Alib.* Away, rascal! I'll prepare the music, Lollio.

*Lol.* Do, sir, and I'll dance the whilst. [*Exit* ALIBIUS.] — Tony, where art thou, Tony?

*Enter* ANTONIO

*Ant.* Here, cousin; where art thou?

*Lol.* Come, Tony, the footmanship I taught you.

*Ant.* I had rather ride, cousin.

*Lol.* Ay, a whip take you! but I'll keep you out; vault in: look you, Tony; fa, la, la, la, la. [*Dances.*

*Ant.* Fa, la, la, la, la. [*Sings and dances.*

*Lol.* There, an honour.[g]

*Ant.* Is this an honour, coz?

*Lol.* Yes, an it please your worship.

*Ant.* Does honour bend in the hams, coz?

*Lol.* Marry does it, as low as worship, squireship, nay, yeomanry itself sometimes, from whence it first stiffened: there rise, a caper.

*Ant.* Caper after an honour, coz?

*Lol.* Very proper, for honour is but a caper, rises as fast and high, has a knee or two, and falls to th' ground again: you can remember your figure,[g] Tony?

*Ant.* Yes, cousin; when I see thy figure, I can remember mine. [*Exit* LOLLIO.

*Re-enter* ISABELLA, *dressed as a madwoman*

*Isa.* Hey, how he treads the air! shough, shough, tother way! he burns his wings else: here's wax enough below, Icarus, more than will be cancelled these eighteen moons: he's down, he's down! what a terrible fall he had!

Stand up, thou son of Cretan Dædalus,
And let us tread the lower labyrinth;
I'll bring thee to the clue.

*Ant.* Prithee, coz, let me alone.

*Isa.* Art thou not drown'd?
About thy head I saw a heap of clouds
Wrapp'd like a Turkish turbant; on thy back
A crook'd chameleon-colour'd rainbow hung
Like a tiara down unto thy hams:
Let me suck out those billows in thy belly;
Hark, how they roar and rumble in the straits!
Bless thee from the pirates!
*Ant.* Pox upon you, let me alone!
*Isa.* Why shouldst thou mount so high as Mercury,
Unless thou hadst reversion of his place?
Stay in the moon with me, Endymion,
And we will rule these wild rebellious waves,
That would have drown'd my love.
*Ant.* I'll kick thee, if
Again thou touch me, thou wild unshapen antic;
I am no fool, you bedlam!
*Isa.* But you are, as sure as I am mad:
Have I put on this habit of a frantic,
With love as full of fury, to beguile
The nimble eye of watchful jealousy,
And am I thus rewarded?
*Ant.* Ha! dearest beauty!
*Isa.* No, I have no beauty now,
Nor never had but what was in my garments:
You a quick-sighted lover! come not near me:
Keep your caparisons, you're aptly clad;
I came a feigner, to return stark mad.
*Ant.* Stay, or I shall change condition,
And become as you are. [*Exit* ISABELLA.

*Re-enter* LOLLIO

*Lol.* Why, Tony, whither now? why, fool ——
*Ant.* Whose fool, usher of idiots? you coxcomb!
I have fool'd too much.
*Lol.* You were best be mad another while then.

*Ant.* So I am, stark mad; I have cause enough;
And I could throw the full effects on thee,
And beat thee like a fury.

*Lol.* Do not, do not; I shall not forbear the gentleman under the fool, if you do: alas! I saw through your fox-skin[n] before now! Come, I can give you comfort; my mistress loves you; and there is as arrant a madman i' th' house as you are a fool, your rival, whom she loves not: if after the masque we can rid her of him, you earn her love, she says, and the fool shall ride her.

*Ant.* May I believe thee?

*Lol.* Yes, or you may choose whether you will or no.

*Ant.* She's eas'd of him; I've a good quarrel on't.

*Lol.* Well, keep your old station yet, and be quiet.

*Ant.* Tell her I will deserve her love. [*Exit.*

*Lol.* And you are like to have your desire.

*Enter* FRANCISCUS

*Fran.* [*Sings.*] "Down, down, down a-down a-down,"
— and then with a horse-trick[g]
To kick Latona's forehead, and break her bowstring.

*Lol.* [*Aside.*] This is tother counterfeit; I'll put him out of his humour.—[*Takes out a letter and reads.*] "Sweet lady, having now cast this counterfeit cover of a madman, I appear to your best judgement a true and faithful lover of your beauty." This is pretty well for a madman.

*Fran.* Ha! what's that?

*Lol.* [*Reads.*] "Chide those perfections in you which have made me imperfect."

*Fran.* I am discovered to the fool.

*Lol.* I hope to discover the fool in you ere I have done with you. [*Reads.*] "Yours all, or one beside himself, FRANCISCUS." This madman will mend sure.

*Fran.* What do you read, sirrah?

*Lol.* Your destiny, sir; you'll be hanged for this trick, and another that I know.

*Fran.* Art thou of counsel with thy mistress?

*Lol.* Next her apron-strings.

*Fran.* Give me thy hand.

*Lol.* Stay, let me put yours in my pocket first [*Putting letter into his pocket.*]: your hand is true, is it not? it will not pick? I partly fear it, because I think it does lie.

*Fran.* Not in a syllable.

*Lol.* So if you love my mistress so well as you have handled the matter here, you are like to be cured of your madness.

*Fran.* And none but she can cure it.

*Lol.* Well, I'll give you over then, and she shall cast[g] your water next.

*Fran.* Take for thy pains past. [*Gives him money.*

*Lol.* I shall deserve more, sir, I hope: my mistress loves you, but must have some proof of your love to her.

*Fran.* There I meet my wishes.

*Lol.* That will not serve, you must meet her enemy and yours.

*Fran.* He's dead already.

*Lol.* Will you tell me that, and I parted but now with him?

*Fran.* Show me the man.

*Lol.* Ay, that's a right course now; see him before you kill him, in any case; and yet it needs not go so far neither, 'tis but a fool that haunts the house and my mistress in the shape of an idiot; bang but his fool's coat well-favouredly, and 'tis well.

*Fran.* Soundly, soundly!

*Lol.* Only reserve him till the masque be past; and if you find him not now in the dance yourself, I'll show you. In, in! my master! [*Dancing.*

*Fran.* He handles him like a feather. Hey! [*Exit.*

*Enter* ALIBIUS

*Alib.* Well said: in a readiness, Lollio?

*Lol.* Yes, sir.

*Alib.* Away then, and guide them in, Lollio:
Entreat your mistress to see this sight.
Hark, is there not one incurable fool
That might be begg'd?[n] I have friends.
*Lol.* I have him for you,
One that shall deserve it too. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* ISABELLA: *then re-enter* LOLLIO *with the Madmen and Fools, who dance*

*Alib.* Good boy, Lollio! 221
'Tis perfect: well, fit but once these strains,
We shall have coin and credit for our pains. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT THE FIFTH

### Scene I

*A Gallery in the Castle*

*Enter* Beatrice. *A clock strikes one*

*Beat.* One struck, and yet she lies by't! O my fears![n]
This strumpet serves her own ends, 'tis apparent now,
Devours the pleasure with a greedy appetite,
And never minds my honour or my peace,
Makes havoc of my right; but she pays dearly for't;
No trusting of her life with such a secret,
That cannot rule her blood to keep her promise;
Beside, I've some suspicion of her faith to me,
Because I was suspected of my lord,
And it must come from her: [*Clock strikes two.*] hark! by my horrors,
Another clock strikes two!

*Enter* De Flores

*De F.* Pist! where are you?
*Beat.* De Flores?
*De F.* Ay: is she not come from him yet?
*Beat.* As I'm a living soul, not!
*De F.* Sure the devil
Hath sow'd his itch within her; who would trust
A waiting-woman?
*Beat.* I must trust somebody.

*De F.* Push! they're termagants;
Especially when they fall upon their masters
And have their ladies' first fruits; they're mad whelps,
You cannot stave 'em off from game royal: then
You are so rash and hardy, ask no counsel;
And I could have help'd you to a 'pothecary's daughter
Would have fall'n off before eleven, and thank you too.
*Beat.* O me, not yet! this whore forgets herself.
*De F.* The rascal fares so well: look, you're undone;
The day-star, by this hand! see Phosphorus plain yonder.
*Beat.* Advise me now to fall upon some ruin;
There is no counsel safe else.
*De F.* Peace! I ha't now;
For we must force a rising, there's no remedy.
*Beat.* How? take heed of that.
*De F.* Tush! be you quiet, or else give over all.
*Beat.* Prithee, I ha' done then.
*De F.* This is my reach: I'll set
Some part a-fire of Diaphanta's chamber.
*Beat.* How? fire, sir? that may endanger the whole house.
*De F.* You talk of danger when your fame's on fire?
*Beat.* That's true; do what thou wilt now.
*De F.* Push! I aim
At a most rich success strikes all dead sure:
The chimney being a-fire, and some light parcels
Of the least danger in her chamber only,
If Diaphanta should be met by chance then
Far from her lodging, which is now suspicious,
It would be thought her fears and affrights then
Drove her to seek for succour; if not seen
Or met at all, as that's the likeliest,
For her own shame she'll hasten towards her lodging;
I will be ready with a piece high-charg'd,
As 'twere to cleanse the chimney, there 'tis proper now,
But she shall be the mark.

*Beat.* I'm forc'd to love thee now,
'Cause thou provid'st so carefully for my honour.
*De F.* 'Slid, it concerns the safety of us both,
Our pleasure and continuance.
*Beat.* One word now, prithee;
How for the servants?
*De F.* I will despatch them,
Some one way, some another in the hurry,
For buckets, hooks, ladders; fear not you,
The deed shall find its time; and I've thought since
Upon a safe conveyance for the body too:
How this fire purifies wit! watch you your minute.
*Beat.* Fear keeps my soul upon't, I cannot stray from't.

*Enter Ghost of* ALONZO

*De F.* Ha! what art thou that tak'st away the light
Betwixt that star and me? I dread thee not:
'Twas but a mist of conscience; all's clear again. [*Exit.*
*Beat.* Who's that, De Flores? bless me, it slides by!
[*Exit Ghost.*
Some ill thing haunts the house; 't has left behind it
A shivering sweat upon me; I'm afraid now:
This night hath been so tedious! O this strumpet!
Had she a thousand lives, he should not leave her
Till he had destroy'd the last. List! O my terrors!
[*Clock strikes three.*
Three struck by St. Sebastian's!
*Voices.* [*Within.*] Fire, fire, fire!
*Beat.* Already? how rare is that man's speed!
How heartily he serves me! his face loathes one;
But look upon his care, who would not love him?
The east is not more beauteous than his service.
*Voices.* [*Within.*] Fire, fire, fire!

*Re-enter* DE FLORES. Servants *pass over the stage*

*De F.* Away, despatch! hooks, buckets, ladders! that's well said. [*Bell rings within.*

The fire-bell rings; the chimney works, my charge;
The piece is ready. [*Exit.*
*Beat.* Here's a man worth loving!

*Enter* DIAPHANTA

O you're a jewel!
*Dia.* Pardon frailty, madam;
In troth, I was so well, I even forgot myself.
*Beat.* You've made trim work!
*Dia.* What?
*Beat.* Hie quickly to your chamber;
Your reward follows you.
*Dia.* I never made
So sweet a bargain. [*Exit.*

*Enter* ALSEMERO

*Als.* O, my dear Joanna,
Alas! art thou risen too? I was coming,
My absolute treasure!
*Beat.* When I miss'd you,
I could not choose but follow.
*Als.* Thou'rt all sweetness:
The fire is not so dangerous.
*Beat.* Think you so, sir?
*Als.* I prithee, tremble not; believe me, 'tis not.

*Enter* VERMANDERO *and* JASPERINO

*Ver.* O bless my house and me!
*Als.* My lord your father.

*Re-enter* DE FLORES *with a gun*

*Ver.* Knave, whither goes that piece?
*De F.* To scour the chimney.

*Ver.* O, well said, well said! [*Exit* DE FLORES.
That fellow's good on all occasions.
*Beat.* A wondrous necessary man, my lord.
*Ver.* He hath a ready wit; he's worth 'em all, sir;
Dog at[n] a house of fire; I ha' seen him sing'd ere now. —
[*Gun fired off within.*
Ha, there he goes!
*Beat.* [*Aside.*] 'Tis done!
*Als.* Come, sweet, to bed now;
Alas! thou wilt get cold.
*Beat.* Alas! the fear keeps that out!
My heart will find no quiet till I hear
How Diaphanta, my poor woman, fares;
It is her chamber, sir, her lodging chamber.
*Ver.* How should the fire come there?
*Beat.* As good a soul as ever lady countenanc'd,
But in her chamber negligent and heavy:
She 'scap'd a mine twice.
*Ver.* Twice?
*Beat.* Strangely twice, sir.
*Ver.* Those sleepy sluts are dangerous in a house,
And they be ne'er so good.

*Re-enter* DE FLORES

*De F.* O poor virginity,
Thou hast paid dearly for't!
*Ver.* Bless us, what's that?
*De F.* A thing you all knew once, Diaphanta's burnt.
*Beat.* My woman! O my woman!
*De F.* Now the flames
Are greedy of her; burnt, burnt, burnt to death, sir!
*Beat.* O my presaging soul!
*Als.* Not a tear more!
I charge you by the last embrace I gave you
In bed, before this rais'd us.
*Beat.* Now you tie me;
Were it my sister, now she gets no more.

*Enter* Servant

*Ver.* How now?
*Ser.* All danger's past; you may now take
Your rests, my lords; the fire is throughly[g] quench'd:
Ah, poor gentlewoman, how soon was she stifled!
*Beat.* De Flores, what is left of her inter,
And we as mourners all will follow her:
I will entreat that honour to my servant
Even of my lord himself.
*Als.* Command it, sweetness.
*Beat.* Which of you spied the fire first?
*De F.* 'Twas I, madam.
*Beat.* And took such pains in't too? a double goodness!
'Twere well he were rewarded.
*Ver.* He shall be. —
De Flores, call upon me.
*Als.* And upon me, sir.
[*Exeunt all except* DE FLORES.
*De F.* Rewarded? precious! here's a trick beyond me:
I see in all bouts, both of sport and wit,
Always a woman strives for the last hit. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II

*Another Apartment in the Castle*

*Enter* TOMASO

*Tom.* I cannot taste the benefits of life
With the same relish I was wont to do:
Man I grow weary of, and hold his fellowship
A treacherous bloody friendship; and because
I'm ignorant in whom my wrath should settle,
I must think all men villains, and the next

I meet, whoe'er he be, the murderer
Of my most worthy brother. Ha! what's he?

DE FLORES *passes across the stage*

O, the fellow that some call honest De Flores;
But methinks honesty was hard be-sted
To come here for a lodging; as if a queen
Should make her palace of a pest-house:
I find a contrariety in nature
Betwixt that face and me; the least occasion
Would give me game upon him;[n] yet he's so foul
One would scarce touch him with a sword he lov'd
And made account of; so most deadly venomous,
He would go near to poison any weapon
That should draw blood on him; one must resolve
Never to use that sword again in fight
In way of honest manhood that strikes him;
Some river must devour it; 'twere not fit
That any man should find it. What, again?

*Re-enter* DE FLORES

He walks a' purpose by, sure, to choke me up,
T' infect my blood.

*De F.* My worthy noble lord!

*Tom.* Dost offer to come near and breathe upon me?
[*Strikes him.*

*De F.* A blow! [*Draws.*

*Tom.* Yea, are you so prepar'd?
I'll rather like a soldier die by the sword,
Than like a politician[g] by thy poison. [*Draws.*

*De F.* Hold, my lord, as you are honourable!

*Tom.* All slaves that kill by poison are still cowards.

*De F.* [*Aside.*] I cannot strike; I see his brother's wounds
Fresh bleeding in his eye, as in a crystal.[n] —
I will not question this, I know you're noble;

I take my injury with thanks given, sir,
Like a wise lawyer, and as a favour
Will wear it for the worthy hand that gave it. —
[*Aside.*] Why this from him that yesterday appear'd
So strangely loving to me?
O, but instinct is of a subtler strain!
Guilt must not walk so near his lodge again;
He came near me now. [*Exit.*

*Tom.* All league with mankind I renounce for ever,
Till I find this murderer; not so much
As common courtesy but I'll lock up;
For in the state of ignorance I live in,
A brother may salute his brother's murderer,
And wish good speed to the villain in a greeting.

*Enter* VERMANDERO, ALIBIUS, *and* ISABELLA

*Ver.* Noble Piracquo!
*Tom.* Pray, keep on your way, sir;
I've nothing to say to you.
*Ver.* Comforts bless you, sir!
*Tom.* I've forsworn compliment, in troth I have, sir;
As you are merely man, I have not left
A good wish for you, nor for any here.
*Ver.* Unless you be so far in love with grief,
You will not part from't upon any terms,
We bring that news will make a welcome for us.
*Tom.* What news can that be?
*Ver.* Throw no scornful smile
Upon the zeal I bring you, 'tis worth more, sir;
Two of the chiefest men I kept about me
I hide not from the law of your just vengeance.
*Tom.* Ha!
*Ver.* To give your peace more ample satisfaction,
Thank these discoverers.
*Tom.* If you bring that calm,
Name but the manner I shall ask forgiveness in

For that contemptuous smile I threw upon you,
I'll perfect it with reverence that belongs
Unto a sacred altar. [*Kneels.*

*Ver.* [*Raising him.*] Good sir, rise;
Why, now you overdo as much 'a this hand
As you fell short 'a tother. — Speak, Alibius.

*Alib.* 'Twas my wife's fortune, as she is most lucky
At a discovery, to find out lately,
Within our hospital of fools and madmen,
Two counterfeits slipp'd into these disguises,
Their names Franciscus and Antonio.

*Ver.* Both mine, sir, and I ask no favour for 'em.

*Alib.* Now that which draws suspicion to their habits,
The time of their disguisings agrees justly
With the day of the murder.

*Tom.* O blest revelation!

*Ver.* Nay, more, nay, more, sir — I'll not spare mine own
In way of justice — they both feign'd a journey
To Briamata, and so wrought out their leaves;
My love was so abus'd in it.

*Tom.* Time's too precious
To run in waste now; you have brought a peace
The riches of five kingdoms could not purchase:
Be my most happy conduct; I thirst for 'em:
Like subtle lightning will I find about 'em,
And melt their marrow in 'em. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III

ALSEMERO'S *Apartment in the Castle*

*Enter* ALSEMERO *and* JASPERINO

*Jas.* Your confidence, I'm sure, is now of proof;
The prospect from the garden has show'd
Enough for deep suspicion.

*Als.* The black mask
That so continually was worn upon't
Condemns the face for ugly ere't be seen,
Her despite to him, and so seeming bottomless.
*Jas.* Touch it home then; 'tis not a shallow probe
Can search this ulcer soundly; I fear you'll find it
Full of corruption: 'tis fit I leave you,
She meets you opportunely from that walk;
She took the back door at his parting with her. [*Exit.*
*Als.* Did my fate wait for this unhappy stroke
At my first sight of woman? She is here.

*Enter* BEATRICE

*Beat.* Alsemero!
*Als.* How do you?
*Beat.* How do I?
Alas, how do you? you look not well.
*Als.* You read me well enough, I am not well.
*Beat.* Not well, sir? is't in my power to better you?
*Als.* Yes.
*Beat.* Nay, then you're cur'd again.
*Als.* Pray, resolve me one question, lady.
*Beat.* If I can.
*Als.* None can so sure: are you honest?[g]
*Beat.* Ha, ha, ha! that's a broad question, my lord.
*Als.* But that's not a modest answer, my lady:
Do you laugh? my doubts are strong upon me.
*Beat.* 'Tis innocence that smiles, and no rough brow
Can take away the dimple in her cheek:
Say I should strain a tear to fill the vault,
Which would you give the better faith to?
*Als.* 'Twere but hypocrisy of a sadder colour,
But the same stuff; neither your smiles nor tears
Shall move or flatter me from my belief:
You are a whore!
*Beat.* What a horrid sound it hath!
It blasts a beauty to deformity;

Upon what face soever that breath falls,
It strikes it ugly: O, you have ruin'd
What you can ne'er repair again!
*Als.* I'll all
Demolish, and seek out truth within you,
If there be any left; let your sweet tongue
Prevent[g] your heart's rifling; there I'll ransack
And tear out my suspicion.
*Beat.* You may, sir;
It is an easy passage; yet, if you please,
Show me the ground whereon you lost your love;
My spotless virtue may but tread on that
Before I perish.
*Als.* Unanswerable;
A ground you cannot stand on; you fall down
Beneath all grace and goodness when you set
Your ticklish heel on it: there was a visor
Over that cunning face, and that became you;
Now impudence in triumph rides upon't;
How comes this tender reconcilement else
'Twixt you and your despite, your rancorous loathing,
De Flores? he that your eye was sore at sight of,
He's now become your arm's supporter, your
Lip's saint!
*Beat.* Is there the cause?
*Als.* Worse, your lust's devil,
Your adultery!
*Beat.* Would any but yourself say that,
'Twould turn him to a villain!
*Als.* It was witness'd
By the counsel of your bosom, Diaphanta.
*Beat.* Is your witness dead then?
*Als.* 'Tis to be fear'd
It was the wages of her knowledge; poor soul,
She liv'd not long after the discovery.
*Beat.* Then hear a story of not much less horror
Than this your false suspicion is beguil'd with;

To your bed's scandal I stand up innocence,
Which even the guilt of one black other deed
Will stand for proof of; your love has made me
A cruel murderess.
*Als.* Ha!
*Beat.* A bloody one;
I have kiss'd poison for it, strok'd a serpent:
That thing of hate, worthy in my esteem
Of no better employment, and him most worthy
To be so employ'd, I caus'd to murder
That innocent Piracquo, having no
Better means than that worst to assure
Yourself to me.
*Als.* O, the place itself e'er since
Has crying been for vengeance! the temple,
Where blood and beauty first unlawfully
Fir'd their devotion and quench'd the right one;
'Twas in my fears at first, 'twill have it now:
O, thou art all deform'd!
*Beat.* Forget not, sir,
It for your sake was done: shall greater dangers
Make the less welcome?
*Als.* O, thou should'st have gone
A thousand leagues about to have avoided
This dangerous bridge of blood! here we are lost.
*Beat.* Remember, I am true unto your bed.
*Als.* The bed itself's a charnel, the sheets shrouds
For murder'd carcasses. It must ask pause
What I must do in this; meantime you shall
Be my prisoner only: enter my closet;
[*Exit* BEATRICE *into closet.*
I'll be your keeper yet. O, in what part
Of this sad story shall I first begin? Ha!
This same fellow has put me in.[n] —

*Enter* DE FLORES

De Flores!
*De F.* Noble Alsemero!

*Als.* I can tell you
News, sir; my wife has her commended to you.
*De F.* That's news indeed, my lord; I think she would
Commend me to the gallows if she could,
She ever lov'd me so well; I thank her.
*Als.* What's this blood upon your band,[g] De Flores?
*De F.* Blood! no, 'sure twas wash'd since.
*Als.* Since when, man?
*De F.* Since tother day I got a knock
In a sword-and-dagger school; I think 'tis out.
*Als.* Yes, 'tis almost out, but 'tis perceiv'd though.
I had forgot my message; this it is,
What price goes murder?
*De F.* How, sir?
*Als.* I ask you, sir;
My wife's behindhand[g] with you, she tells me,
For a brave bloody blow you gave for her sake
Upon Piracquo.
*De F.* Upon? 'twas quite through him sure:
Has she confess'd it?
*Als.* As sure as death to both of you;
And much more than that.
*De F.* It could not be much more;
'Twas but one thing, and that — she is a whore.
*Als.* It could not choose but follow: O cunning devils!
How should blind men know you from fair-fac'd saints?
*Beat.* [*Within.*] He lies! the villain does belie me!
*De F.* Let me go to her, sir.
*Als.* Nay, you shall to her. —
Peace, crying crocodile,[n] your sounds are heard;
Take your prey to you; — get you in to her, sir:
[*Exit* DE FLORES *into closet.*
I'll be your pander now; rehearse again
Your scene of lust, that you may be perfect
When you shall come to act it to the black audience,[n]
Where howls and gnashings shall be music to you:

Clip[g] your adulteress freely, 'tis the pilot
Will guide you to the *mare mortuum*,
Where you shall sink to fathoms bottomless.

*Enter* VERMANDERO, TOMASO, ALIBIUS, ISABELLA, FRANCISCUS, *and* ANTONIO

*Ver.* O Alsemero! I've a wonder for you.
*Als.* No, sir, 'tis I, I have a wonder for you.
*Ver.* I have suspicion near as proof itself
For Piracquo's murder.
*Als.* Sir, I have proof
Beyond suspicion for Piracquo's murder.
*Ver.* Beseech you, hear me; these two have been disguis'd
E'er since the deed was done.
*Als.* I have two other
That were more close disguis'd than your two could be
E'er since the deed were done.
*Ver.* You'll hear me — these mine own servants —
*Als.* Hear me — those nearer than your servants
That shall acquit them, and prove them guiltless.
*Fran.* That may be done with easy truth, sir.
*Tom.* How is my cause bandied through your delays!
'Tis urgent in my blood and calls for haste;
Give me a brother alive or dead;
Alive, a wife with him; if dead, for both
A recompense, for murder and adultery.
*Beat.* [*Within.*] O, O, O!
*Als.* Hark! 'tis coming to you.
*De F.* [*Within.*] Nay, I'll along for company.
*Beat.* [*Within.*] O, O!
*Ver.* What horrid sounds are these?
*Als.* Come forth, you twins
Of mischief!

*Re-enter* DE FLORES, *dragging in* BEATRICE *wounded*

*De F.* Here we are; if you have any more
To say to us, speak quickly, I shall not
Give you the hearing else; I am so stout yet,
And so, I think, that broken rib of mankind.
*Ver.* An host of enemies enter'd my citadel
Could not amaze like this: Joanna! Beatrice! Joanna!
*Beat.* O, come not near me, sir, I shall defile you!
I that am of your blood was taken from you
For your better health; look no more upon't,
But cast it to the ground regardlessly,
Let the common sewer take it from distinction:[n]
Beneath the stars, upon yon meteor
[*Pointing to* DE FLORES.
Ever hung my fate, 'mongst things corruptible;
I ne'er could pluck it from him; my loathing
Was prophet to the rest, but ne'er believ'd:
Mine honour fell with him, and now my life. —
Alsemero, I'm a stranger to your bed;
Your bed was cozen'd on the nuptial night,
For which your false bride died.
*Als.* Diaphanta?
*De F.* Yes, and the while I coupled with your mate
At barley-break;[g] now we are left in hell.
*Ver.* We are all there, it circumscribes us here.
*De F.* I lov'd this woman in spite of her heart:
Her love I earn'd out of Piracquo's murder.
*Tom.* Ha! my brother's murderer?
*De F.* Yes, and her honour's prize
Was my reward; I thank life for nothing
But that pleasure; it was so sweet to me,
That I have drunk up all, left none behind
For any man to pledge me.
*Ver.* Horrid villain!
Keep life in him for further tortures.

*De F.* No!
I can prevent you; here's my pen-knife still;
It is but one thread more, [*Stabbing himself.*] and now 'tis cut. —
Make haste, Joanna, by that token to thee,
Canst not forget, so lately put in mind;
I would not go to leave thee far behind. [*Dies.*
*Beat.* Forgive me, Alsemero, all forgive!
'Tis time to die when 'tis a shame to live. [*Dies.*
*Ver.* O, my name's enter'd now in that record
Where till this fatal hour 'twas never read.
*Als.* Let it be blotted out; let your heart lose it,
And it can never look you in the face,
Nor tell a tale behind the back of life
To your dishonour; justice hath so right
The guilty hit, that innocence is quit
By proclamation, and may joy again. —
Sir, you are sensible of what truth hath done;
'Tis the best comfort that your grief can find.
*Tom.* Sir, I am satisfied; my injuries
Lie dead before me; I can exact no more,
Unless my soul were loose, and could o'ertake
Those black fugitives that are fled from thence,
To take a second vengeance; but there are wraths
Deeper than mine, 'tis to be fear'd, about 'em.
*Als.* What an opacous body had that moon
That last chang'd on us! here is beauty chang'd
To ugly whoredom; here servant-obedience
To a master-sin, imperious murder;
I, a supposed husband, chang'd embraces
With wantonness, — but that was paid before.[n] —
Your change is come too, from an ignorant wrath
To knowing friendship. — Are there any more on's?
*Ant.* Yes, sir, I was changed too from a little ass as I was to a great fool as I am; and had like to ha' been changed to the gallows, but that you know my innocence[g] always excuses me.

*Fran.* I was chang'd from a little wit to be stark mad,
Almost for the same purpose.
*Isa.* [*To Alibius.*] Your change is still behind,
But deserve best your transformation:
You are a jealous coxcomb, keep schools of folly,
And teach your scholars how to break your own head.[n]
*Alib.* I see all apparent, wife, and will change now
Into a better husband, and ne'er keep
Scholars that shall be wiser than myself.
*Als.* Sir, you have yet a son's duty living,
Please you, accept it; let that your sorrow,
As it goes from your eye, go from your heart,
Man and his sorrow at the grave must part.

## EPILOGUE

*Als.* All we can do to comfort one another,
To stay a brother's sorrow for a brother,
To dry a child from the kind father's eyes,
Is to no purpose, it rather multiplies:
Your only smiles have power to cause re-live
The dead again, or in their rooms to give
Brother a new brother, father a child;
If these appear, all griefs are reconcil'd. [*Exeunt.*

# NOTES

Figures in black type refer to pages; those in light face to lines.

## MICHAELMAS TERM

**35. Induction.** An incident in dialogue, serving as prologue, with characters usually not concerned in the play proper. Cf. *The Taming of the Shrew*. — **Michaelmas Term.** Until 1873 there were four terms of court in England. The dates of the terms varied somewhat, but those given by Stow in his *Survey of London* (1603) are as follows: Michaelmas, 9 October to 28 November; Hilary, 23 January to 12 February; Easter, seventeen days after Easter to four days after Ascension; Trinity, six days after Trinity Sunday to Wednesday fortnight after. Michaelmas Day is 29 September. — **whitish.** White is the church colour for Michaelmas. It also indicates the *conscience* of l. 3. — **out of the country.** London in term time was full of country visitors, for all the lawsuits of England were tried in the metropolis. — 6. **civil black.** Members of the City companies "now of late time, they have used their gowns to be al of one colour, and those of the sadest." (Stow.) Black was also the devil's colour.

**36**: 30. **Thou.** Himself. Michaelmas Term was a profligate season. — **Music playing.** Dumb shows like this were sometimes used as allegorical illustrations of the action; sometimes, as in *The Changeling*, IV. i, as part of the action itself. — 38. **father.** Because the first term of the legal year. — 51. **skin.** After the "lamb" had been made a victim, the skin might serve as parchment for entangling legal documents.

**37**: 59. **returns.** Days on which writs and mandates had to be returned to court. There were eight returns in Michaelmas Term. — 67. **ours.** The Children of Paul's who gave this play. — 68. **sixpenny fees.** The cheapest seats in Blackfriars cost sixpence. — 69. **two hours.** Not the ordinary "two hours' traffic of our stage," but an allusion to the fact that the Paul's

children did not begin their plays until four (after prayers) and ended before six, when the Paul's gates closed. Cf. Lawrence, *The Elizabethan Playhouse*, p. 83.

**38. Middle Aisle.** A public rendezvous. For instructions "How a Gallant should behave himselfe in Powles walkes," and for much interesting description of the gallant life of the period, cf. Dekker's *The Guls Horn-Booke.* — 15. **some may better steal a horse.** One of Heywood's proverbs. — 22. **venture the firing.** Risk its being fire-cracked.

**39**: 35. **vacation.** The long vacation preceding Michaelmas Term. — 39. **fifth term.** A fifth term would have meant more opportunity for swindling his clients. — 40. **Bartholomew week.** The week of the fair held in Smithfield for over eight centuries. Cf. Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair.* St. Bartholomew's day was 24 August, a date which would have appropriately broken the long vacation.

**40**: 67. **like ditches, 'Twas cast.** The Town Ditch, the moat extending from Bishopsgate to the Tower, was cleansed in 1606, seemingly for the first time since 1595. *Cast* is used also in the sense of *cast off.* Cf. *Honest Man's Fortune*, II. i: "You never yet had . . . from my wardrobe any cast suit." — 72. **Being surer.** More certain regarding parentage. — **two spirits.** So far as actions go, Shortyard and Falselight are merely clever accomplices, and not, save figuratively, "familiar spirits." Only in III. iii. 2 is there a supernatural implication, while in IV. iii, Shortyard, besides being ignorant of his master's deceit, seeks to benefit himself in a wholly human way. Note that the short measuring stick and the darkness of the shop are thus symbolically presented as the two chief means of Quomodo the woollen-draper's success. — 87. **trap-window.** Meaning not certain, but probably a hinged window or movable penthouse which could be lowered to dim the light in the shop. Cf. *The World Tost at Tennis:* "His eyes look like false lights, cozening trap-windows." Cf. also Dekker and Webster's *Westward Ho*, I. i: "politic penthouses, which commonly make the shop of a mercer or a linen-draper as dark as a room in Bedlam."

**42**: 131. **bed to him.** Elizabethan men slept with one another as a habit of friendliness. Cf. *Sir Gyles Goosecappe*, I. iv: "thou hast known me long Almost theis twentie yeares, and halfe those yeares Hast bin my bedfellow." — 139.

**Against St. Andrew's.** On St. Andrew's day, 30 November. The *painter* is doubtless a painter of lewd pictures. Cf. *The Devil is an Ass*, I. iii. — 141. **new fashion forepart.** James I ordered the new houses in the city to have their "forefronts" and walls built of stone or brick. (Stow, *Annales*, 1631 ed., p. 891.) *Forepart* also means the front of the dress, the stomacher, the apron. Cf. *If you know not me you know no body:* "Your silk-band, half-farthingales, and changeable fore-parts are common." — 143. **provident back door.** To provide an escape for the gallant surprised in visiting his mistress. — 149. **black angels.** Devils.

**43**: 172. **dry mutton.** Part of an invalid's diet. Cf. *Your Five Gallants*, I. ii: "Picking the ninth part of a rack of mutton, dry-roasted." See also Jonson's *The New Inn*, I. i: "A poor quotidian rack of mutton, roasted dry to be grated." — 184. **Esteem . . . metal.** Popularity is so bewildering.

**44**: 192. **not knights yet.** A thrust at James's inordinately copious creation of knights. He created 2323 during his reign, 1603–1625. — 197. **The Horn.** A famous inn in Fleet Street. — 221. **custard.** An acceptable gift at the time. Cf. II. iii. — 222. **death of sturgeon.** Seems meaningless, even with Bullen's conjecture, "a kind of silly half-oath." Perhaps some words have dropped out. Query: *keg* of sturgeon, as in *Westward Ho*, II. i, where Justiniano is speaking, like Lethe, of delicacies to tempt a lady's taste.

**45**: 244. **laying out.** Farming out. — 250. **ransom . . . smocks.** The bawd's speech in *Westward Ho*, IV. i, is an adequate explanation: "All her gowns are at pawn; she owes me five pounds for her diet, besides forty shillings I lent her to redeem two half silk kirtles from the broker's."

**46**: 263. **can your worship tell me.** The situation perversely resembles the meeting of Old Gobbo and Launcelot, *Merchant of Venice*, II. ii. — 276. **vacant time.** Vacation. — 278. **laid his life.** Died. — 290. **understand.** Perhaps in sense of *betray*.

**47**: 316. **sixpence British.** Because sixpence Scots would have been only a halfpenny.

**48**: 15. **loose-bodied gown.** Apparently a mark of courtesans, although worn also by reputable women. Cf. *The Duchess of Malfi*, II. i. For interesting comment on women's fashions of the period, cf. Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuses*, and Fynes Moryson's *Itinerary*, III. iv. — **wires.** Wire frameworks placed

under the hair to puff it out. *Tires*, head-dresses. *Bents*, whalebone frameworks to extend the dress at the hips. *Bums*, pads or "bum-rolls" placed beneath the band of the skirt. *Felts*, felt hats. *Falls*, veils, or perhaps in the other meaning of falling collars.

**49**: 40. **dissembler.** Query: dissemble. — 61. **man's meat.** Heywood, *1 Edward IV*, speaks of wenches as "pretty morsels of man's flesh." Similar sayings are not infrequent.

**50**: 1. **change the room.** Because unlucky. — 2. **Dice? devils!** Cf. Middleton's *Father Hubburd's Tales:* "At dice? at the devil! quoth I, for that is a dicer's last throw." The bitter jest was current that the dice were made of devil's bones. Another jest, used later in this scene, is also found in Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candle-Light* in a bit of description revealing a swindling game identical with that which succeeds here with Easy: "The Gull-groper takes him to a side window, and tels him, hees sorry to see his hard luck, but the Dice are made of womens bones, and will cozen any man, yet for his fathers sake (whom he hath knowne so long) if it please him, he shall not leave off play for a hundred pound or two." — 18. **recover my salute.** Put on my hat again?

**51**: 40. **such.** Such gamesters as these.

**52**: 65. **wears a smock.** Doubtless a reference to the saying "wrapped in's mother's smock," as equivalent to highly fortunate. Cf. *A Match at Midnight*, IV. i, and *The City Night-cap*, II. i. Ben Jonson has a somewhat similar allusion in *The New Inn*, I. i: "To be wrapt soft and warm in fortune's smock." Brand (*Popular Antiquities*) suggests a relationship of *smock* and *caul*. Cf. Shadwell, *The Sullen Lovers*, V. i. — 84. **Gum the mercer.** Another satiric name. Mercers sometimes gummed their silks to make them glossier.

**53**: 111. **the Standard.** Standard was the generic name for conduit, but "the" Standard was the great one in Cheapside.

**58**: 44. **all the rooms a' Sundays.** Cf. Jonson's *Love Restored* for comment on the custom of gallants bringing citizens' wives to Court on holiday occasions for furtherance of intrigues. Cf. next note.

**59**: 69. **behind the cloth.** The arras hung far enough from the wall to permit hiding behind it. Persons thus concealed in rooms where they had no business to be would naturally be as silent as "a company of puppets," unless like Polonius in

*Hamlet*, III. iv, they betrayed their presence. Cf. *Westward Ho*, V. iii: "I ha' not been so often at court but I know what the backside of the hangings are made of." See also *Northward Ho*, III. ii: "As a gentleman courts a wench behind an arras."

**60**: 96. **the silver waters.** This sentence is in the common diction of contemporary pastoral poetry. Cf. Drayton's *Sixth Nimphall.* — 99. **inns of court.** The stated residence halls of those studying for admission to the bar, namely the Inner Temple, Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn. — 104. **sign of Three Knaves.** Many London shops had fanciful names: this of course is a burlesque. — 106. **what lack you.** This, and "What do ye lack?" were the usual shopkeeper's cries to attract customers.

**62**: 149. **I looked . . . from him.** I was waiting to hear that.

**63**: 189. **Brainford.** Brentford, opposite Kew. Like some other suburbs, often used for assignations. Cf. *Westward Ho*, II. iii.: "There you are out of eyes, out of ears; private rooms, sweet linen, winking attendance, and what cheer you will." — 198. **take up a commodity.** The usurer's practice of furnishing part, or all, of his loan in goods (commodities), which had thereupon to be sold at a great loss by the borrower, is sufficiently explained in the ensuing dialogue. The frequency of the practice is attested by constant allusion in drama and fiction down to almost our own time. — 214. **Middleburgh.** "The chiefe place of trafficke in Zealand." (Moryson, *Itinerary*.) Much English cloth was exported to the continent at this time and could be advantageously exchanged at Middleburgh for the numerous commodities there.

**64**: 218. **chamber-gowns, and hall-gowns.** Presumably gowns for home (or office) wear, and gowns for ceremonial use. — 221. **take me with you.** Understand me. — 232. **that gentleman.** Allusion uncertain. Dyce thinks Sir Everard Digby, but the passage cited from Stow is unconvincing, as is Fleay's reference to an execution at Winchester.

**65**: 256. **Stilliard-down.** Steel-yard down, implying a false balance.

**67**: 349. **two hundred pound.** Money at this time had from ten to twelve times the purchasing power of money to-day (1915).

**68**: 383. **Essex logs.** Efforts were made by James I early in his reign to stop the deforestation of Essex, in order to save

enough wood for ship-building purposes. Cf. *Victorian History of Counties: Essex*, ii. 615 ff. — 385. **quartering out.** Being quartered alive? A second reference to the execution in which the victim helped to kill himself. — 389. **Poultry and Wood Street.** The two City counters, or debtors' prisons, so often referred to in Elizabethan drama. There was a third counter in Southwark. — 390. **Roman hand.** Other hands were the Secretary, the Court, the Text.

**69**: 407. **stopped.** Presumably by Spanish pirates (cf. Moryson's *Itinerary*, I. iii. 200), or perhaps blockaded by Spanish forces.

**70**: 438. **want twenty on't.** Lack twenty pounds of the suggested hundred. — 447. **show myself a gentleman.** Kissing was a frequent salutation upon introduction. Cf. *Northward Ho*, II. ii: "Wife, give entertainment to our new acquaintance: your lips, wife; any woman may lend her lips without her husband's privity: 'tis allowable."

**71**: 468. **our livery.** The Woollen Drapers' Company. Its ceremonial costume or livery was, not unnaturally, gorgeous, and varied in colour from year to year. Cf. Ditchfield, *The City Companies*, 47. — 487. **clap hands.** Taking hands on a bargain or contract (*e.g.* betrothal) was a sign of more binding agreement than at present.

**73**: 19. **like a mock-face.** An arrangement of the hair, apparently rudely resembling a face.

**74**: 46. **willing to serve.** The situation of the father in disguise acting as servant to his daughter occurs in Dekker's *The Honest Whore*, Sharpham's *The Fleire*, and Fletcher's *The Captain*.

**76**: 103. **a place there.** A frequent Elizabethan construction, *there* being the court implied in *courtier*.

**79**: 199. **infallible of your side.** Infallibly by your reasoning. — 208. **one vizzard . . . another.** Meaningless except in low sense. The reference to a public whipping officer wearing a mask seems to be mixed in with an allusion to the prohibition of masks for mummings in the third year of Henry VIII. — 215. **Rhenish.** Rhine wines were those most commonly drunk at Englishmen's tables, and were obtainable from the German merchants in the Stilliard.

**81**: 292. **toward marriage.** Thinking of marriage.

**83**: 13. **in a mad state.** In a foolish, dangerous position.

**84**: 27. **now a-striking.** The false officers clap him on the shoulder.

**85**: 17. **the Row.** Certainly Goldsmith's Row in Cheapside, which was one of the sights of the city. The much-travelled Fynes Moryson comments: "I may lawfully say, setting all love of my country apart, that I did never see any such daily shew, anything so sumptuous in any place of the World."

**87**: 66. **at carrier's.** Each carrier from the provinces had fixed headquarters at some one of the London inns (cf. John Taylor's *Carriers' Cosmography*, 1637), and a man expecting money from the country would naturally go to the particular inn to get it promptly. — 90. **some bachelors.** In *The Phœnix*, IV. iii, Middleton carries out still further his scholastic image, which was also Sir Thomas Overbury's, of habitual residents in the debtors' prisons: "In that notable city called London stand two most famous universities, Poultry and Wood Street, where some are of twenty years' standing, and have took all their degrees from the Master's side down . . ." — 96. **subsidy citizens.** Citizens of sufficient wealth to be liable for subsidy taxation in addition to the regular taxes. Cf. Dowel's *History of Taxes*, iii. 78 ff.

**88**: 100. **Much.** An ironical expression of not infrequent occurrence. — 123. **never gulls to us.** Never act like innocents to us. — 127. **Guildhall.** The famous building which served as the City Hall.

**89**: 139. **my state.** My financial standing. — 162. **To put all this,** etc. To make such a little rhyme, or posy, of it as might be engraved within a ring. — 166. **A good medicine.** The dialogue is padded here, entertainingly enough, to allow time for Shortyard and Falselight to change costume.

**90**: 171. **too close within.** In prison. — 186. **to lie.** To be in custody. — 194. **at least forty pound.** The amount of the assessment.

**91**: 221. **Not now.** Query: Now, now. — 228. **within the freedom.** Of citizenship.

**92**: 267. **no means to warn thee.** Thomasine's resourcefulness is rather inert at this point. Later she is clever enough.

**93**: 4. **in a white sheet.** As a penitent. Cf. *A Fair Quarrel*, V. i. Allusions to the custom are frequent. — 13. **I'll give't you.** I give up. — 14. **'Tis no thanks now.** Thanks for nothing. — 17. **blue beadles.** Beadles wore blue coats. — 18. **in**

**a constable's house.** Apparently a practice. A sergeant's house is used as a place of assignation in *Westward Ho*, III. ii.

**94**: 31. **A citizen . . . so long a-foot.** Stow (*Annales*) notes that in 1605 the use of caroaches became general in London. A caroach was a city carriage as distinguished from a coach, or country carriage. — 33. **eaten out his head.** Eaten his head off, the accumulated charge for his maintenance being greater than his value. — 42. **move it to you.** Ask you.

**97**: 36. **marks . . . out of their mouths.** Alluding to the disappearance of the marks on horses' teeth. — 44. **a bow wide.** A bow's length distant. — 47. **wax and parchment.** Signed and sealed obligations.

**98**: 69. **Hug, shift.** Wrestling terms. — 75. **have 'em lopp'd.** Quomodo is now thinking of his new property. Lopping off branches not more than six or seven feet from the ground was legitimate under the latest proclamations. — 77. **Whitsun holydays.** Cf. *The Malcontent*, III. i: "Like citizens riding to their friends at Whitsuntide; their apparel just so many separate parishes." — 84. **laugh and lie down.** An old game of cards. Cf. Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, V. iv, for similar double sense.

**99**: 94. **what's got over the devil's back.** Proverbial. — 102. **scrivener.** Scriveners had the reputation of assisting in swindling. — 104. **wide conscience.** Wandering reason. — 111. **report of sickness.** I.e. of contagious disease, the plague. — 115. **fall of the leaf.** Autumn. — 119. **affection after my disposing.** Regard for my commands.

**100**: 14. **by the great.** Wholesale. — 21. **so distant.** So far away from gentlehood.

**101**: 5. **call'd upon.** Summoned by death. — 7. **I want to be express'd.** I lack words to express myself. — 29. **Blackfriars.** A district in the southwest part of the City.

**102**: 36. **mourning-gown.** Alluding to the custom of bequeathing mourning tokens. — 38. **a' my fidelity.** By my faith. — 42. **hanging moon.** The crescent moon when it "will not hold water." Cf. *Women Beware Women*, IV. i, where a change of weather is indicated "when the moon hung so." — 62. **a great widow.** I do not know the allusion. In Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass*, II. iii, there is a vivid description of an English widow, who, in addition to furnishing ladies with nostrums for the complexion, was a "mistress of behaviour," and a "law" and "canon" to women "of spirit and fashion."

**104**: 13. **hospital boys.** Boys of Christ's Hospital, the blue-coat boys, some of whom sang at ceremonial funerals. — 20. **rawly friends.** Imperfectly friendly as yet.

**105**: 46. **'twere long first.** It took a long time. — 58. **have no mercy.** Show no kindness.

**106**: 72. **Lend me your hand.** The taking of hands, and the kiss, were regarded as legal formalities in a betrothal. Cf. *A Match at Midnight*, *The Miseries of Enforced Marriage*, *The Duchess of Malfi*, I. ii, and especially *The Devil's Law-Case*, I. ii, where a girl whose hand is artfully placed in a man's hand without her consent regards herself as betrothed to the man.

**107. having cozened Sim.** This stage direction reminds one of *Enter Emily having drunk a cup of tea.* The cozening might well have been shown in action.

**108**: 24. **Hate you that office.** Query: should not this speech go to Shortyard (*Sho.*) instead of to Thomasine (*Tho.*)?

**109**: 48. **master Easy.** Previous texts have *master Blast-field*, which is pointless. — 54. **good deeds and bad deeds.** The deeds to his property, and the bonds he gave Quomodo. — 64. **Saint Antlings.** St. Anthonine's in Budge Row. — 73. **Every goldsmith cannot.** Not any goldsmith can.

**110**: 84. **the hospital money.** Five pounds, as appears from deducting forty pence from the sum mentioned below. I find no authority for this custom of collecting a death tax for a hospital. Perhaps it was a charge of the Drapers for one of their benevolences, or possibly the Christ's Hospital fee for the boys' service at the funeral. — 102. **you're beset.** You've been well taken in. — **little Quomodo.** Refers not to Quomodo, but to his wife, whom thrice before he has called "little Thomasine." — 108. **due.** A noun.

**111**: 121. **Had-land.** A not infrequent slang name for a prodigal, as witness characters in *1 Edward IV* and *The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green*. Cf. *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, I. ii. — 127. **Husband? I'm undone.** A more serious version of this situation is in *The Two Maids of More-clacke*. — 130. **Horner.** One of the unceasing references to the horns of cuckoldry. — 136. **our grievances first tell.** A side-light on the popular conception of the bench. Cf. Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candle-Light*, and Bacon's essay *Of Judicature*.

**112**: 15. **How soon affections . . . prove.** The failure of unreal feelings is the test of true ones.

**113**: 6. **herald richly hir'd.** Cf. *Westward Ho*, I. ii: "Prey upon me as heralds do upon funerals." — 13. **assumes his shape.** An allusion, as in *Hamlet*, to the devil's power of assuming various shapes.

**115**: 87. **To my thought.** As I thought.

**116**: 122. **Loathing the sin.** The text of this and the next line or two is corrupt.

**117**: 148. **again next time.** Against next time. Does Thomasine's rejection of the name Quomodo imply that her marriage to Easy stands? The Judge acknowledges that she is Quomodo's wife. Bullen (*Introd.*, p. xxviii) thinks that Easy is left in lawful possession of her: this seems impossible.

## A TRICK TO CATCH THE OLD ONE

**123**: 5. **two shillings.** The prices varied greatly at the different ordinaries. A character in *Westward Ho*, III. iii, employing the same antithesis as here, refers to a farmer who would spend but threepence on his ordinary. The very high prices, such as ten crowns, sometimes mentioned in plays, are without doubt exaggerations. — 7. **Longacre.** Apparently a general name for a country estate. — 8. **my uncle's conscience.** Little point is made of Lucre's conscience, although it is referred to a time or two more.

**124**: 22. **virgin's.** Joyce's. — 27. **but one . . . and cannot.** The only one who cannot. — 34. **round-webb'd.** Referring to the hooped farthingale? — 44. **best invention.** Best thing imaginable. — 48. **make me not . . . weapon.** Do not turn my own words against me.

**125**: 60. **I'll proceed.** A line seems to be omitted. — 81. **set . . . my state.** Make so brave a showing. — 83. **Why, then, all's furnished.** Prose passages which contain one or more complete metrical lines, as in the dialogue here, should not be regarded as material to be forced by an editor into verse form. The isolated verses only prove the persistence of the blank-verse cadence in the writer's ear.

**126**: 98. **'Tis right the world.** "Such is life." — 107. **country.** Query: county.

**127**: 132–134. **A scholar . . . her son . . . my niece.** Money-love, Freedom, Joyce. This situation is effectively presented in Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, as also in *A Fair Quarrel*. — 142. **viol.**

The viola da gamba, a bass viola, held like a violoncello, and hence the subject of many jests.

**128**: 4. **Had-land.** Cf. note to p. 111, l. 121. — 9. **spite of thy teeth.** Whether you like it or not. Cf. Cotgrave, *s. maulgré. Wille nille* and *contra voluntatem et professionem* are synonyms of the expression. — 18. **pigs to a parson.** As tithes. — 24. **into any shape.** As in *Michaelmas Term*, V. iii. 13.

**129**: 42. **usuring rascal.** Although usury meant only interest, the term was in as bad repute then as now, because the acceptance of interest on loans was regarded as a violation of scriptural mandates. Cf., for example, *Exodus*, xxii. 25; *Leviticus*, xxv. 36. — 65. **ne'er shall be more seen.** Allusion uncertain, unless, as in *Appius and Virginia*, II. i, *merry night* means *bridal night.*

**130**: 12. **mere indifferences.** Pure impartiality. — 14. **stand as a bawd . . . bargain.** Act as a go-between for another's advantage. — 31. **vulnera dilacerata.** I have not yet run down this quotation. — 35. **want it.** Lack it, be in need.

**132**: 80. **this box.** On the ear. — 8. **heard of that Dampit.** There was probably a well-known original of this personage, who, incidentally, has practically nothing to do with the action of the play.

**133**: 51. **oars and scullers.** An oar is managed with two hands, a scull with one. *Oars* here probably means *rowers.*

**134**: 63. **motions of Fleet Street.** Puppet shows were favourite amusements of the day, and the London thoroughfare was a profitable place for them. Cf. *Volpone*, V. ii: "'Twere a rare motion to be seen in Fleet Street." Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, V. i. and iii, presents a Hero and Leander puppet show, after spirited comment on a show dealing with Gunpowder Plot given to "an eighteen or twenty pence audience nine times of an afternoon." The allusion in the present play to Fleet Street motions is only figurative, however, as is doubtless the Holborn allusion immediately following. — **visions of Holborn.** No one has offered any explanation of this term. I can only conjecture that as Dampit is contemptuously referring to his Fleet Street clients as puppets, he may be calling his Holborn clients mere images, if the word *visions* may be stretched to include the lewd painted figures and "pictures" of wax and of lead that had some vogue at the time. Cf. the testimony of Anne Turner in her trial for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury (*State Trials*, 1615). Cf. also *The Devil*

*is an Ass*, I. iii: "Visit the painters where you may see pictures." — 65. **fooliaminy**. The first of several made-up words, possibly used by the real trampler.

**135**: 9. **an uncle's pen'worth**. An extortionate commission. — 14. **the last translation**. There was current interest in the varying translations of the Bible, before the Douay (1609) and the King James (1611) versions, respectively, established a text.

**136**: 21. **calls me thief**. Because *good fellow* was a slang name for a thief.

**137**: 59. **take me with you**. Let me understand. — 69. **go down**. Away from London. — 74. **give her that gift**. Grant her that.

**138**: 100. **non-performance**. Failure to prove his position. — 120. **That was my saying**. That is what was said to me.

**139**: 132. **coat pulled**. Preliminary to whipping. — 163. **blue coats . . . turned into cloaks**. "The servants of gentlemen were wont to weare blew coates, with their masters badge of silver on the left sleeve: but now they most commonly weare clokes garded with lace, all the servants of one family wearing the same liverie for colour and ornament." (Moryson, *Itinerary*, III. iv. 179.)

**141**: 201. **worship**. The magistrate's title. — 215. **makeshift**. *Wastethrift* was the word Hoard used.

**142**: 239. **my danger**. Of being arrested for debt. Cf. *A Fair Quarrel*, I. i. 272. — 254. **uncle's house**. Then as now, *uncle* meant *pawnbroker*, but this leaves the joke rather pointless. Probably *uncle's house* was a slang term for the residence of an "aunt," *i.e.* bawd. — 261. **Cole-Harbour**. Cold Harbour, a river-front slum to the west of London Bridge, possessing the supposed right of sanctuary, and frequently referred to by writers of the period.

**144**: 310. **wit in the pommel**. In the knob of the sword, *i.e.* witless.

**145**: 355. **cloth of arras**. Cf. note to p. 59, l. 69. — 360. **strike all sure**. Necessitate a marriage.

**146**: 396. **the twelve companies**. The twelve great City companies were the Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Merchant Taylors, Skinners, Haberdashers, Salters, Ironmongers, Vintners, and Clothworkers.

**147**: 410. **make a bolt or a shaft on't**. Hit or miss. Proverbial.

**149** : 82. **Exit.** Neilson here quotes *Music.*

**152** : 76. **call up her blood.** See Drayton's *Muses Elizium, Ninth Nimphall:* "The cheerful Ruby . . . That doth revive the spirit." — 86. **carry it away from.** Get ahead of.

**153** : 96. **muscadine and eggs.** A strong, sweet Cretan wine with raw eggs, much esteemed as an aphrodisiac. — 104. **the better term.** Suggested by the word *suitors.* As amply shown in *Michaelmas Term*, term time was a profitable season in the world of vice.

**154** : 129. **Step in.** Behind the arras.

**155** : 163. **their.** Witgood and Lucre's.

**156** : 208. **at the bound.** At the first opportunity.

**157** : 237. **for the same purpose.** Betrothal. — 243. **train out . . . single.** Single out.

**158** : 257. **sweet wife.** Hoard has now fully committed himself before witnesses, by the taking of hands, the kiss, and the use of the word *wife.* — 272. **no more days.** No more postponements. — 281. **were all pawns.** Came in as pledges.

**159** : 5. **only fortunate.** The only fortunate one. — 10. **thou.** Herself. — 14. **a private charge.** An order to deliver secretly.

**160** : 2. **the Pomegranate.** Rooms in taverns often had fanciful names like this. Cf. *1 Henry IV*, II. iv. 40.

**161** : 51. **prigging.** Thieving, but here only *smart.* — 52. **without book.** By heart.

**164** : 112. **mere plot.** Complete conspiracy. — 2. **in anno 98.** The quartos read *99*, in which year there was no great storm. The editor of 1816, followed by Dyce and Bullen, reads *89*, the year of a memorable storm. But as Stow also notes "a great lightning and thunder" in 1598, which killed several men, it seems best to take the nearest date to the old reading, although it is a matter of no consequence. — 5. **Poovies' new buildings.** An allusion hitherto unexplained. I offer the following conjecture as a possible explanation. Obviously the new building must have been known to the audience, and if Dampit's allusion to its overthrow was a "point," then the building must have been more or less a matter of controversy. The only building which I find, after much search, that meets these conditions, was a building in Paul's Churchyard erected in timber by a leatherseller after James I, in 1605 and 1607, had ordered no more houses in the City to be built of wood. This building, after being erected, had to be pulled down and rebuilt in ac-

cordance with the new laws. (Stow, *Annales*, p. 1023.) That there was a leatherseller in the City named Povey appears from the Bishop of London's Marriage Licences of 1624. The reference then may be to *Povey's new building*, although the exact date of Stow's reference is not certain. — **my great iron chest.** A safe, holding all his valuables, and perhaps serving as his bed. Cf. IV. v.

**165**: 30. **not one penn'orth of bread.** Something like Falstaff. (*1 Henry IV*, II. iv.)

**166**: 73. **Barnard's Inn.** On the south side of Holborn, east of Staples' Inn. One of the inns of chancery, residences of students of law.

**167**: 10. **little pig-eater.** Seemingly a pet name applied to the courtesan, roast pig being a great "treat" for women at fairs. Cf. *Bartholomew Fair*, I. i.

**170**: 105. **how little.** Previous texts read *now little*.

**171**: 3. **O man in lamentation.** *O man in desperation* is an old tune. Cf. Peele's *The Old Wives' Tale*. — 6. **lost his doublet.** In gaming. It was not uncommon for a man to bet the clothes on his back.

**175**: 21. **cast your cap at.** Give up. — 24. **hole i' th' counter.** The worst ward in the counter, for the poorest debtors. The other wards, in order of cost to the prisoner, were the Master's side, the Knight's side, and the two-penny ward. Cf. e.g. Webster's *Appius and Virginia*, II. iv, and Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Exchange*. — 50. **We must have either money or carcass.** Pay or go to prison.

**178**: 47. **Sa ho.** A hawking cry; also the cry when the hare was started. — 49. **There, boy.** A cry to dogs. — 70. **Polonian fashion.** "The Polonians [Poles] shave all their heads close, excepting the haire of the forehead, which they nourish very long and cast back to the hinder part of the head." (Moryson, III. iv. 170.)

**179**: 99. **a pre-contract.** It must be remembered that a betrothal of this date was of far more binding power than an engagement of to-day. A marriage indeed was constituted if the man and woman said in words of present tense (*per verba de presenti*), "I take you for my wife (husband)." The essence of marriage thus being present consent, the courtesan's "foolish words I must confess did pass" (l. 124) might in all seriousness be litigiously fastened upon her to hold her to a pre-contract.

That is, of course, if the incident had not been a trick from beginning to end.

**182**: 173. **give losers leave to talk.** Proverbial. — 197. **blessing poured upon me.** Echoes from the Prayer Book are not infrequent in Elizabethan comedy. — 201. **set the hare's head to the goose-giblet.** It is six of one to half a dozen of the other. Proverbial.

**183**: 209. **plays at back-racket with me.** Returns my stroke. — 229. **'tis nothing in law.** I cannot quote authority on this point, since no duress is involved.

**184**: 246. **make it a mark.** 13*s.* 4*d.* in the pound is two-thirds of the debt, as against the half offered by Hoard. He accepts, but pays a "little less."

**186**: 8. **the devil in chains.** The immediate allusion is to *Revelation*, xx. 1–2, the vision of the angel binding Satan with a great chain for a thousand years; but the application to Dampit is obscure. I offer the following conjecture. The two references to steel bedstaffs (in itself a doubtful word, but here meaning the cross-supports or slats on which the bed rests) and the two references to iron chains make it probable that Dampit is lying on the "great iron chest" or safe mentioned in III. iv, which perhaps is bound about by iron chains. Inasmuch as the peculiarity of the bed not only is emphasized but dramatically is wholly gratuitous, the assumption is strengthened that Dampit was an actual person whose real or fancied way of sleeping was a notorious jest. One guesses, then, that this is the dramatization of a report that the "usuring rascal" slept chained to his treasure chest.

**187**: 28. **mullipood.** Guessing at Dampit's words is a search for a needle in a bottle of hay. This may be *mullipoof* = fuzz-ball, a term of contempt, *millepede* or *multipede* = woodlouse, or *multiple* (Bullen), or nothing at all. — 33. **the tavern bitch has bit him i' th' head.** Proverbial for drunkenness.

**188**: 77. **Pythagorical rascal.** Changing in his appearance. — 86. **longer day.** Postponement of payment. — 92. **farewell, and a thousand.** Farewell a thousand times.

**189**: 127. **ejectione firmæ.** Writ of ejectment.

**190**: 131. **this gear will fadge well.** This arrangement will work well. Ironical.

**191**: 167. **O monstrum . . . ademptum.** *Æneid*, iii. 658. — 176. **the Welsh ambassador.** Point not clear. Nares'

*Glossary* explains as applying to the bird's migration from the west, but the only illustration given is this passage. In *Your Five Gallants*, V. i, the cuckoo, with a clear allusion to cuckoldry, is called "the Welsh lieger," i.e. resident, ambassador. — 178. **my naked bed.** The reference to the usual Elizabethan practice of sleeping without night-clothes may possibly also be reminiscent of the familiar passage in *The Spanish Tragedy*, II. v. — 181. **Middlesex juries.** I have found no explanation of this. There is a similar contemptuous reference in *The Devil is an Ass*, I. i.

**194**: 10. **cupboard of plate.** "Among the better sort of Gentlemen and Merchants, few are found, who have not cupboards of silver and gold plate, to the value of two hundred pounds at the least." (Moryson, III. iv. 178.) — 24. **free a'.** Free of, admitted to the membership of the company; of the fishmongers, since lampreys and spitchcocks (broiled eels) provide the obvious jest.

**196**: 50. **at an hour.** Punctual.

**198**: 118. **Negatur sequela majoris.** The implication of the major premise is denied.

**199**: 166. **Lo, gentlemen.** This speech is the renunciation of a much worse woman than the Courtesan. — 172. **biting the lip.** In a kiss. — 176. **to women's labours.** A well-known excuse. — 179. **sign be at heart.** When the sign is Leo. — 180. **Removing chambers.** Changing rooms.

**200**: 195. **Queans' evils.** Quibbling antithesis to king's evil.

## A FAIR QUARREL

**203. Robert Grey.** Not in *Dictionary of National Biography*. — **His Highness.** Charles, afterwards the First, made Prince of Wales in 1616. — **some philosophers.** E.g. Shakespeare. — **all some.** All partaking somewhat. — **none must carry any thing,** etc. A special provision in Henslowe's contract with the players. (Professor J. Q. Adams.)

**206**: 28. **Colonel.** Pronounced then as spelled.

**207**: 64. **into 'em.** Added to opinion and love.

**209**: 96. **give aim.** Stand aside and tell where the arrows strike. — 104. **Lydian ditty to a Doric note.** A gentle song to a rude air.

**211**: 169. **diminiting.** Not in *N. E. D.*, or *Dialect Dictionary*. Query: *diminuting* = defective.

**212**: 195. **gave my hand.** Cf. notes to p. 71, l. 487, and p. 179, l. 99.

**214**: 247. **saltpetre men.** The Earl of Worcester's patent, or monopoly, granted in 1617, to make saltpetre, continued the disturbing practice by which saltpetre men entered any premises. Even the statute of 1624 against monopolies prevented interference with these men. (Bullen.) — **before me.** A mild oath. — 253. **enter in.** Query: enter *them* in.

**215**: 277. **rescue.** The regular term for a man's being taken by his friends from the sergeants who arrested him. — 283. **parti-colour'd coats.** Worn by minor civil officers. — 284. **May be distinguished.** By wearing their proper uniform.

**216**: 314. **daring'st streets.** The most open parts of the city, where of course there was no right of sanctuary.

**217**: 325. **that is religious.** Breaking a vow involved the fear of hell. — 342. **a great frost.** The great frost of January, 1608, still in memory at the date of the play, is well described in Arber's *English Garner: Social England.*

**218**: 362. **spoke swords.** Like Hamlet's "speak daggers."

**219**: 399. **where the mind is free.** Perhaps a passage that remained in Milton's mind. Cf. *P. L.*, i. 254.

**220**: 422. **one.** Some one. — 424. **Chough.** Besides meaning a red-legged crow, a jackdaw, and a Cornish sea-bird (Dyce), the word had contemptuous slang senses of chatterer, clown, and miser. — 427. **Crow at Aldgate.** Query: Crown. I find no mention of the Crow in Stow's *Survey*, Taylor's *Travels and Circular Perambulation*, or Taylor's *Carriers' Cosmographie*, but the latter pamphlet mentions the "Crown without Aldgate."

**221**: 9. **conscience.** Here probably in the sense of *reason.* — 11. **So careful of my eternity.** This not merely involves the notion of the eternal life which results from ("consists of") upright actions, but it touches also the current belief in the righteous outcome of the trial by ordeal, or by combat. If Ager pledged his life on the truth of his cause and lost, his cause was thereby demonstrated false and his soul was lost as well. A scrupulous man might well pause before he "should hazard all upon things doubtful." A passage in *A Woman Kild with Kindness* bears on the point: "Though I durst pawne my life, and on their faith Hazard the deere saluation of my soule, yet in my trust I may be too secure."

**225**: 133. **it.** Valour.

**229**: 231. **your own.** Your own quarrel. — 243. **Come out!** As if exorcizing the devil.

**230**: 8. **fine oraculous wizards.** *The Groundworke of Conny-catching* (E. E. Text Soc.) gives much information concerning humbugs (cf. p. 101). — 14. **cannot be yellow.** Cannot be jealousy.

**231**: 35. **Paracelsian mixtures.** The drugs of Paracelsus were mineral, those of Galen vegetable. — 42. **a fine like death.** This does not appear to be good law for the period, for a physician was not then permitted to plead privileged communication. Perhaps, however, it was a rule of the college. Cf. *Westward Ho*, IV. i: "We are sworn to secrecy as well as surgeons."

**232**: 76. **no black swan.** No rarity. — 85. **yet conceit.** Still imagine.

**233**: 103. **whisper.** To the physician. — 107. **Cornish hug.** A wrestling hold. Cornishmen were noted "wrastlers." (Moryson, III. i. 54.) — 112. **do the like.** There is a Cornish proverb, "Trimtram, like master like man," which serves to explain Trimtram's copying of Chough.

**234**: 121. **Red-shanks.** A frequent term for those Scotch and Irish who wore kilts. — 122. **Cornish diamonds.** Quartz crystals, "formed into Angles by nature itselfe, which we call Cornish Dyamonds." (Moryson, III. iii. 136.) — 123. **cut Out.** As with glaziers' diamonds. — 138. **the Mount.** St. Michael's Mount near Land's End.

**235**: 179. **green.** Grass-stained.

**236**: 189. **catch that catch may.** A variety of wrestling, usually known as catch-as-catch-can. — 198. **sex's general aim.** The Wife of Bath had pointed out that "Wommen desyren to have sovereyntee." — 204. **give any man three foils.** Give a handicap of three partial throws. — 206. **players.** Professor J. Q. Adams suggests that the players needed the weapons for their innumerable stage combats.

**237**: 219. **roaring Meg.** A great cannon in the Tower was called Long Meg; one in Edinburgh Castle was called Roaring Meg, which may have become a term for guns of large bore. — 223. **lions.** In the Tower of London. — 225. **bears.** Of Paris Garden in Southwark. — 230. **Westminster stairs.** The landing place at the east side of the Court of Westminster palace, for watermen plying between Westminster and the City; near the present Westminster Bridge. — 232. **Corineus.** A legendary

Cornish hero who wrestled with the giant Gogmagog near Plymouth. Cf. also Geoffrey of Monmouth, I. xii, xiii.

**241**: 74. **not worth tenpence.** Several references to tenpenny Turks in plays of the time (cf. *Jew of Malta*, IV. iv; *Westward Ho*, IV. ii) show that the expression had an obvious point, but I have not yet come upon its origin.

**242**: 119. **base metal.** Counterfeit coin.

**243**: 146. **circular fire.** Firing from all sides. — 147. **her lord.** Sin's lord, Satan.

**244**: 163. **Put in . . . court-custard.** The jest, hardly worth explaining, is that since a mild insult is resented when a desperate one is not, the next generation should be the product of mere artificial politeness.

**245**: 4. **der can niet forstoore.** The Nurse's dubious Dutch may pass without further comment.

**246**: 59. **state of woman.** Womanly reputation.

**247**: 77. **silver . . . draws black lines.** Proverbial. — 89. **ta'en forth.** Copied.

**248**: 92. **Achilles' spear.** The wounds of which could be cured only by its rust. (Bullen.) — 103. **blackamoor.** Devil, a not rare use of the word. — 109. **physic-college.** College of Physicians in Knightrider's Street, founded in 1582. — 116. **cast . . . waters.** Test urine.

**249**: 123. **for his horn.** Powdered unicorn's horn was a costly drug esteemed an antidote for all poison. Regarding its actual composition we are as much in doubt as was Reginald Scot. Fynes Moryson, however, saw in Venice two unicorn's horns, "each more then foure feet long"; and Coryat saw one in St. Denis, "valued at one hundred thousand crownes, being about three yards high." — 140. **white devil.** Black being the devil's proper colour, a white devil was one who shammed virtue. The term, despite its notable use by Webster and by Hall, does not appear a frequent one. — 149. **I must do my message.** Anne's varying attitude in this dialogue is readily explained by assuming that the Physician is listening in concealment at the back of the stage. Anne speaks aloud in his favour, but gives her honest opinions *sotto voce*.

**251**: 3. **nine hours entranced.** Nine, as being three times three, was a mystic number. — 11. **both agreed.** "In a tale," as Dogberry puts it.

**252**: 21. **belied my faith.** Not until this point are the

spectators certain of Lady Ager's innocence, save by the art of the performer. — 34. **belief of his false birth.** This was not a necessary inference. — 44. **one.** One man.

**254**: 35. **Parthamenian, Barmeothian.** An explanation of all the roaring terms in the play is probably out of the question. Some of the words are made up for the occasion, others are regular words used out of all relation to their actual meaning, and still others have dropped out of even antiquarian recollection. At *Tyburn* criminals were put to death; *Wapping* was full of sailors, and pirates were hanged there. — 43. **Cheat-loaf.** Bread of second quality. I find no inn of the name. — 49. **usher.** A sort of steward or superior attendant not classed as a servant.

**256**: 103. **Brutus and Posthumus.** Brute, the eponymous king of Britain, was the grandson of Æneas's son Ascanius, called Posthumus, as Professor Strunk points out, in Holinshed, I. 437 (edition of 1807–8). The only point of *collateral* is its meaninglessness. — 109. **bronstrops.** This word (*bawd*) and *tweak* (*harlot*) were those which the sailor, Compass, in *A Cure for a Cuckold*, IV. i, 'learned in a play,' namely, this play. — 124. **callicut.** A city in Madras, on the Arabian Sea. *Panagron*, perhaps *catch-all*, from *πάναγρος*. *Duplar*, double-dealer? *Sindicus*, lawyer? — 126. **Dislocate thy bladud.** As King Bladud, the magician, broke his neck while trying to fly (cf. Beard's *Theatre of God's Judgment*, xxi), I take it that the expression means *break thy neck*, and not *draw thy sword*, as Dyce and Bullen interpret it.

**257**: 160. **six windmills.** Stow mentions four in Finsbury Field. Others were built later.

**258**: 169. **The wall.** The condition of London streets made walking close to the houses advantageous, and it was more or less a point of honour to take the wall from inferiors.

**259**: 212. **Martlemas bacon.** Bacon salted at Martlemas, St. Martin's Day, 11 November. — 218. **roll, pudding.** Forms of tobacco. — 230. **rosemary.** Worn at funerals and at weddings.

**261**: 10. **noble parts.** Those without which life cannot be sustained. — 17. **quadrangular plumation.** Searching a wound with a feather, apparently cut in a shape to warrant the adjective. — 24. **iris of Florence.** White iris, from which orris-root is prepared. — 25. **mastic . . . sacrocolla.** These are all gums. *Calaphena* must be an error for *colophony*, Greek pitch. — 31.

**paralism**. Query: *paralysie*. — 34. **savicola, cerefolium**. I have not found these words. The Surgeon has truly cast forth "a mount of nothing."

**268**. Scene IV. This is the interpolated scene indicated on the title page of the play. It was added before the first edition was exhausted. Professor Adams notes the exact parallel of the scene to one in *How a Man may Choose a Good Wife from a Bad*. — **a noise of "hem."** An insulting way of marking the presence of a courtesan or bawd. — 2. **their dogs**. There was a breed called *butchers' dogs*. — 5. **John of the apple-loft**. Doubtless *apple-squire* (*pimp*), a term in frequent use.

**269**: 7. **hem, evax, vah**. Latin ejaculations of surprise, joy, and anger, respectively. — 15. **the new play**. Not yet identified. — 30. **boxed amongst the better sort**. Placed in the most expensive seats, or "rooms." The "lord's room" was the original of the proscenium box.

**270**: 54. **the water at London Bridge**. The great noise of the water, with either tide, was often commented upon. It was due to the numerous bridge-piers which impeded the flow of the stream.

**271**: 93. **can you give arms**? Have you a coat of arms, are you of good family? — 104. **no poison**. Proverbial of Ireland. — **the great O'Toole**. A notorious captain, distinguished for his courage and his absurdities. (Dyce.)

**274**: 185. **an Irish dart**. Carried by Irish footmen, who were common at the time. — 186. **barbers' basins**. To the noise of these, bawds were carted. — 190. **starched yellow**. Starch was brought to England in 1564 by Mrs. Dinghen van den Plasse. Yellow starch was first used by Anne Turner, one of the poisoners of Sir Thomas Overbury. There is probably an allusion here to her execution in 1615, when, according to tradition, she wore a cobweb-lawn ruff starched yellow. The incident is supposed to have brought yellow starch into disrepute. — 214. **kept the door**. Played the pimp, as an "usher."

**275**: 229. **such a hard one**. Such a hard neck-verse. — 231. **Brandon**. Gregory Brandon, the executioner.

**277**: 35. **escape**. Dyce's emendation for *pursue*. — 39. **rosemary**. Cf. note to p. 259, l. 230.

**279**: 89. **a thousand**. I.e. *pieces*, which by their fineness of gold and weight were held at a premium over later-coined sovereigns.

**280**: 136. **the word . . . Bretnor.** The motto for the day in Bretnor's almanac. The first was published in 1607, the second in 1615. Cf. Middleton's *Inner-Temple Masque*, 206–229, for an interesting passage on the trust placed in the mottoes.

**281**: 182. **Pe'ryn.** Penryn, a town in Cornwall. — 184. **Ivel.** Yeovil, a town in Somersetshire. — 185. **Hockye-Hole.** Wookey-Hole, a cavern near Wells. — 186. **Hanging-stones.** "Huge stones . . . uppon which other stones are so laied acrosse, as it seemes a worke hanging in the ayre, whereupon it is called Stoneheng vulgarly." (Moryson, III. iii. 137.)

**282**: 199. **mauz avez.** Meaning unintelligible. Perhaps the text is corrupt. Using the western dialect, Chough may possibly have said *man-zaver* (saver). *Man-mender* is a Beaumont-Fletcher term. Cf. *Monsieur Thomas*, II. ii; *The Chances*, III. ii.

**284**: 262. **wine and sugar.** The English preferred sweetened wines.

**285**: 295. **mean't to.** Query: mean so. (J. Q. Adams.)

**288**: 380. **Pancridge.** The suburb, St. Pancras, had a bad reputation. Cf. Barnabe Rich, *The Divils Charter:* "Pancridge steeple, The baudy beaken of ungodly people." Pancridge parsons were supposed to be complaisant in performing hasty marriages.

**289**: 403. **Surgeons' Hall.** Barber-Surgeons' Hall in Monkswell Street. — 407. **kind conjunction.** Natural union.

## THE CHANGELING

**294. Changeling.** The word, which often means merely a substituted person, here means a half-witted person. Such a one was called a changeling because of the belief that when the fairies stole a human child from the cradle they left in exchange a stupid or imbecile being. Antonio, shamming half-wittedness, is thus the Changeling of the play, whereas Franciscus, shamming madness, is supposed the victim of a human malady and hence no changeling.

**295**: 8. **the place blessed.** Paradise.

**296**: 17. **buy a gale.** Cf. *A Cure for a Cuckold*, IV. ii: "The winds which Lapland witches sell to men."

**297**: 50. **sign in Aquarius.** Hence a propitious time for sailing. — 62. **in my conscience.** To my knowledge. — 64. **Greece**

**from the Turk.** Greece was at this time part of the Turkish empire.

**299**: 135. **I want To help myself.** I fail to improve matters.

**300**: 156. **change my saint.** Perhaps the saint she prays to, or the church edifice dedicated to her saint. There is, however, an apparently unrecorded use of *saint* in the sense of *lover*, or earthly object of devotion. Cf. *Wit without Money*, III. i: "O do you blush, Luce? a Friday night I saw your saint, Luce." Cf. also *The Bashful Lover*, I. i: "A kiss or two of their saint," and *The Changeling*, V. iii. 54: "Your lip's saint." Beatrice may be using the word in a similar sense. For the term as applied to a woman, Mr. L. H. Boulter notes *Euphues*, pp. 209, 217 (Bond's edition).

**301**: 173. **then.** Thereby. — 176. **iulan.** A word of Elizabethan coinage, denoting the first growth of hair on the face; from Iulus (Ascanius). (*Æn.*, i. 288.) — 181. **Saint Jacques.** St. James the Greater was the patron saint of Spain. — 186. **the late league.** An armistice beginning 1609 and lasting twelve years.

**302**: 206. **Alicant.** Alicante, a seaport of Valencia. — 221. **want My will.** Fail in my desire. — 226. **Drops a glove.** Evidently Beatrice drops the glove for Alsemero, on seeing that De Flores' presence prevents her from having a private word with her gallant.

**305**: 72. **Dinner-time.** "In generall the English eate but two meales (of dinner and supper) each day." (Moryson, III. iii. 150.)

**306. Antonio as an idiot.** The nature of Antonio's disguise is almost certainly to be inferred from the figure of the Changeling in the frontispiece to Kirkman's collection of drolls, *The Wits*, 1673. The scene is the stage of the Red Bull Theatre, and Antonio's costume is a long-skirted coat and high pointed cap. The object dangling from the right wrist may be a horn-book. — 104. **name for a fool.** Dryden uses the name *Tony* as a synonym for *simpleton* in *All for Love*, Prologue, 15. Cf. also Shadwell, *The Sullen Lovers*, IV. i. — 108. **no beast.** The notion that laughter distinguishes men from beasts may be found, as Professor Strunk points out, in the pseudo-Apuleian *De Dogmate Platonis*, III.

**307**: 132. **wit of a constable.** The contemptuous expression is semi-proverbial. Cf. *Every Man Out of his Humour*, I. i.

A play of Glapthorpe's is entitled *Wit in a Constable.* — 136. **able him.** Vouch for him. — 147. **what state you find me in.** My present mental condition, as a standard for bringing Antonio "up to my own pitch"; or, perhaps, my present occupation as attendant on lunatics.

**308**: 161. **a tailor.** The current conception of a tailor's honesty may be gathered from the proverb: "Put a miller, a weaver, and a tailor in a bag, and the first that comes out will be a thief." — 166. **goes to.** Make.

**309**: 205. **we three.** An allusion to the old sign of two idiots' or asses' heads with the inscription, *We three* (editor of 1816 edition), or to the old catch, *Three merry men be we.* — 214. **Bedlam.** The famous asylum of St. Mary of Bethlehem, outside of Bishopsgate. — 216. **her.** My (stage Welsh).

**314**: 81. **Garden-bull.** Paris Garden in Southwark was a noted place for bull-baiting. — 98. **one.** The Elizabethan construction of implied antecedent. — 105. **keep the night.** Watch, be on the alert.

**315**: 109. **no bringing on you.** No making you concede anything.

**316**: 139. **get 'em for him.** In the 1653 edition this is followed by *in his passions.* No explanation and no emendation appearing reasonable, the phrase has been dropped by all editors. A bare possibility is that the words were a stage-direction for Alonzo, who later says that he is not himself when Beatrice is maligned. It is also possible that *passions* is a misprint for *absence.* — 3. **complete gentleman.** A familiar term (cf. Peacham's *The Compleat Gentleman*), corresponding to our outworn *perfect gentleman.*

**317**: 10. **furnish our defects.** Fulfil our wants. — 17. **enemy . . . poison to 't.** The kiss she must give Piracquo wishes itself poisoned. — 25. **the same blast.** The image is of blowing out two lights at once. — 26. **find you.** Learn your meaning.

**319**: 76. **look so amorously.** Look so lovable. — 84. **a water.** The preparation of household remedies was an Elizabethan feminine accomplishment.

**323. act-time.** The time between the acts, when often there was music. — **Exeunt.** "*Ex. at one door and enter at the other.*" (1653.) This implied a change of place.

**324**: 11. **bastard metal.** Perhaps a reference to small ordnance called *bastards.*

**326**: 39. **shooting a bolt . . . amongst 'em.** A fool's bolt is soon shot. Proverbial. — 45. **spider.** Supposed to be poisonous.

**327**: 84. **two trades to beg with.** However lucrative blindness may have been, madness was at least profitable enough for its feigners to acquire a technical name, Abraham men, many years before this play was written. Cf. Harman, *Caveat*, 1567. — 90. **lycanthropi.** "That men may be transformed into wolves and restored againe to their former shapes, we must confidently beleeve to be a loud lie." (Holland's *Pliny*, VIII. xxiii.)

**328**: 122. **play left-handed Orlando.** Strike terror. I am not certain of the point of the adjective: it may have its occasional meaning of *sinister*. The hero of Ariosto and of Greene does not appear to have been left-handed. I find, however, in one of the full-page illustrations in Harrington's translation of *Orlando Furioso*, 1607, p. 240, a small figure of Orlando, brandishing a club in his left hand. All the other pictures of Orlando in the volume are right-handed. — 139. **but one arrow.** Antonio kisses her. (Neilson.)

**330**: 174. **last couple in hell.** Cf. Glossary, *s.* Barley-break. — 181. **from.** Out of keeping with. — 188. **Lipsius.** Dyce notes that the name is used merely for the pun. — **past Ars Amandi.** Gone beyond such simple writers as Ovid.

**332**: 246. **Lacédæmonian.** Light woman, with perhaps a hint at *laced-mutton*.

**333**: 267. **madmen and . . . fools.** Bullen notes a similar masque of madmen in Ford's *Lover's Melancholy*. Cf. also *Two Noble Kinsmen*, III. v, where the madness of the gaoler's daughter serves as part of an entertainment.— 270. **an unexpected passage over.** Perhaps a sudden incursion of the madmen on the scene; a less ambitious performance than Alibius has in mind. The last six or eight lines of the speech are puzzling.

**336**: 64. **not meanly.** Not meanly indeed, if the Italian florin, or the French florin cited by Cotgrave (1611), be meant, the total sum amounting to $7000 or $3000, respectively. Like all sums mentioned of this date, these should be multiplied by ten or twelve for comparison with the purchasing value of money in 1915. It is perhaps beside the question that even the lesser amount in gold would weigh over ten pounds. Dyce wondered if Beatrice offered De Flores a paper obligation. —

72. **slept at ease.** Supplied by the 1816 editor. The emendation is by no means a certain one.

**337**: 89. **He speaks home.** It is not so certain that De Flores' flight would draw suspicion upon Beatrice, but in her overwrought state it is natural that she should fear any threatened danger.

**339**: 153. **all plagues . . . that love-shooting eye.** Dyce's fine emendation for *all lovers plagues . . . that shooting eye.*

**340**: 168. **shroud your blushes.** Cf. *Duchess of Malfi*, I. ii: "O let me shrowd my blushes in your bosome."

**342**: 26. **Secrets in Nature.** Dyce finds nothing in the *de Arcanis Naturæ* of Mizaldus resembling the quoted passages; but in the same author's *Centuriæ IX Memorabilium* (1613), VII. 12, 64, I note virginity tests; for example in VI. 54, a test, *experiri an mulier sit gravida ;* and in an *Appendix nonnullorum Secretorum, Experimentorum*, p. 253, still another, *noscendi ratio an mulier sit virgo integra & intacta an non.* The tests prescribed bear a certain generic resemblance to the one in the play.

**343**: 59. **a nice piece.** A scrupulous girl indeed.

**345**: 105. **female jury.** A jury of six matrons and midwives was empanelled *de ventre inspiciendo* when the defendant's pregnancy was alleged. The reference here, however, is certainly to the Countess of Essex's widely-known suit for nullification of marriage in 1613, when a jury of women passed upon the Countess's contention of unconsummated nuptials. Cf. *State Trials*, ii. 785.

**346**: 9. **Briamata.** Vermandero's country seat.

**348**: 52. **round-pack'd.** If there were a special meaning, it has disappeared. — 55. **chins and noses.** Dyce's emendation for *sins and vices.*

**350**: 113. **I have.** A word appears to have dropped out.

**352**: 1. **waning.** 1816 editor's emendation for *waiting.*

**354**: 66. **pizzles.** Dried bull's pizzles were used as whips. Cf. *Love's Cure*, II. i.

**357**: 153. **fox-skin.** A fox-skin garment worn by Antonio may possibly be meant, although this is not indicated in the picture of the Changeling on the Red Bull stage. Perhaps the meaning here is merely *fox-like shrewdness.*

**359**: 219. **begg'd.** Begging a fool was making legal application for the guardianship of an insane person, a position of lucrative possibilities. (Reed.)

**360**: 1. **O my fears!** This situation of waiting impatiently for the substituted virgin is found also in Heywood's *A Maidenhead Well Lost.*

**364**: 97. **Dog at.** The meaning *keen* is from the image of a dog in pursuit of a hare.

**366**: 15. **give me game upon him.** Apparently, incite me to fight him. I find no other examples of the expression. — 34. **crystal.** A crystal sphere, whose use was common, in which one might read the past or the future, or see what was happening elsewhere.

**371**: 91. **put me in.** Given me the cue.

**372**: 115. **crying crocodile.** The crocodile's "nature is ever when he would have his prey to cry and sobbe like a Christian body, to provoke them to come to him, and then hee snatcheth at them." (*Sir J. Hawkins' Voyage* in Hakluyt, 1600, quoted in *N. E. D., sub* crocodile.) — 119. **the black audience.** Devils.

**374**: 156. **take it from distinction.** Keep it from being distinct.

**375**: 205. **paid before.** By Diaphanta's death.

**376**: 217. **break your own head.** The horn jest.

# GLOSSARY

Terms readily found in an unabridged dictionary, an encyclopædia, or a gazetteer are for the most part not included in this list.

## A

**Accessary**, participation.
**Accident**, symptom.
**Addition**, title.
**Again**, against.
**A hone**, alas.
**A'life**, as my life.
**Alliance**, kindred.
**Amber**, ambergris, perfume.
**And**, (an) if.
**Angels**, gold coins worth ten shillings.
**Apperil**, peril.
**Apple-squire**, pimp.
**Approve**, prove.
**Art**, cunning.
**Aspic**, asp.
**Assurances**, deeds, titles.
**Astrolabe**, instrument for taking altitude.
**Aunt**, bawd.

## B

**Band**, collar.
**Bands**, bonds.
**Banes**, banns.
**Bank**, a stake of money.
**Bankside**, Southwark side of the Thames, site of the earlier Elizabethan playhouses, and a place of license.
**Barley-break**, a game in which one couple tried to catch the other players, who ran from end to end of the bounds through a middle division called "hell"; hence, the alternative name of the game, — the last couple in hell.
**Barrel**, body.
**Bastard**, a sweetened wine.
**Beaten**, well-worn.
**Behindhand**, in debt.
**Beholding**, beholden.
**Below**, in the country.
**Beshrow**, beshrew.
**Bills**, advertisements.
**Bodkin**, pin for the hair.
**Bolt**, short, blunt arrow.
**Bones**, dice.
**Bots**, an exclamation of disgust.
**Brabbling**, contentious.
**Brave**, handsomely dressed.
**Brothel**, prostitute; house of prostitution.
**Bulchins**, bull-calves (bull-kins), a term of contempt.
**Bull-beggars**, bogies (?).
**Bully**, fine fellow.
**Buttery**, store-room for wine and beer; pantry.
**Butts**, targets.
**By-blow**, side-thrust.
**Byrlady**, by our Lady.

## C

**Cacochymic**, in bad condition of the bodily 'humours.'
**Canker**, dog-rose, hedge-rose.
**Capcase**, travellers' bag.
**Carnifexes**, executioners.
**Caroach**, luxurious coach for London use.
**Carried**, spread abroad.
**Carry**, fetch.
**Cast**, cast off, cleansed (*fig.*); a pair; a test; vomit.
**Catchpoll**, bailiff.

**Censure**, judgement.
**Censurer**, judge.
**Certes**, certainly.
**Champion**, champaign.
**Chilis**, the liver-vein.
**Circular**, roundabout.
**City**, London within the old boundaries, which extended from Temple Bar to the Tower and from the old wall at Bishopsgate to the river.
**Clip**, embrace.
**Clubs**, the apprentices' rallying cry.
**Coads-nigs**, a vulgar oath.
**Coat**, petticoat.
**Cobweb-lawn**, transparent lawn.
**Codpiece**, an appendage to the trunk-hose.
**Colour**, excuse.
**Commenced**, took his degree.
**Commodious**, beneficial.
**Commotioner**, inciter to rebellion.
**Compass**, reach.
**Complete** (*adj.*), perfect.
**Compound**, condone for a consideration.
**Condition**, character, disposition.
**Condition**, kind.
**Conies**, dupes.
**Conscience**, understanding.
**Consenting**, being in harmony.
**Consort**, a company of musicians; concert.
**Cony-catching**, swindling.
**Copy**, example.
**Corroded**, cauterized.
**Counters**, debtors' prisons in Wood Street and Poultry.
**Cousin**, relative, friend.
**Cover'd**, secret.
**Coz**, cousin.
**Cozenage**, swindling.
**Cozened**, cheated.
**Craccus**, a kind of tobacco.
**Crag**, neck.
**Crank**, high-spirited.
**Crowns**, gold coins worth five shillings.
**Cuds me**, a slang oath.

## D

**Deckening**, adorning.
**Defy**, renounce.
**Desertless**, undeserving.
**Discharge**, receipt.
**Diseased**, disturbed.
**Disgest**, digest.
**Dispend**, dispense.
**Dive-dapper**, small water-fowl, didapper.
**Dogs**, sergeants (*slang*).
**Doubt**, fear.
**Draw in**, enter the game.
**Ducats**, gold coins of several continental countries, worth about nine shillings and fourpence.
**Dustbox**, the box of sand which writers used to blot the ink.
**Dutch widow**, harlot.

## E

**Earns**, grieves.
**Easily**, unquestionably.
**Enow**, enough (*plural*).
**Estate**, endow with landed property.
**Examinant**, person being examined.
**Exchequer**, a court of law, dealing with revenue matters.
**Exemplary**, copy.

## F

**Fag**, fag-end.
**Fathom**, arms' reach.
**Faults**, printers' errors.
**Feared**, had cause to fear.
**Fears**, affrights.
**Fetching over**, cheating.
**Figure**, movement in a dance.
**Flapdragons**, raisins in lighted brandy.
**Flat-caps**, citizens.
**Florins**, Italian gold coins worth about nine shillings and fourpence; English gold coins worth about six shillings.
**Fond**, foolish.

**Fondness**, foolishness.
**Foot**, 'sfoot, God's foot.
**Foot-cloths**, large and often richly ornamented housings laid over the horse's back and coming near to the ground; especially used by physicians.
**Foot-pace**, mat.
**Foretops**, forelocks, *i.e.*, horns.
**Fray**, frighten.
**Fro** (Dutch, *vrouw*), woman.
**Froating**, rubbing with perfumes.
**Frokin**, young woman.
**Fucus**, face-paint.

G

**Galaxia**, the milky way.
**Galleasses**, large galleys.
**Gander-mooners**, husbands whose wives are confined.
**Garnish**, illegal fee, " graft."
**Gastrolophe**, perhaps misprint for *Gastroraphy*, sewing up a wound in the belly.
**Gear**, matter, business.
**Gernative**, scoffing.
**Ginglymus**, joint.
**Glister**, enema.
**Golls**, hands.
**Good**, well-to-do, " sufficient."
**Goosecap**, booby.
**Gossip**, god-parent.
**Grounded**, proficient (*fig.*).
**Guess**, guests.
**Gulls**, dupes; also, frauds.

H

**Headborough**, parish constable.
**Herald**, officer authorized to grant armorial bearings.
**Hoisted**, over-taxed, raised to liability for subsidy taxes.
**Hone**, *see* **A hone**.
**Honest**, chaste.
**Honesty**, chastity.
**Honour**, an elaborate bow.
**Hoop-ring**, finger-ring of plain gold or with stones set flush.
**Hoppers**, buttocks(?).
**Horse-trick**, caper.
**Houses**, the twelve parts into which the heavens were divided; seats of planetary influence.
**Hoy**, sloop.
**Humours**, characteristics.
**Hypericon**, St. Johns-wort.
**Hysteron proteron**, inversion of the natural order.

I

**Ill-set**, badly printed.
**Impressure**, impression.
**Incapacious**, incapable.
**Incarnative**, causing a flesh-wound to heal.
**Incontinently**, straightway.
**Indented**, made an agreement with.
**Industry**, occupation.
**Infers**, implies.
**Infinites**, people unnumbered.
**Ingredience**, ingredient, mixture.
**Innocence**, half-wittedness.
**Intelligence**, secret information.
**Intelligencers**, spies.
**Interchangeably**, respectively.
**Inturn**, wrestling grapple, with leg between opponent's thighs.
**Inward**, intimate.
**Io**, exclamation of joy.
**Iwis**, certainly.

J

**Jointure**, property set apart for the wife.
**Jugal**, conjugal.
**Junt**, trick.

K

**Keeps**, dwells.
**Kersened**, christened.
**Kersey**, coarse, ribbed cloth.

L

**Laid**, laid on his back.
**Lance-presadoes**, acting corporals.

**Last day**, yesterday.
**Law-quillets**, legal quibbles.
**Laying**, searching.
**Leash**, a set of three.
**Left**, freed.
**Let**, hindrance.
**Lewd**, unprincipled.
**Lie**, to lodge.
**Livery**, a City company.
**Liveryman**, member of a City company.
**Living**, income.
**Lock**, hold in wrestling.
**Loose-bodied**, loose-fitting.
**Lordship**, a lord's domain or manor.
**Lucky pennyworth**, lucky bargain.
**Lugg'd**, dragged by the ear.

M

**Magnifico**, magnate (originally, of Venice).
**Making**, mating.
**Manchets**, fine wheaten rolls.
**Mark**, not an English coin, but the sum of thirteen shillings and fourpence.
**Marquesse**, marchioness.
**Masty**, mastiff.
**Match**, agreement.
**Match'd**, fired by a fuse.
**Mercers**, dealers in silks and other fabrics.
**Mere**, pure, unadulterated.
**Merely**, completely.
**Modesty**, embarrassment.
**Morrice**, fantastic dance, supposed to be Moorish.
**Mother**, hysterics.
**Motions**, puppet-shows.
**Mought**, might.
**Muckinder**, napkin, handkerchief.
**Mull-sack**, Canary or other light wine, mixed with sugar, spice, and eggs, and served hot.
**Mundificative**, cleansing.
**Murderers**, murdering-pieces.
**Murdering-piece**, piece of artillery.
**Murrey kersey**, coarse, mulberry-coloured cloth; a contemptuous term for a woman.
**Mutton**, prostitute.

N

**Naked**, weaponless.
**Naught**, unchaste.
**Ne**, nor.
**Neat**, well-kept; free of incumbrances.
**Nice**, fearsome, dainty.
**Niceness**, fastidiousness.
**Nick**, the exact mark.
**Nigget**, idiot.
**Night-walkers**, night roisterers or thieves.
**Noble**, a gold coin worth six shillings and eightpence.
**Nuncle**, uncle.
**Nurse-child**, a child (sometimes illegitimate) put out to nurse.

O

**Obtrect**, disparage.
**Orange-tawny**, tan colour.
**Ordinary**, an eating-house offering a meal at a fixed price.
**Out**, an exclamation of indignation.
**Outlanders**, dispossessors of land.
**Out-monies**, loans.
**Overseer**, steward.
**Owe**, own.

P

**Pantomimics**, actors (of pantomime?).
**Parentage**, relationship.
**Parle**, parley.
**Parlous**, perilous.
**Parmasant**, Parmesan cheese.
**Part**, action.
**Passado**, forward thrust of the sword.
**Passengers**, passers-by.
**Passion**, grief.
**Pax**, pox.
**Peevish**, trifling.

**Pick-hair'd**, straggly-bearded(?).
**Piece of stuff**, a term of humorous contempt, harlot.
**Piety**, pity.
**Pillions**, pads behind the saddles.
**Pinfold**, sheep-pound, prison.
**Pitch**, height.
**Pitiful**, pitying.
**Pleasure**, love.
**Plough-tail**, plough handles.
**Point**, to tie the laces.
**Politician**, statesman.
**Possess'd**, persuaded.
**Præmunire**, writ against a person charged with bringing to a spiritual court an action belonging to a civil court.
**Presently**, at once.
**Preserves**, preservatives.
**Pretend**, proffer.
**Prevent**, anticipate.
**Prick**, pudding skewer.
**Pricks**, centre-points of targets.
**Professor**, one who professes his allegiance to a belief or virtue.
**Promonts**, promontories.
**Provant**, provisions.
**Prun'd**, beautified, bedecked.
**Pung**, punk, prostitute.
**Punto**, thrust with the sword's point.
**Purchase**, spoil, bargain.
**Push**, pish.
**Push-pin**, a child's game of pushing the player's pin across the opponent's.

## Q

**Qualify**, mollify.
**Quarrels**, lozenge-shaped panes of glass.
**Quarterage**, quarterly payment.
**Quean**, harlot.
**Quit**, requite.

## R

**Racked**, made to yield an excessive rent.
**Received**, acceptable.
**Recullisance**, (corruption of) recognizance.
**Reduce**, bring back.
**Remember'd**, thought of, planned.
**Remora**, a fish that attached itself to a ship and supposedly retarded its progress.
**Report**, opinion.
**Resolve**, answer the question fully; inform.
**Resolved**, convinced.
**Respective**, respectful.
**Return**, report.
**Reversions**, property reverting to a person after being held by some one else.
**Rioter**, profligate; roisterer.
**Roaring**, loud-voiced bullying.
**Rook**, swindler.
**Rove**, shoot arrows at random marks.
**Royals**, gold coins worth fifteen shillings.
**Rub**, obstacle (in the game of bowls).

## S

**Sanguis draconis**, dragon's blood, a red palm-gum.
**Sarcotic**, flesh-making.
**Scattered**, penniless.
**Sconce**, a small fortification, especially by a gate.
**Scour**, purge.
**Scrivener**, one who draws up legal documents.
**Searchers**, officials who made inspection and report in cases of death.
**Set**, stake.
**'Sfoot**, God's foot.
**Shaft**, long, sharp arrow.
**Shapes**, disguises.
**Shift**, clothing.
**Shifts**, deceits.
**Sir-reverence**, save your reverence, *i.e.*, begging your pardon.
**'Slid**, an oath.
**Slight**, skill; trick.
**Slops**, loose breeches.

**Small beer**, weak beer.
**'Snails**, God's nails.
**Somner**, one who summoned persons to appear in court.
**Springall**, youth.
**Squall**, a slang term of endearment.
**Squire**, pimp.
**Stall**, spoil, forestall.
**Standing cup**, tall, ornamental cup.
**Standing wages**, regular wages.
**State**, estate, *q.v.*
**Statist**, statesman.
**Stinkard**, groundling, common fellow.
**Stock**, properties.
**Stomach**, inclination, appetite.
**Subtlety**, shrewdness.
**Sufficient**, financially able to go on bonds.
**Sure**, betrothed.
**Suspect**, suspicion.
**Sweet**, clean.
**Sweet-breasted**, sweet-voiced.
**Swoon**, speechless astonishment.

T

**Tables**, memorandum tablets.
**Taffeta**, thin soft silk, often changeable.
**Take on**, lament loudly.
**Templar**, student of law in the Temple.
**Tenty-nine**, nineteen.
**Throughly**, thoroughly.
**Thrum-chinned**, bearded.
**Thrummed**, thatched.
**Tires**, head-dresses.
**Tirewoman**, head-dresser.
**Tiring-house**, dressing-room.
**Tother, the tother**, contraction of *that other*.
**Touch**, test.
**Touch'd**, unchaste.
**Toy**, fanciful notion; trifle.
**Train**, draw on, lure.
**Trampler**, lawyer.
**Trashed**, hurried.
**Trow**, I wonder.
**Truss'd up**, hanged.
**Tweaks**, prostitutes.

U

**Unavoided**, unavoidable, unimpeachable.
**Underput**, harlot(?).
**Unjust**, mistaken.
**Unkindness**, unnaturalness.
**Unloosed**, unloosable.
**Unmanned**, with no servants.
**Unready**, undressed.
**Unvalued**, invaluable.
**Usury**, interest.
**Utter**, sell.

V

**Vacuum**, emptiness, thinness.
**Valiant**, in value.
**Ventur'd**, made to run a risk.
**Venturer**, sharer.
**Vild**, vile.
**Vildly**, vilely.
**Virginals**, a small harpsichord.
**Virtues**, accomplishments.
**Vizzard**, mask.

W

**Wagtail**, harlot.
**Wale**, ridge, texture.
**Ward**, guard (in fencing).
**Warning-piece**, signal gun.
**Watch**, to be alert.
**Watchet**, pale blue.
**Weed**, garment.
**Whiffler**, one who headed a procession, sometimes blowing a pipe or horn; hence, perhaps, a blower of tobacco smoke.
**While**, until.
**Wild**, Weald (of Kent), an area of southeastern England.
**Wire**, whip.
**Wires**, wire frames to puff out the hair.
**Woe worth**, woe be unto.

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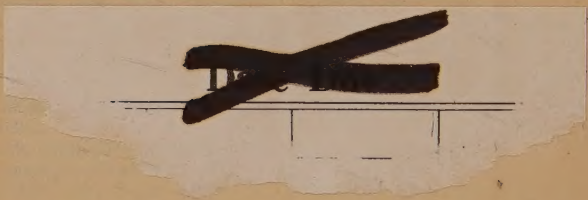

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LJ,

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